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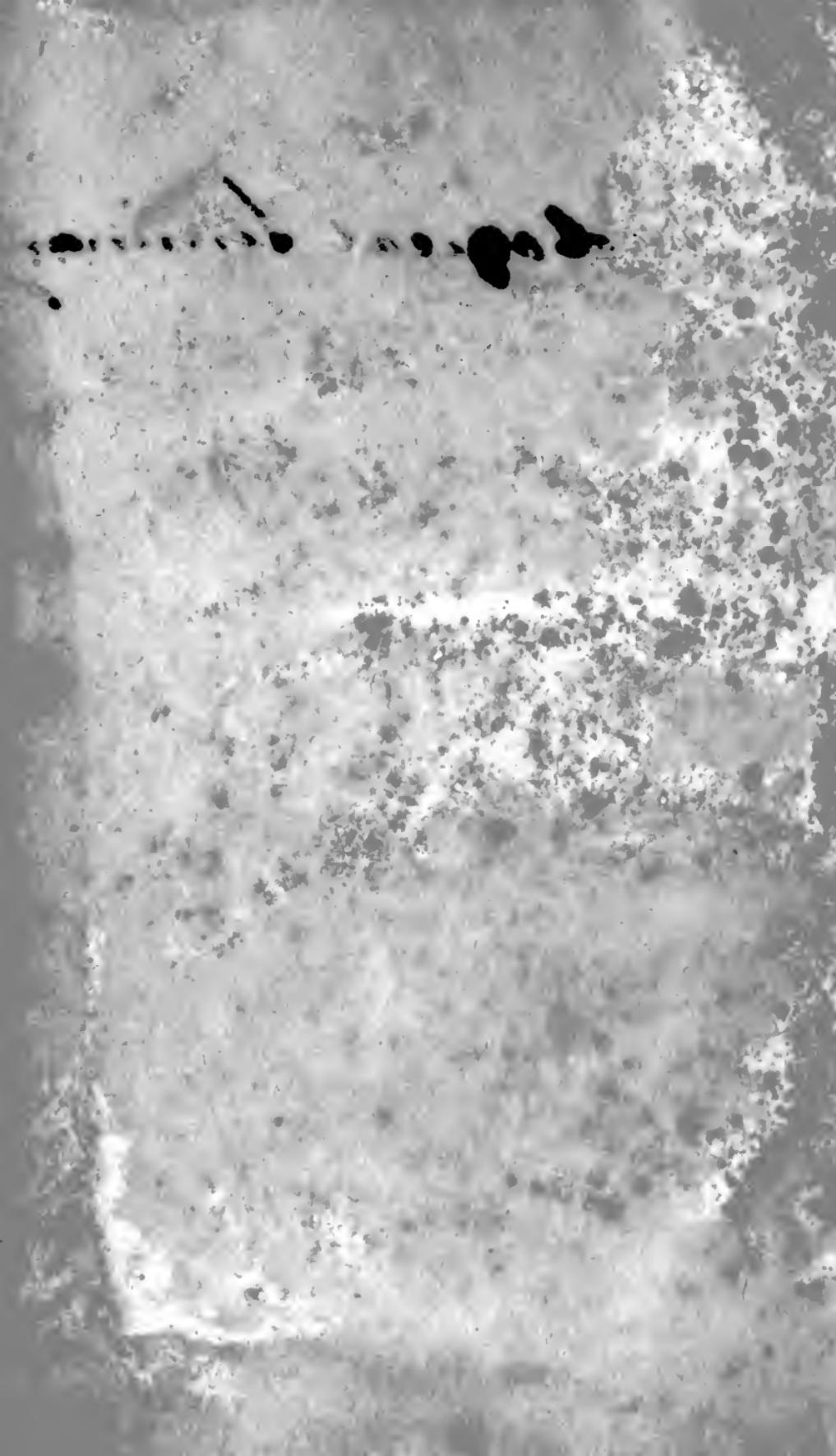
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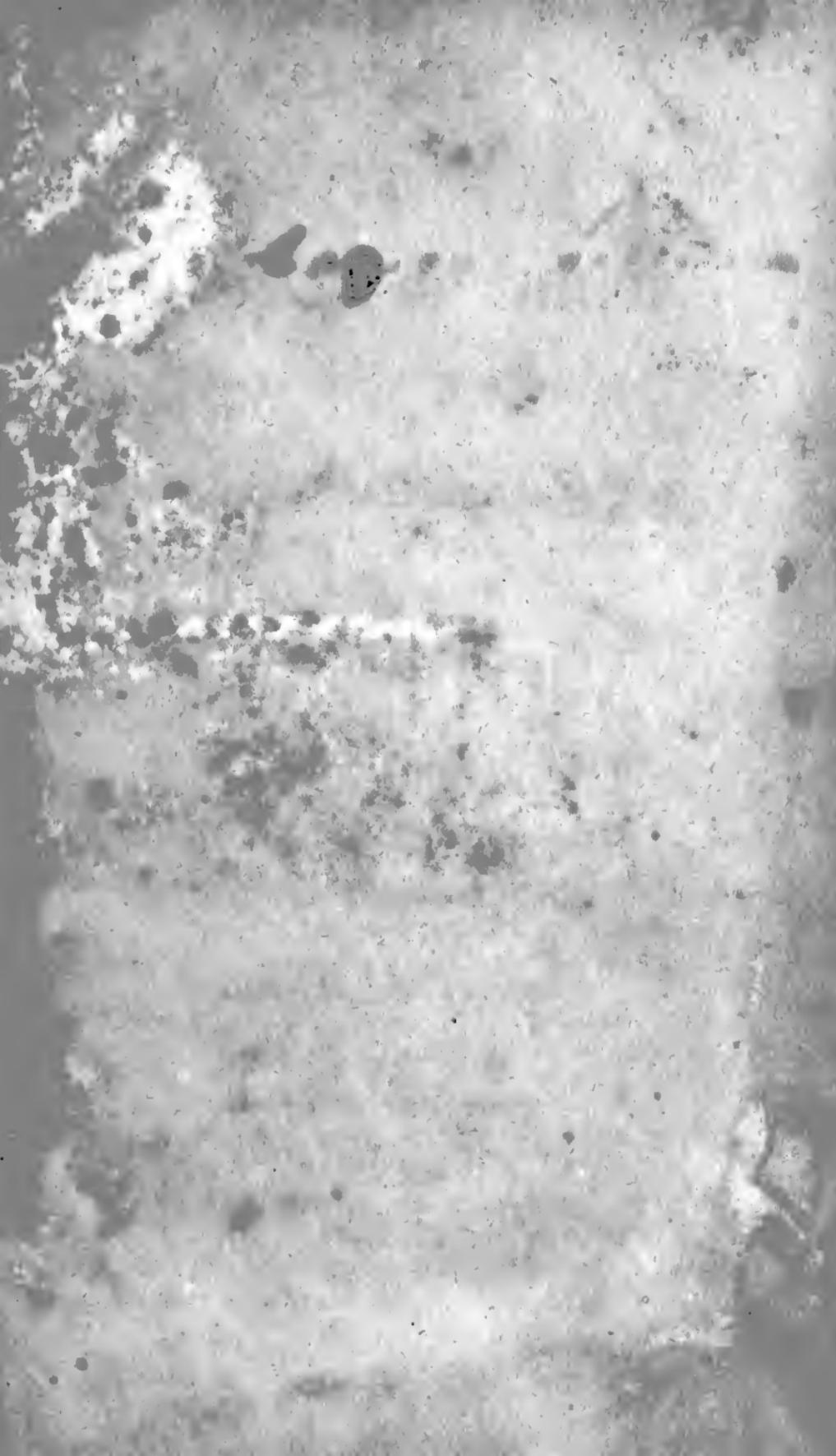
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CALVARY;
OR,
THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

A
POEM
IN
EIGHT BOOKS.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

THIRD AMERICAN EDITION.

MORRIS-TOWN:
PRINTED BY HENRY P. RUSSELL.

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1815.

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**CALVARY;**

OR,

**THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

**BOOK I.**

## ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST BOOK.

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After a short introduction, which states the miraculous acts of Christ, and serves to mark the period at which the Poem commences, Satan goes forth by night into the wilderness, and finds himself in the very spot where he had in vain practised his temptations upon Christ: Here he falls into meditation upon that unsuccessful interview, and vents himself in soliloquy: Indignant under disappointment, and impatient to repair his defeat, he ascends to the summit of the mountain, from whence he had exhibited the kingdoms of the earth, and calls the Devils from all parts of the Heathen world: The whole host of Infernals assembled at his summons: The chief leaders are enumerated, their persons and attributes described: Satan addresses them, and proposes the subject matter for their consultation, namely, By what means to counteract the power of Christ upon earth: Baal delivers his sentiments by stating difficulties and objections, without any decided opinion, unless for seduction in the general: Moloch angrily resents what he considers as pointed at himself, and speaks disdainfully against the proposal of seduction, as not only desperate, but disgraceful: Belial replies, and, after much circumlocution, suggests a temptation to be set on foot by Mammon: He is interrupted by Satan, who reproves him for certain digressions in his speech, but adopts his hint of employing Mammon, and calls upon that evil spirit to attempt the fidelity of Judas Iscariot, whom he points out to him as the only one of the disciples open to seduction: Mammon at first affects to excuse himself from the undertaking, but in conclusion accepts it, and, taking wing in presence of the whole applauding host, sets out upon his embassy, directing his course to the city of Jerusalem.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK I.

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### THE ASSEMBLING OF THE DEVILS.

HAIL, awful CALVARY! forsaking now  
Aonian haunts and the unhallow'd Nine,  
I visit thy sad mount, and thence invite  
The mournful echoes to my deep-ton'd harp,  
Hymning the whilst, in solemn numbers, praise  
To God for mercies purchas'd by the death  
Of that mysterious Being, virgin-born,  
Saviour of lost mankind, who on the cross,  
Lord though he be of life, and one with God,  
In mortal pangs expir'd ; there to atone      40  
For a degenerate world, by his pure blood  
To wash original corruption out,  
And, rising victor from the grave, dispel  
Sin and its offspring Death, with all the train  
Of idol gods, usurping earth and heav'n.

Now had the wond'rous acts by Jesus wrought  
Spread wide his fame thro' all Judea's realm ;  
The leper cleans'd, the blind to sight restor'd,  
The sick to health, and even the dead to life,  
Tho' warn'd to silence, (for his modest ear    20

Sought not the praise of men) so much the more  
Publish'd his mercies ; demons at his call  
With horrid shrieks, that testified his power,  
Came forth from men possest, and fled ; his voice  
Rebuk'd the seas and winds ; vast was the throng  
That follow'd where he led, and thousands found  
In the waste wilderness mirac'lous food :  
They saw, they marvell'd, and of force confess'd  
Messias in his power, not so in form ;  
For there no comeliness, no outward grace, 30  
No princely state appear'd : Slow to renounce  
Illusions long indulg'd, their wavering minds  
Twixt two opinions halted, while in place  
Of these bright visions they beheld a man  
Lowly and meek, a houseless wanderer,  
That had not where on earth to lay his head :—  
Such can our Israel's great Restorer be,  
Such our Messias ?—Thus their troubled tho'ts  
Like meeting currents clash'd ; when as he spake  
Truth flow'd resistless from his lips, his eyes 40  
Beam'd mercy, and his Father's glory shone  
Effulgent in his face ; then every tongue  
Was hush'd to silence, every doubt dispell'd,  
And every heart confess'd him Lord and Christ.

’Twas night, when SATAN, prince of darkness  
call'd,

(And fitly call'd, for evil hates the day,)  
Walk'd forth on hellish meditation bent,

Prowling the wilderness : Where'er he trode  
Earth quak'd beneath his foot ; before him 50  
roll'd

Thick cloud and vapour, making night's dark  
shade

More black and terrible ; the beasts of prey,  
Every wild thing that roams the savage waste  
And howling to the moon demands its food,  
Fled his approach ; the lion and the pard  
Scented the blast and slunk into their dens ;  
For whilst his breast with raging passions boil'd  
Hatred, revenge and blasphemous despite,  
The sighs he vented from the hell within  
Breath'd death into the air ; his haggard eyes,  
Which still in speechless agonies he roll'd, 60  
Out-glar'd the hyæna's ; other fires than theirs  
To light his dismal path he needed none.

Now, having stretch'd athwart the sandy wild  
Clear to its rocky verge, the arch-fiend paus'd,  
And upward cast his eye, if haply there  
Darkling he might discern what saucy mound  
Dar'd to arrest his course ; for yet there dwelt  
Such vigor in his wing, nor depth, nor height,  
Mountains nor seas might check his bold career,  
Where he so purpos'd ; neither would he deign  
To ask one charitable star for light,  
Thoughtful of former glory, when he soar'd  
Son of the morning far above their spheres.

Wherat, he 'gain put forth his plumed vans  
From either shoulder stretch'd for flight, when  
soon

The fuel'd clouds to fierce encounter rush'd ;  
Loud thunders bellow'd, and the lightning's flash  
Smote on the craggy cliff ; at sight whereof,  
Conscious that now he press'd the fatal spot,  
Where late he commun'd with the Son of ~~so~~  
God,

Who for the space of forty days and nights  
Foil'd every vain device, with shame abash'd  
And pondering in his mind his foul defeat,  
Down, down at once his flagging pinions fell  
Close cow'ring to his ribs : As some proud ship  
Between the tropics o'er the atlantic wave  
Speeding amain to reach her destin'd port,  
If chance the experienc'd mariner espies  
The gathering hurricane, no stay, no stop,  
Quick to the yard each swelling sail is furl'd, 90  
The curl'd waves whitening as the torrent  
drives,

And soon her taunt and lofty top-mast lower'd,  
Strikes to the gale ; so he his towering height,  
That to angelic stature now had swell'd,  
Shrunk into human size, nor other seem'd  
Than pilgrim squalid, and with years and toil  
Bending decrepit, when from his full heart  
Words, intermixt with groans, thus fore'd their  
way :—

“ Yes, hateful wilderness, detested rocks,  
 Whom I would curse, had Nature left one blade  
 On your bare ribs, which cursing I might blast,  
 Full well I know you ; deep, too deep engrav’d  
 On mem’ry’s tablet your rude horrors live.  
 And you, officious lightnings, hide your fires !  
 Come, Night, again ; let central darkness shroud  
 Scenes, whose tormenting recollection stabs  
 My unavenged soul. Can I forget  
 This Son of Joseph ? Son of God henceforth  
 Of force I must confess him ; for what less  
 Than godlike constancy could have with- 110  
 stood

Temptations great and terrible as mine ?  
 Something which man is not, he needs must be ;  
 Virtue, that angels boast not, he must have,  
 Else had my’ snares inclosed him...else the world,  
 Which then was mine to give, had been a bribe  
 Too glorious not to dazzle every eye  
 But his, who made those glories what they are,  
 Still I must doubt the Father’s love sincere,  
 Tho’ loudly vouch’d by his own voice from  
 heav’n :

Is this a father’s love, is this his care, 120  
 Here to expose him to this desert wild  
 Forty long sleepless nights and fasting days,  
 No angel-guard about him, lost, forlorn,  
 Abandon’d to the elements, to beasts

More fierce than this loud storm; nay, fiercer still,

To me than all more terrible, to me,

Foe of his life, inveterate and avow'd?

Rare sample of God's love! If here his CHRIST

Encounter'd aught of danger; and if none,

What else could prompt him to this vain display

Of voluntary penance, but the love

Of flattery and a despicable wish

To hear himself applauded? In this spot,

Beneath the jutting roof of this rude cliff,

I first surpris'd this wand'ring Son of God,

This Saviour of the world: Fainting he seem'd

With thirst and hunger, pale as death his cheek,

His hollow eyes deep sunk, and from his brow

Big drops of sweat distill'd, as one o'erspent

And sinking to the earth, there to expire: 140

Already tale he had for pity's ear,

A melancholy list of wants and woes;

He had not tasted food, and fairly own'd

That nature's cravings were intense; when I,

Glad at the heart to find him thus besiegd

With appetite so eager, stooping down,

From the dissever'd fragments, that here lie

About the base of this storm-beating rock,

Chose out a few smooth stones, and tempting said,

If thou art hungry, eat; convert these stones,

If thou art God's own Son, to bread, and eat !  
But he, not so beguil'd, spurn'd them away,  
And silenc'd me with text of holy writ.  
A nobler appetite I next assail'd—  
Ambition ; to the mountain's top we soar'd ;  
I spread the kingdoms of the earth in sight,  
Fit sight to whet the hunger of the mind ;  
But mind and body he alike would starve,  
Nor thank nor homage render back for food  
Of my providing. One last hope remain'd ; 160  
Methought there was a godly pride about him,  
Which with right holy flattery I might win :  
Upon the temple's topmost pinnacle  
I plac'd this scorner of an earthly crown,  
And bade him be a God. Cast thyself down,  
Behold, quoth I, the angels are on wing  
To bear thee up unhurt. With stern rebuke,  
"Get thee behind me, SATAN !" he reply'd :  
Some power unseen control'd me, down I fell,  
Down from the giddy eminence I plung'd, 170  
And left him to his angels, whilst their hymns  
And hallelujahs echo'd through the air  
His triumphs and my second fall from heav'n.  
And now if dark despair shall reach this heart,  
Which of hell's tetrarch's can arraign their king,  
Or fix on me his share of public loss  
And overthrow sustain'd in this attack ?  
None, for none dare. If I, till now supreme,

Great idol of the Gentile world, for whom  
So many groves, so many altars blaze ; 180  
If I, to whom by various names ador'd  
Thousands of temples rise, whilst one alone,  
One solitary pile on Sion's hill  
Echoes the praise of God, neglected else  
Of all ; if I, if SATAN must submit  
To CHRIST, revenge to patience, war to peace,  
And men must learn new maxims of forgiveness,  
Maxims I neither practice nor instil,  
Heroes and kings and conquerors, farewell !  
Greater is he who serves than he who reigns. 190  
To suffer, to submit, to turn the cheek  
To the proud smiter, these are virtues now ;  
Hence with such virtues ! If these rules obtain,  
If this tame doctrine shall unman the world,  
Altars and groves and temples all must sink ;  
Olympus and its synod, every Grace  
And every Muse, all that the chissel wrought  
In Greece or Rome, shall moulder into dust,  
And CHRIST and Reason shall usurp the world."

He ceas'd, and now his swelling bosom heav'd  
With indignation like the lab'ring earth,  
Which subterranean vapors undermine,  
Pent in its sulph'rous entrails : Up he sprung  
To that high mountain-top whence he review'd  
The kingdoms of the earth, whilst at his side  
CHRIST's humble virtue stood, on other realms,

Realms of immortal happiness intent :  
Here, as a vulture on the craggy peak  
Of Caucasus or Hæmus left to watch,  
Screams out his shrill alarm, at sound whereof  
The carrion troop, upon the wing for prey,  
Come flocking to the signal, SATAN thus  
Stood eminent, and call'd his dark compeers ;  
So loud he call'd that to the farthest bounds  
Of Pagan isle or continent was heard  
His voice re-echoing thro' the vault of heaven :

No more; for soon was heard the distant sound  
Of wings that beat the air; from every point  
Of the four winds the gathering swarm came on;  
From Crete, from Cyprus, and the Ionian coast,  
From Egypt, Afric, and the Ausonian shores, 230  
Gods of all names, dimensions and degrees.  
Great was their sovereign's triumph to behold  
This prompt obedience to his high command;  
For now, descending on the desert heath

To martial music, the infernal host,  
In bands and columns, by their chiefs arrang'd,  
Stood firm ; if ever gleam of joy might reach  
Heart so accurs'd, th' arch-fiend had felt it here,  
As with a monarch's eye he now review'd  
His armies, covering all the swarthy plain. 240  
Come, Muse, and to your suppliant's eyes impart  
One ray of that pure light, which late you pour'd  
On the dark orbs of your immortal Bard  
Eclips'd by drop serene. Conduct me now,  
Me from my better days of bold emprise  
Far in decline, and with the hoary hand  
Of Time hard stricken, yet adventuring forth  
O'er Nature's limits into worlds unseen,  
Peopled with shadowy forms and phantoms dire :  
Oh ! bear me on your pinions in this void, 250  
Where weary foot ne'er rested ; and behold !  
All hell bursts forth : Support me, or I sink.

Now glimm'ring twilight streak'd the Eastern sky,  
For he, that on his forehead brings the morn,  
Star-crown'd Phosphorus had heard the call,  
And with the foremost stood. Beside him one  
Of towering stature and majestic port,  
Himself a host ; his black and curling locks  
Down his herculean shoulders copious flow'd ;  
In glittering brass upon his shield he bore 260  
A kingly eagle, ensign of command,

BAAL his name, second to none in state  
Save only his great chieftain, worshipp'd long  
In Babylon, till Daniel drove him thence  
With all his glutt'rous priests ; exalted since  
High above all the idol gods of Greece,  
Thron'd on Olympus, and his impious hand  
Arm'd with the thunder ; yet he ru'd the zeal  
Of furious Jehu, and that mournful day,  
When he beheld his altars stream with blood, 270  
His prophets and his priests by hundreds slain  
Upon Mount Carmel. MOLOCH in the van,  
Mail'd at all points for war, with spear and helm  
And plumed crest and garments roll'd in blood,  
Flam'd like a meteor : Him with horrid joy  
SATAN awhile survey'd, then sighing cried,  
“ Oh ! worthy of command, had all like thee  
So bravely fought, heav'n never had been lost.”  
Thence as he glanc'd his eye, far other form  
And much unfit for war he next espiéd, 280  
CHEMOS, the sin of Moab ; power obscene,  
Emasculate and soft, in loose attire  
A sensual deity ; his glory 'twas  
In arts of base seduction to excel,  
And, leagu'd with harlots, to have turn'd the heart  
Of that wise king, and drawn him from his God  
To bend his aged knees at idol shrines.  
Close at his side stood one, in whose soft eyes  
Ensnaring smiles and beauteous ruin lurk'd ;

Oh ! that such grace should be allied to sin ; 290  
Zidonian goddess, ASHTORETH her name ;  
Heav'n would not quite destroy so fair a work,  
But wantonness usurp'd an angel's face,  
And with her innocence had chang'd her sex.  
Yet let that sex beware, for in their souls,  
When once she enters, peace no longer dwells ;  
Witness that Magdalen, whose frantic breast,  
Till by CHRIST's mercy heal'd, sev'n demons rent,  
All sin-begotten, all her brood accurst.  
But SATAN, whose stern heart, stranger to love,  
All weakness tho' in shape of sin disdain'd,  
And only priz'd spirits more like himself,  
Indignant turn'd aside, and bent his eye  
Where DAGON, giant god, amidst the ranks,  
Like Teneriff or Ætna, proudly tower'd :  
DAGON, of Gath and Askelon the boast,  
In that sad flight, when on Gilboa's mount  
The shield of Saul was vilely thrown away,  
And Israel's beauty perish'd : Him awhile,  
With scowling eye, th' infernal king survey'd, 310  
Then taunting cried, " O DAGON, vast in size,  
In soul diminutive, had that huge mass  
Valour proportionate, heav'n had been ours ;  
But fitter thou, dull spirit, to people hell  
Than re-assault God's throne. Where was thy  
pride,  
When overthrown in Gaza by the strength

Of that uxorious Danite ? Humbled now  
I know thy nightly haunts, and how thou driv'st  
Wretches possest to hide themselves in tombs,  
Whence I beheld thee 'midst the herd unclean  
Scour down the steep and plunge into the sea."—  
But now a fairer form arrests the eye  
Of hell's despotic lord ; his radiant vest  
Of Tyrian purple, studded thick with gems,  
Flow'd graceful : He for courts was form'd...for  
feasts,  
For ladies' chambers, and for am'rous sports ;  
He lov'd not camps, nor the rude toils of war;  
BELIAL his name ; around his temples twin'd  
A wreath of roses, and, where'er he pass'd,  
His garments fann'd a breeze of rich perfume :  
No ear had he for the shrill-ton'd trump—  
Him the soft warble of the Lydian flute  
Delighted rather, the love-soothing harp,  
Sappho's loose song, and the Aonian maids  
And zoneless graces floating in the dance ;  
Yet from his lips sweet eloquence distill'd,  
As honey from the bee ; but still his voice  
Ne'er counsell'd ought but cunning and deceit,  
Mean truce and base capitulating terms ;  
Therefore by SATAN held in slight account, 340  
For devils boast a dignity in sin.  
Last in the field, and from the rest apart,  
Was MAMMON ! Cautious was his step and slow,

His eye still watchful to prevent surprise,  
Squalid his vesture and his locks uncomb'd ;  
For gain and usury engross'd his soul ;  
Nor other care had he but to amass  
Wealth unenjoy'd, and gloat upon his hoard :  
Had there been only happiness in heav'n  
And gold in hell, MAMMON had spurn'd the bliss,  
And hugg'd the treasure cheaply earn'd with  
    pain.

His princes thus review'd, from the hill-top  
SATAN swift-glancing flew, and in the midst  
Rose like a meteor ; whereat all the host  
Sent up a general shout : he with his hand  
Give sign, and wheel'd the Stygian phalanx  
    round ;

Horrible sight ! A theatre of fiends,  
And each the foe of man ; idols and imps,  
Wizards, familiars, sprites, phantasmas, dreams,  
Sorrows and pains and deaths in every shape 360  
Cover'd the blasted heath. Th' infernal king,  
Tho' in his heart by mut'uous passions torn,  
Thought clash'd with thought, and all was an-  
    archy,

Yet, with assum'd composure, beck'ning forth  
His princes, whilst the inferior throng stood off,  
And mute attention reign'd, in few thus spake :  
    “ Friends and confederates, welcome ! for this  
        proof

Of your alliance, thanks ! On every call,  
Whether we need your counsel or your arms,  
Joyful I see your ready zeal displays        370  
Virtues, which hell itself cannot corrupt.  
I mean not to declaim : The occasion told  
Speaks its own import, and the time's dispateh  
All waste of words forbids. God's Son on earth,  
CHRIST, the reveal'd Messias, how to oppose.  
Is now the question ; by what force, or power,  
(Temptations have been tried, I name not them)  
Or dark conspiracy, we may pull down  
This Son of Righteousness from his bright  
sphere,

Declare, who can : I pause for a reply." 380

Silence ensu'd, whilst every eye was turn'd  
Instinctively on BAAL ; he of all  
Hell's magi fill'd the seat of wisdom chief :  
Experienc'd long in craft, and nothing apt  
To give strait counsel, slow of speech he was ;  
To hint, propound, dilate, and so entice  
Other opinions forth, them to refute,  
And thereon build his own, was all his art.  
After long pause, and hesitation feign'd,  
(Stale trick of orators,) he thus began :

" Why thus on me, as I were worthy—me,  
Lost being like yourselves, as I alone  
Could compass this high argument—on me,  
Least in your sapient conclave, why you point

These scrutinizing looks, I muse ; and, aw'd  
By this your expectation, fain would shrink  
From the great task to silence, had you not  
O'er these poor faculties such full control,  
As to put by all pleas, and call them forth  
In heav'n or earth, or hell's profound abyss, 400  
Yours in all uses, present at all hours.

Our kingly chief hath told us we are met  
To combat CHRIST on earth : Be't so ! We yet  
May try our fortune in another field ;  
Worse fortune than in heav'n befel our arms,  
Worse downfal than to hell, we cannot prove.  
But with the scene our action too must change :  
How ? To what warfare?...Circumvention, fraud,  
Seduction ? These are earthly weapons ; these  
As man to man opposes, so must we 410  
To CHRIST incarnate. There be some, who cry,  
Hence with such dastard arts ! War, open war !  
I honor such bold counsellors, and yield  
All that I can...my praise ; till one be found,  
One that may rival God's own Son in power,  
And miracle to miracle oppose :  
More than my praise I cannot, my assent  
I will not give ; 'twere madness : And how war  
With God ? what arms may we employ  
'gainst him, 420  
Whose very prophets can call down heaven's  
fires

Upon our priests and altars ? For myself,  
What powers I had I shall not soon forget ;  
What I have left I know, and for your use  
Shall husband as I may, not vainly risque  
Where they must surely fail. The Jews pretend  
That CHRIST colludes with Beelzebub ; the Jews  
As far mistake my nature as my name.  
The fallacy, O peers, confutes itself,  
Forg'd to disparage CHRIST, not honor me.  
Oh ! that I had his wonder-working powers ; 430  
I'm not that fool to turn them on myself :  
No, my brave friends, I've yet too much to lose ;  
Though Babylon's proud shrines are laid in  
dust,  
Rome's capitol survives, and thro' the world  
Where'er her eagles fly, upon their wings  
They bear my thunder and they spread my fame.  
Therefore no more of Beelzebub and CHRIST ;  
No league, no compact can we hold together.  
What then ensues ? Despair ? Perish the thought !  
The brave renounce it, and the wise prevent ; 440  
You are both wise and brave. Our leader says  
Temptations have been tried, and tried in vain,  
Himself the tempter. Who will tread that  
ground,  
Where he was foil'd ? For Adam a mere toy,  
An apple serv'd ; CHRIST is not brib'd by worlds :  
So much the second Man exceeds the first

In strength and glory. But tho' CHRIST himself  
Will not be tempted, those who hear him may :  
Jews may be urg'd to envy, to revenge,  
To murder ; a rebellious race of old ! 450  
To kill a prophet or betray his God  
What Jew was ever found to need the spur ?  
Wist ye not what a train this preacher hath,  
What followers, what disciples. These are men,  
Mere men, frail sons of Adam, born in sin.  
Here is our hope. I leave it to your thoughts."

He ceas'd ; but neither murmur nor applause  
Follow'd his speech : For MOLOCH, whose fell  
heart

Ill stomach'd this tame counsel, least of all  
Taunts thinly cover'd under mask of praise, 460  
Sprung forth impetuous, and with seowling brow  
And acent aerimonious, thus reply'd :

" My thoughts, it seems, are known before I  
speak ;

War, open war is all my note : I rise  
To thank the prophet, who thus reads my heart,  
Where honesty should wear it—in my face ;  
That face from danger I did never hide,  
How then from him ? Nor am I by his praise  
More honor'd than by his dissenting voice :  
For whilst he counsels circumvention, fraud,  
Seduction—(if my memory wrongs his words  
I yield it to correction)—we stand off,

Wide as the poles apart. Much I had hop'd  
When the great tempter fail'd, and in your ears  
Sung his own honor's dirge, we had heard the  
last

Of plots and mean temptations ; mean I call  
them,

For great names cannot sanctify mean deeds :  
SATAN himself knows I oppos'd th' attempt,  
Appeal'd, protested ; my thrice honor'd chief  
Knows it full well, and blushes for th' event. 480

And are we now caballing how to outwit  
A few poor, harmless fishermen, (for such  
Are CHRIST's disciples)—how to gull and cheat  
Their simple hearts of honesty ? Oh peers,  
For shame, if not for pity, leave them that,  
That beggar's virtue : And is this the theme,  
The mighty theme, which now employs the  
thoughts

Of your immortal synod ? Shame, Oh shame !  
Princes, dominions, arch-angelic thrones,  
Imperial lords ! these were your titles once ; 490  
By these names ye were known above the stars ;  
Shame not your ancient dignities, nor sink  
Beneath the vilest of the sons of men,  
Whisperers, informers, spies. If CHRIST be  
God,

Fight, as becometh you to fight, with God :  
If man, (and sure his birth bespeaks no more,)

Why all this preparation, this consult,  
These mighty machinations and cabals ?  
Off with your foe at once, dismiss him hence  
Where all his brother prophets have been 500  
sent ;

Where his precursor John has gone before,  
Whose voice still echoes thro' this wilderness :  
“ Repent ye, for God’s kingdom is at hand !  
“ Prepare ye the Lord’s way !”—It is prepar’d ;  
It leads to death—it marshals him the road  
To that oblivious bourne, whence none return :  
Herod yet lives ; another royal feast,  
Another wanton dance, and he, for whom  
So many innocents were slain, shall fall.  
Once vanquish’d, are we therefore to despair ?  
In heav’n unequal battle we provok’d ;  
Tho’ vast our host, the million was with God.  
On earth inquire of all the nations round  
Whom they will serve, with one voice they reply,  
We are their gods ; they feed us with their  
blood,  
Their sons and daughters they make pass  
through fire  
To do us grace ; if their own flesh they give,  
Shall they withhold to sacrifice a foe ?  
Twelve tribes were all Jehovah had on earth,  
And ten are lost ; of this small remnant, few  
And wretched are the friends that league with  
Heav’n.

And where is now CHRIST's promis'd reign on earth ?

When God's own servants rise against his Son,  
And those, to whom the promises were giv'n,  
Revolt from their Messias, can we wish  
Greater revenge ? What need have we to tempt  
Those, who have hearts rebellious as our own,  
As prompt to malice, no less prone to vex  
God's righteous spirit ? And let come what  
may,

It comes not to our loss...rather our gain. 530

Let God arise to vengeance ; let him pour  
Destruction on his temple, whose proud height  
Our chief can witness, measur'd by his fall :  
Let him not leave one stone upon another,  
As his rash Son hath menac'd ; let his wrath  
Thro' all the inhospitable earth disperse  
His scatter'd tribes ; such ever be the fate  
Of all his worshippers ! May scorn, contempt,  
Derision be their lot, and may their God  
Never recal his curse ! Are we, O peers, 540  
To mourn for his Jerusalem ? Our joy  
Springs from confusion ; enmity 'twixt God  
And man is our best triumph : For myself,  
War is my harvest ; then my altars blaze  
Brightest, when human victims feed the flame."

Breathless, he paus'd ; so rapid was the pulse  
Of his high-beating heart, he stood as one

Choak'd and convuls'd with rage ; when, as he  
ceas'd,

He smote his mailed habergeon so loud,  
Hell's arm'd legions heard, and shook their 550  
spears

Betok'ning war. Frowning, he look'd around,  
Whilst from his fiery eyes such terror glanc'd,  
It seem'd as if his pride meant to abash  
And silence all opposers. Yet not long  
His triumph ; for now BELIAL from the ranks  
Graceful advanc'd, and as he put aside  
His purple robe in act to speak, the throng  
(Such was the dazzling beauty of his form)  
Fell back a space ; then stood all eyes and ears  
In expectation mute as death. Though hell 560  
Own'd not a spirit more false, sensual, and base,  
Yet ever as he spake such action grac'd  
His words, so musically soft they flow'd,  
Who most despis'd the pleader prais'd the  
speech.

When thus, with mild, insinuating looks,  
Masking his ranc'rous heart, the fiend began :  
“ After so many peaceful ages past,  
Since first emerging from hell's dark abyss,  
Rous'd by our arch-angelic chief, we sprung  
Up to this middle region, and here seiz'd 570  
On this terrestrial globe, created first  
For man, our vassal now, where, at full ease,

Lords of the elements and gods ador'd,  
We reign and revel, undisturb'd of Heav'n.  
If God, whose jealousy be sure ill brooks  
That this fair world should be so long possess'd  
Of us, his exil'd angels, and his name,  
Pent up in Palestine, should now arouse  
His slumb'ring wrath, and his best strength put  
forth

To wrestle for lost empire, and our earth, 580  
As we in evil hour his heav'n, assail,  
Who of this mighty synod but must own  
The provocation warrants the retort ?  
If, then, the Maker of mankind hath cause  
To meditate their rescue, we no less  
Have cause to oppose th' attempt, and hold them  
fast

To their allegiance in despite of heav'n.  
Much, then, we owe to our great leader's care,  
Which, ever watchful o'er the public weal,  
Calls us to this full council, here to meet 590  
In grave consult how best we may repair  
Past disappointments, and repel the spite  
Of this new Champion, levell'd at our shrines.  
Great is the trouble of my thoughts, O peers,  
And much perplex'd am I with doubts, what  
name,  
Nature, and office to ascribe to CHRIST ;  
In form, the lowliest of the sons of men ;

In miracles, omnipotent as God ;  
Whose voice controls the stoutest of our host,  
Bids the graves open, and their dead come forth ;  
Whose very touch is health ; who with a glance  
Pervades each heart, absolves it, or condemns ;  
Whose virgin birth credulity scarce owns,  
And nature disavows. Prais'd to all time,  
Immortal as himself be the renown  
Of that wise spirit, who shall devise the means,  
By force or fraud, to overthrow the power  
Of this mysterious foe—what shall I say ?—  
Priest, Prophet, King, Messias, Son of God ?  
Yet how God's unity, which well we know 610  
Endures no second, should adopt a Son,  
And essence indivisible divide,  
Baffles my weak conjecture : Let that pass !  
To such hard doctrines I subscribe no faith :  
I'll call him man inspir'd, and wait till death  
Gives sentence of mortality upon him.  
Meanwhile let circumspection on our part  
Fill all the anxious interim ; alarm,  
Rome's jealousy, stir up the captious spleen  
Of the proud Pharisee, beset him round 620  
With snares to catch him, urge the envious  
priests,  
For envy still beneath the altar lurks,  
And note the man he trusts. MAMMON could tell,  
Though MAMMON boasts not of his own success,

How few of human mould have yet withstood  
His glittering, golden lures. The sword can kill  
Man's body ; gold destroys his very soul :  
Yet mark me well, I counsel not to tempt  
The Master ; poverty can do no more  
Than his own mortifying penance does ; 630  
Hunger and thirst and obstinately starve,  
When his mere wish could make the rock a  
spring

And its hard fragments bread. Yet sure I am  
All are not CHRIST's in heart, who with their lips  
Confess him ; these are men, and therefore frail,  
Frail and corruptible. And let none say,  
Fear prompts this counsel ; I disclaim all fear  
But for the general cause. In every heart  
Nature hath built my altar ; every sect,  
Nation, and language, with one voice, confess  
Pleasure the sovereign good. The Stoic churl,  
The dogged Cynic snarling in his tub,  
And all the ragged moralizing crew,  
Are hypocrites ; philosophy itself  
Is but my votary beneath a cloak.  
It harms not me, though every idol god  
Were tumbled from his base ; alike I scorn  
Sampson's strong nerve and Daniel's flaming  
zeal.  
And let CHRIST preach his mortifying rules :  
Let him go forth through all the Gentile world,

And, on the ruin of our fanes, erect  
His church triumphant o'er the gates of hell,  
Still, still man's heart will draw the secret sigh  
For pleasures unenjoy'd ; the gloomy cell  
And melancholy fast...the midnight prayer,  
And pale contrition weeping o'er her lamp,  
Are penances, from which the sense revolts—  
Fines, that compounding superstition pays  
For pleasures past, or bribes for more to come."

"Enough of this vain boast," here SATAN  
cry'd ; 660

"More than enough of these voluptuous strains,  
Which, though they lull the ear, disarm the soul  
Of its best attribute. Not gaudy flowers  
Are cull'd for med'cine, but the humble weed ;  
True wisdom, ever frugal of her speech,  
Gives sage advice in plain and homely words.  
The sum of all our reasoning ends in this,  
That nothing but the death of CHRIST can solve  
The myst'ry of his nature ; till he falls  
Scarce can I say we stand : All voices, then, 670  
Tho' varying in the means, conspire his death ;  
Some cautiously as BAAL ; some with zeal  
Precipitate as MOLOCH, whose swift thought  
Vaults over all impediments to seize  
The goal of his ambition. But, O peers,  
Ours is no trivial care ; direct your sight  
Along the ranks of that redeemed host—

On us hangs all their safety. Night and day  
My anxious thoughts are lab'ring in their cause,  
And whilst CHRIST walks the earth I take 680  
    no rest,

A watchful spy forever at his side,  
Noting each word and deed ; sometimes I mix  
With the selected Twelve that page his steps ;  
Of these, though some have waver'd, none is false  
Save one alone, ISCARIOT he by name ;  
The taint of avarice hath touch'd his heart ;  
I've mark'd him for my own. Hear, princes,  
    hear !

This night the priests and elders will convene  
Their secret conclave : I am in their hearts ;  
Burning with envy, malice, and revenge, 690  
Their only thought is how to tangle CHRIST,  
In whom of force I own no guile is found,  
But gentleness instead and perfect truth...  
A lamb in nature, without spot and pure...  
Fit victim therefore for their paschal rites,  
Which now are near at hand ; apt is the hour,  
Apt are the instruments. What now remains  
But to send forth a tempter to persuade  
ISCARIOT to betray his Master's life,  
And damn himself for gold ? Speak, is there one,  
One in this patriot circle, whom all eyes  
Point out for this emprise ? Most sure there is ;  
BELIAL hath well predicted of our choice :

MAMMON, stand forth ! on thee th' election  
lights."

He spake, and all approv'd ; for choice so fit  
None could oppose ; when MAMMON thus reply'd :

" Prince of this world ! to whom these armies  
owe,

(Lost but for thee in everlasting night,) 710  
The glorious prospect of yon rising sun,  
'Tis not to evade the labour, but prevent  
The failure of your hopes, that I beseech  
Your wisdom to correct its choice, and lodge  
This arduous embassy in abler hands :  
Nathless, if such your will, and my compeers  
Adjudge me to this service, I submit :  
In me is no repugnance, no delay ;  
For ever what these toiling hands could do,  
Or patient thoughts devise, that I have done ;  
Whether in heaven ordain'd to undermine  
God's adamantine throne, or doom'd to dig 720  
The solid sulphur of hell's burning soil, [else  
Fearless I wrought ; and, were there no tongues  
To vouch my services, these scars would speak,  
How many daintier spirits do I see  
Fair as in heav'n, and in fresh bloom of youth,  
Whilst I, with shrivell'd sinews cramp't and  
scorch'd  
'Midst pestilential damps and fiery blasts,  
Drag, as you see, a miserable load,

Age-struck without the last resource of death :  
 This for myself—no more. You're not to know  
 The snares which I employ are golden snares ;  
 These are my arts, and, like the crafty slave,  
 Who in Rome's circus hurls the fatal net  
 Over his fierce pursuer, so oft times  
 Have I entangled the proud hearts of men, [bribes,  
 And made their courage stoop to shameful  
 Paid for dishonest deeds, perjuries, and plots,  
 That draw them off from God, who else had fill'd  
 His courts ere now with guests, and peopled  
 heav'n. [mand ;

These weapons and these hands you still com-  
 So dear I hold the general cause at heart,  
 So disciplin'd am I in duty's school,  
 That, reckless of all hazard, I present  
 Myself your servant, or, if so fate wills,  
 Your sacrifice : for though from mortal man  
 Discomfiture I dread not, yet if CHRIST, [forth  
 Whom the great tempter foil'd not, shall stand  
 The champion of his followers, witness for me,  
 You my brave peers and this angelic host,  
 I sought not this bold height, whence if I fall,  
 I do but fall where SATAN could not stand."

" Go, then," exclaim'd th' arch enemy of man,  
 " Go, brave adventurer, go where glory calls :  
 Auspicious thoughts engender in my breast,  
 And now prophetic visions burst upon me :

I see the traitor JUDAS with a band  
Of midnight ruffians seize his peaceful Lord :  
They drag him to the bar, accuse, condemn ;  
He bleeds, he dies ! Darkness involves the rest.  
Ascend the air, brave spirit, and 'midst the shout  
Of grateful myriads wing thy course to fame."

He said, and, pointing to the sacred towers  
Of God's high temple, wav'd his scepter'd hand ;  
Whereat the infernal armies gave a shout  
That shook the rocky desert to its base.  
Meanwhile the fiend, ambassador of hell,  
Exulting, heard his high election crown'd  
With their applauding voices, and the call  
Of his great chieftain echo'd to the skies. [now  
Pride swell'd his conscious breast ; no longer  
Crouching with age and pain, but nerv'd anew,  
As with a spell transform'd, erect he stood  
With tow'ring stature tallest of the throng,  
And looks of high supremacy and state.  
And now from either shoulder he unfurl'd  
His wide-stretch'd pinions, and uprising swift  
Tower'd in mid-air ; the host with loud acclaim  
Hail'd his ascent ; he on the well-pois'd wing  
Hover'd awhile, till, from his cloudy height,  
Sweeping the wide horizon, he descried, 780  
Far in the west, the holy city of God,  
His destin'd port, then to the orient sun [speed.  
Turn'd his broad vans, and ply'd their utmost

## **CALVARY;**

**OR,**

## **THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

### **BOOK II.**

## ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND BOOK.

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Mammon, alighting on the Holy Mount, assumes the form and character of a Levite, and under that appearance goes in search of Judas Iscariot. He meets that disciple most opportunely for his purpose in a solitary place, and, entering into conversation with him, pretends a commission from the priests and elders for engaging him in their service, with a promise of a reward, and urges many insidious arguments for detaching him from his Master: They separate with a promise on the part of Judas to report his final answer to the priests that evening. Christ is now brought to view sitting in the midst of his disciples at his Last Supper: He addresses them in those solemn and affecting terms recorded in the Gospel of Saint John, washes their feet, foretels his death, and points out to them his betrayer in the person of Judas, then present: The traitor, perceiving himself discovered, hastily departs. Christ, pitying the affliction of his disciples, tenderly consoles them with the promise of his support under their future tribulations, and concludes with an awful invocation to the Father in their behalf; whereupon, warning them that his hour is come, he goes forth to the garden. A reflection naturally springing from the subject, addressed to unbelievers, closes the book.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK II.

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### THE LAST SUPPER.

**N**OW, on the consecrated Mount of God,  
**M**AMMON, invisible to mortal eye,  
Stooping the wing from his aerial height,  
With feet unhallow'd, lands ; a direful pest,  
Farthest from heav'n of all that out-cast crew  
Who fell from bliss ; fit messenger was he,  
And fatal was their choice who sent him forth  
To work corruption's purpose in man's heart ;  
For in his pow'r excelling, he can take  
The semblance of each virtue, shift each form,  
And turn and turn new faces on the world,  
Till he hath snar'd a soul ; then he appears  
In nature as he is, loathsome, obscene,  
Rapacious as those filthy monsters feign'd  
By fabling poets of amphibious breed,  
Harpies, of earth and ocean the foul spawn,  
Half brute, half human, with eadav'rous face  
Horribly pale, and hollow, hungry eye,  
Glaring aghast, with wings outstretch'd to chace,  
And talons crook'd to pounce their mangled prey.

And now, by dev'lish spell transform'd, he seems  
A reverend Levite, bearded to the waist ;  
Hypocrisy ne'er wore a graver mask :  
And still with wolf-like watch he prowls around  
If haply in those haunts he might surprise  
Occasion to put forth his damning arts,  
And, from the flock of their good Shepherd, cull  
One tainted straggler—one, whose sordid soul  
Av'rice might tempt to take the price of blood,  
And sacrifice the Son of God for gold :      30  
Of CHRIST no care had he, but to elude  
His vigilance, which still was all his dread ;  
Nor of the Twelve, save JUDAS, was there one  
Whom to assail ; on him alone, on him,  
Son of perdition, rested all the hopes  
Of SATAN and his legions. Now the fiend  
With ineffectual search had coasted all  
The sacred region round, and in the shade  
Beneath the temple porch awhile repos'd,  
List'ning the converse of the idle crowd,      40  
The sun then high at noon ; and much they talk'd  
Of CHRIST and his great miracles, of some  
Elias deem'd, of some the Baptist John  
Ris'n from the dead, but by all tongues confess  
A prophet mighty both in word and deed.  
Silent the whilst, in secret musings wrapt,  
The wizard spirit stood, when all at once  
Loud voices strike his ear, and straight comes one

Leaping and bounding 'midst the shouting  
throng,

A cripple new restor'd ; the very bed, [press'd,  
Which from his birth the palsied wretch had  
Now in its turn was carried, and to all  
Triumphantly expos'd. "Behold," he cry'd,  
"The token of my cure ; I am the man  
Whom ye all knew, and this the doleful bed  
On which, fast bound in misery and pain,  
Helpless before your charitable gates  
I laid and begg'd for pity and relief : [limbs  
Lo ! I am free ! Mark how these new-found  
Nimbly the health-restoring voice obey ! 60  
CHRIST gave the word ; he spake and I am whole."

This whilst he heard, conviction smote the  
fiend ;

His conscious heart a sudden tremor seiz'd,  
And off he slunk abash'd. A winding path  
Led down the mount, and here, as he pursu'd  
In gloomy thought the solitary way,  
Behold by happy chance the man he sought,  
ISCARIOT, and alone : Joy flush'd the cheek  
Of the incarnate daemon, thus to find  
His labour in auspicious moment crown'd. 70

"Hail, son of Simon ! peace be to thee, friend !  
Fairly encounter'd art thou in good hour ;"  
The priest-like tempter cried : "thy worth is  
known

To all our Levites, from whose tribe I come  
 With friendly greeting charg'd. This night  
 they meet

In special conclave ; our chief pontiff there  
 Will, in the holy convocation, move  
 Points of high import to our ancient law—  
 Questions it much importeth thee to hear,  
 And well accepted shalt thou be of all, 80  
 Who, with large recompense and honours due,  
 Will greet thee so complying : I have said."

" Grave Sir, I know thee not," JUDAS reply'd ;  
 " Yet for thy greeting, thanks, and peace for  
 peace,

As holy men becomes." To him the fiend—

" Unknown I well may be, who, night and day  
 Serving God's altar, rarely stir abroad,  
 And little commerce hold with this great world ;  
 But thee I know, one of that Teacher's train,  
 Who walks at large, nor shuns the haunts im-  
 pure 90

Of sinners and of publicans. Alas !  
 That one of thy wise bearing should be seen  
 In such base fellowship, paging his steps,  
 Calling him Lord and Master, whom the world  
 In mere derision suffers to grow up  
 To full-blown vanity, at once to crush.  
 But good report is pregnant with thy name,  
 As one exempted from the general scorn ;

And sure I am thou wilt not so abase  
And turn thy nobler thoughts to one so mean,  
Vile and mechanic ; to the driv'ling crew  
Of children and of women leave that task—  
To Peter and his brethren of the net ;  
Fine reas'ning we shall have, and well be school'd  
When fishermen turn preachers, and instil  
Doctrines and laws, which Moses never taught.  
Woe to our scribes ! Rare mock'ry of the world  
And the world's wisdom, if these simple folk,  
Lur'd from their daily drudgery, should set up  
Fishers of men ; the synagogue, to them 110  
A barren element, will never yield  
Such gainful earnings as the sea affords.  
And what is CHRIST that JUDAS so should court  
His starving service ? What so tempting lure  
Hath this deceiver to beguile thy hopes ?  
" Not of this world my kingdom," he hath said ;  
Yet of this world are we ; in this alone  
We live and move ; here only we expect  
Or pain or pleasure ; all that lies beyond  
In the unknown abyss is dark as death. 120  
And wherefore carriest thou that bag about ?  
A beggar needs no treasurer, and thy Lord  
Feeds but by miracle. Alas for him,  
Who serves a master, that keeps Sabbath fasts  
Forty long days in the bare wilderness—  
Makes poverty his passport into heav'n,

And bids us throw away life's present means  
For doubtful chance of interest after life !  
And art thou of all reason so bereft  
As to account prosperity a crime, 130  
Or think none blest but him, whose every step  
Thro' mis'ry's thorny path is mark'd with blood ?  
O son of Simon, take thy last resolve :  
Either resign thy body to the worm,  
And die with CHRIST, or him renounce, and live  
Rich, honor'd, prosp'rous, and enjoy the world."

The fiend now paus'd, well pleas'd that he had  
gain'd

Audience so large ; when JUDAS, in whose soul  
The pois'nous instillation 'gan to work,  
Thus to corruption's advocate replied : 140

" That CHRIST, rejected and despis'd of men,  
Hath in this world no part, I freely grant ;  
Therefore if we his followers who renounce  
Things present, build our hopes upon a dream  
Of what shall never come, we are of all  
Most miserable ; if we, who bid farewell  
To all that nature holds most dear, to share  
Sorrows and pains and poverty with CHRIST,  
Find not those blissful mansions in the heav'n  
Which he hath promis'd ; if, when all is past, 150  
And this sad scene concludes, no reck'ning  
comes,

No grateful compensation after death,

Hard is our fate, and much hath he abus'd  
Our weak credulity. But still these hopes  
Of an expected glory, though with doubt  
And darkness clouded, faint, not yet extinct,  
Yield not to words ; words made them what  
they are— [him.

CHRIST's words ; and surely man ne'er spake like  
Wherfore if these your doctors of the law  
Invite me to their conclave but to hear 160

A railing accusation, I hold off  
From their assembly, and to CHRIST adh'rc,  
As to the better reas'ner ; and though poor  
The servant, equal is the Master's lot,  
Poor as the poorest, houseless and forlorn,  
A man of sorrows ; nor can we complain,  
Whilst he of all we suffer still partakes,  
First in all labors, penances, and pains.  
You ask, and bid me take my last resolve,  
If I will give this body to the worm 170  
And die with CHRIST : To die is nature's dread ;  
Instinctively she loathes the gloomy grave,  
And turns a longing eye to light and life.  
But fortune gives to all things their degrees ;  
To them, who bask in sunshine thro' the day,  
Night comes with double sadness, whilst to me,  
Who toil from morn to noon, from noon to eve,  
Yet nothing but a dim horizon see  
Low'ring in clouds, darkness is nothing strange,

Nor death a terror. Wealth presents no dower  
To wed me to the world ; no pleasures cling  
Around my heart ; no soft affections woo  
My longer stay on earth, there to prefer  
Brief joys possess'd, to hope of future bliss."

Thus whilst he 'plain'd, the subtle tempter's  
ear

Caught the soft murmur that betrays the soul...  
The sigh capitulating virtue breathes,  
When from her last defences she retreats ;  
Whereat a bolder tone he now assum'd,  
And thus the wav'ring, false disciple ply'd: 190

" All joys that gold can purchase wait your  
choice ;

Rich to your heart's ambition you shall be ;  
Nor only rich, but rescu'd from a doom  
So dreadful, had you all the wealth in store,  
Which the sea covers or the earth contains,  
'Twere well bestow'd to purchase your redemp-  
tion. [meet

With CHRIST impending death...with me you  
Life with encircling pleasures. Throw aside  
That beggar's purse ; your starving office spurn ;  
Serve God's high priest, whose treasury is full ;  
Cast those few mites away, the scanty dole  
Of some contaminating leper's hand,  
For which you bid God heal him and pass on ;  
Whilst he, good cred'lous soul, cries out amain,

As powerful fancy works, “ Lo ! I am clean ;  
Behold a miracle !”—But gold performs  
Greater and happier miracles than this :  
Gold with a touch can heal the mind’s disease,  
Quicken the slow-pae’d blood, and make it dance  
In tides of rapture thro’ each thrilling vein ; 210  
Cast out that worst of dæmons, poverty,  
And with a spell exorcise the sad heart,  
Haunted with spectres of despair and spleen.  
If, then, this prize can tempt thee—if thy soul  
Still thirsts for life, for riches, for repose ;  
If in thy breast there dwells that manly scorn,  
Which slighted merit feels, when envious pride  
Thrusters it aside to build the unworthy up,  
Now, now assert it ; from a Master turn,  
Who turns from thee—who before thee exalts  
Thy meaner brethren, Peter, James, and John :  
On them his partial smile forever beams—  
They have his love, his confidence, his heart :  
Of them revolting he might well complain—  
Of thee he cannot ; thine were just revenge :  
He is no traitor, who resents a wrong ;  
Who shares no confidence can break no trust.  
Bid conscience, then, be still ; let no weak qualms  
Damp thy reviving spirit ; but when night  
Wraps her dark curtain round this busy world,  
Come thou to CAIAPHAS ; there will be found  
Our priests and scribes in council to attaint

And bring to judgment this presumptuous man,  
Who boasts himself **Messias**, Son of **God**.  
**If thou**, to whom his midnight haunts are known,  
His secret incantations and his spells,  
By which he does these feats that cheat our sight,  
Wilt to those guilty haunts conduct our guard,  
And render up his person to the law,  
Much praise and large reward shalt thou receive.  
**If thou** wilt not—**But wherefore** should **I** doubt?  
**I** would persuade, not threaten : Know withal  
It is not thou, 'tis justice gives the blow ;  
The law will have its victim. Thinkest thou  
That we, to whom the custody is giv'n  
**Of God's** prophetic oracles, ordain'd  
To guard his worship, and expound his laws,  
Will let this innovating Teacher spurn  
Our holy order, mock our ancient rites,  
Profane our Sabbaths, and himself exalt,      250  
Co-equal with **Jehovah**, to confound  
His unity, and claim divided power?  
**No**, let death arbitrate 'twixt him and us ;  
If he be very **CHRIST**, death shall not dare  
To aim his dart at immortality ;  
His incorruption shall defy the grave—  
If man, blaspheming man, he justly dies.  
Living or dying, thus his fate dispels  
All mystery ; truth starts of force to light,  
And **God** is glorified in either case.”      260

He ceas'd, and on the traitor fix'd a look,  
Which, like the serpent's fascinating eye,  
Gaz'd motion's power away ; sullen he stood,  
As with a spell entranc'd ; the awful sense  
Of his great Master's virtue, and the dread  
Of an hereafter terrible to thought,  
No longer serv'd to hold the wizard fiend  
And his fell arts at bay. The word of truth,  
Sown on the surface of his stony heart,  
Had perish'd without root ; religion's lamp, 270  
Faint and more faint as MAMMON's crafty breath  
Blew up the storm of passion, now expir'd  
In his benighted soul ; there rankling pride,  
Malicious envy, a'rice and revenge,  
Leagu'd with hell's minister, and uncontrol'd,  
Their impious orgies held. At length the wretch,  
To calm, deliberate treachery resign'd,  
With all th' unrighteous Mammon in his heart  
And vile prevarication on his lips,  
Thus with consent, in dubious phrase imply'd,  
The grand seducer of mankind dismiss'd :

“ Great is the peril of th' attempt you urge,  
For great the power of him you would destroy :  
Therefore if I demand some pause for thought,  
Deem it not much. Your offers shall be weigh'd ;  
But now no more. Occasions call me hence.  
This night the Master hath convok'd the Twelve  
To keep the sacred feast, ordain'd of God

With bread unleaven'd and the Paschal Lamb.  
Thither, tho' last and in his favor least, 290  
I go a cited guest. There whilst I sit  
Unnotic'd at his table's lowest foot,  
My meditations shall recal your words,  
And ponder them apart. Say to your priests,  
Those conservators of our ancient law,  
This night they may expect my last resolve.  
And now behold the length'ning shadow marks  
The ev'ning hour, that warns me hence : Fare-  
wel !”

This said, their conf'rence ended, they embrace  
As friends, who plight their faith. Upon 300  
the touch,

So quick the infection ran...so dire the blight,  
The pois'nous ferment on the instant reach'd  
ISCARIOT's tainted heart, and now he burnt  
With the fell lust of gold. Joy seiz'd the fiend ;  
For well he knew how mortal to the soul  
That deadly aconite, the growth of hell.

Oh ! wretch forever lost, forever curst, [wake  
Whom MAMMON thus embraces ! Who shall  
Thy conscience from its lethargy ? Who now  
Shall stop the courses of that baneful drug, 310  
And stem the swift destruction ? 'Tis too late :  
Better for thee hadst thou ne'er seen the light,  
Or lost it ere this fatal hour had birth.

Thy doom is seal'd ; hell hath its hour of joy,

Thou traitor, an eternity of woe :  
The meditation of thy heart shall hurl  
Thee to perdition and thy Lord to death.  
**N**ow JUDAS down the mountain turn'd his steps ;  
Not so the tempter ; he from the high rock,  
Exalted where he stood, his impious eye 320  
**G**lanc'd o'er the city of God, full in his view  
From east to west in moony crescent stretch'd.  
**H**ere yet JEHOVAH was ador'd, here reign'd ;  
All else to SATAN and his idol gods [names  
Thro' earth's wide range belong'd ; to their dire  
Each temple echo'd...ev'ry knee was bow'd.  
How oft, e'en here, upon his holy hill,  
Did Judah's kings with their polluted groves  
Affront God's house, and pagan altars raise  
**T**o Chemos, Milcom, Ashtoreth, and all 330  
The host of heav'n, within his sacred courts !  
Witness that impious king, who pass'd his son  
Through fire to Moloch, homicidal god,  
Which rous'd th' Almighty's vengeance, and  
entail'd  
Mournful captivity on all his race.  
Hither, as to the delug'd world of old,  
In promis'd time, the dove of peace was sent ;  
Upon this Ararat, his sacred mount,  
He rested ; hence salvation dawn'd on man.  
**H**im to destroy the tempter now aspir'd, 340  
Secure of his new convert firmly leagu'd

In his dire plot and to perdition seal'd.  
Nor rested on that mount the darkling fiend,  
Nor further need had he of priestly garb,  
Than till he saw ISCARIOT join the train.  
Of CHRIST and his disciples ; then at once  
To his own airy properties dissolv'd,  
A spirit invisible, with eager speed  
To hell's assembled chiefs he wing'd his flight.

The sun had sunk beneath the western hills,  
And now at ev'ning hour the Jews prepare  
To celebrate their Passover, ordain'd  
To eternize their deliv'rance, when God's wrath  
Smote every first-born male in Misraim's coast,  
Save where the blood of lamb piacular,  
Sprinkling the consecrated door, was found  
Of the destroying angel. To this feast,  
Prelusive of his own pure sacrifice.  
And type of his blood-shedding, JESUS came ;  
The guests were present and the table spread ;  
With loins begirt, as men upon the march,  
And staff in hand, they snatch a hasty meal :  
This done, in pensive meditation wrapt,  
The Saviour, conscious of impending death,  
Sate in the midst ; to his all-present mind  
The treason and the traitor stood confest.  
Low'ring abash'd, and from the rest apart,  
ISCARIOT at the table's lowest foot [glance,  
Took post, where best he might escape that

From whose intelligence no heart could hide  
Its guilty meditations. All eyes else  
Were center'd on the Saviour's face divine,  
Which, with the brightness of the Godhead,  
Mix'd traces of human sorrow, and display'd  
The workings of a mind, where mercy seem'd  
Struggling to reconcile some mortal wrong  
To pardon and forbearance. Such a look  
Made silence sacred...every tongue was mute ;  
E'en PETER's zeal forbore the vent of words,  
Or spent itself in murmurs half supprest. 380  
At length the meek REDEEMER rais'd his eyes,  
Where gentle resignation, temp'ring grief,  
Beam'd grace ineffable on all around,  
And with these words the awful silence broke :  
“ Muse not if I am sad, nor stand aghast  
As doubtful of my constancy. These pangs,  
And more which I must suffer, were foreseen ;  
The hour now coming, comes not by surprise...  
It is the consummation of my charge,  
And fills the measure of atonement up. 390  
Shall I then say, Father, avert this hour ?  
And save me from these agonies ? Not so.  
With heart prepar'd to suffer and submit  
I meet my doom forewarn'd. Yet ere we part  
Take this last office from your Master's hands ;  
And when you see me stoop to wash your feet,  
As soon you shall, remember 'tis your Lord,

Your dying Lord this Legacy bequeathes,  
And edify by his humility."

This said, his seamless mantle he threw off,  
And girt his tunic close about his waist ;  
And with mute amazement they beheld  
The Son of God, in servant-like attire,  
Prepar'd to execute his menial task.

All gaz'd, all wonder'd, but no voice oppos'd ;  
None dar'd to pray forbearance of the deed,  
Till he, whose heart was ever on his lips,  
**PETER**, in warm expostulation cry'd :

" Lord, doest thou wash my feet, thy servant's  
feet,  
Mean as the dust he treads on ? Never, Lord,  
Never shalt thou do that for one so vile,  
So all-unworthy : That be far from thee !  
Such homage ill beseemeth thee to pay...  
Me to receive."—To him the Lord replied :

" **PETER**, as yet thou know'st not what I do—  
Hereafter thou shalt know ; therefore no more :  
Cease to oppose, for if I wash thee not,  
With me thou hast no part." Struck to the soul  
With horror at the thought, his eager words,  
Wing'd with the flame of rhapsody, burst forth :

" Oh ! not my feet alone...my hands, my head,  
Wash me all o'er, and sanctify each part."

" There needs not this," the meek **REDEEMER**  
cry'd,

“ Enough is done ; thus wash’d, tho’ but in part,  
Thou shalt be clean thro’out. Yet I’ll not say  
Ye are all clean. Spite of the Shepherd’s care,  
The taint hath touch’d his flock. Alas ! for him  
On whom the foul contamination lights ;  
Woe to that wretch that ever he was born !  
And do ye need a comment to expound 430  
This lesson of humility and love ?  
Ye call me Lord and Master ; well ye say,  
For such in truth I am ; if then your Lord  
Be meek and lowly, will not ye renounce  
Pride and contention ? If the Master stoops  
To wash his feet who serves, shall ye do less  
To these your equal brethren ? Learn of me,  
And each with other deal, as I with you. [nigh  
Write on your hearts my words ; the time draws  
When I shall speak no more with you on earth.  
Ye have all heard ; how blest if ye obey !  
I speak not of you all : Whilst here ye sit  
In seeming fellowship around this board,  
Sharing the social meal, my last on earth,  
Doubt not but I can search into your breasts,  
And see whose hearts are loyal, whose is false :  
And mark me well, I fall not by man’s wiles—  
Not unpredicted is the trait’rous act, [hand  
And well I know the wretch, whose faithless  
Dips with me in the dish, shall soon be dy’d 450  
With my devoted blood. Betray’d I am—

Deceiv'd I cannot be."—This when they heard,  
Each with the other interchang'd a look  
Of question and suspect; speechless they star'd,  
Confounded and aghast: As men, drawn forth  
For decimation, tremble to unfold  
The lot of life or death, so these in doubt  
On whom the word of prophecy might light,  
Curious, yet fearful to inquire of CHRIST,  
Search'd their own hearts in silence. All per-  
ceiv'd

460

Omniscience, which to God alone belongs,  
Familiar with their thoughts, and every soul  
Save that dire wretch whom conscience inly  
smote,

Trembled, lest unpremeditated guilt  
Might be denoue'd upon him, or the sin  
Of one man, as of Korah, move the Lord  
With the whole congregation to be wroth.  
But PETER, in whose ever-anxious mind  
These terrors undispell'd long could not dwell,  
To the belov'd disciple, on the breast      470  
Of CHRIST reclining, now gave sign to ask  
The fearful question, in what traitor's heart  
Plot so accurs'd could harbor. Thus besought,  
Though much his humble nature fear'd offence,  
In accent soft, with supplicating eye  
Turn'd on the Master, the meek suitor said :  
"Lord, shew thy true and faithful servants grace,

And let us know the traitor." "He it is,"  
JESUS reply'd, "on whom I shall bestow  
This sop, when I have dipp'd it in my cup." 480

He said, and as he plung'd the morsel in,  
All eyes were fix'd upon the fatal work,  
Wond'ring on whom he would bestow the spell ;  
And soon with silent horror they beheld  
The saturated sop to JUDAS giv'n,  
Pledge of perdition ; he with greedy haste  
Devour'd it, by the fiend within him urg'd ;  
For MAMMON to the dark divan had told  
The joyful tidings, and had posted back  
Swift as the magic whirlwind, conjur'd up 490  
By all hell's wizard imps, could drive him on,  
And now sat nestling in the traitor's heart,  
Brooding his filthy spawn. Great was the joy  
Of the infernal tempter, thus to find  
That guardian Pow'r, whose providence he  
fear'd,

By these symbolic elements withdrawn,  
And his apostate victim now cast out  
From the Lord's Supper, alien from God's grace,  
And soul-surrender'd to hell's gloomy realm.

Now as the spell within him 'gan to work, 500  
The traitor's visage, like the troubled sea  
Uptorn and furrow'd with tempestuous winds ;  
Shifted its hues, now deadly pale, aghast  
And horror struck, now fiery red, deform'd

With hellish rage, and from man's semblance  
chang'd

To very dæmon, terrible to sight.

Oh ! what a fall from heav'n to deeper hell  
Than thought can fathom...horrors worse than  
heart

Of man, unless abandon'd of his God,  
Can suffer or conceive ! Words do but fail 510  
To paint that unreveal'd abyss, those depths  
Of the immeasur'able, profound, where groans,  
Wailings and woes and tossings amidst fires  
Unquenchable await the wretch condemn'd !

Meanwhile, in cloudless majesty and mild,  
The Saviour's face divine on all around  
Effulgent beam'd ; about his temple shone  
A radiant glory : This when JUDAS saw,  
Whom now the sp'rit of darkness had possess'd,  
And none such in the sphere of that pure light  
Long could abide, he started from his couch  
Prepar'd for flight, when thus in few the Lord :  
" Go then ! and what thou hast in hand to do,  
Do quickly ; so depart !" The word of power,  
Though gentle, yet commanding, JUDAS heard,  
And instantly the spirit took him thence ;  
Nor could he not obey ; for so rebuk'd  
The prince of hell, SATAN himself, had fled.  
The faithful remnant sate in mute suspense,  
Pondering what this dismission might import.

The Master with a glance discern'd their tho'ts ;  
He saw them in profound conjecture lost...  
Humbled in heart and sad—their honor stain'd  
By base defection, and their faith convuls'd :  
When thus, at once to strengthen and console  
Their wav'ring minds, these healing words he  
spake :

“ Let not your hearts be troubled : Ye believe  
In God ; believe also in me his Son.  
Doubt not but in the compass of the heav'ns  
My Father will provide, for all his saints, 540  
Mansions of peace, seats of eternal bliss, [dwell,  
Where sp'rits made perfect after death shall  
And rest from earthly toils. Thither I go  
To seal your sure election, and prepare  
For you, my faithful servants, an abode ;  
That, as in sorrow here, so there in bliss  
With me your Lord, now dying for your sakes,  
Ye may surmount the grave, and ever live  
In heavenly communion undisturb'd.  
Lament not therefore if I now depart, 550  
Your provident precursor, for ye know  
Whither I go, and also know the way.

“ Lord, we are ignorant and dim-sighted men,”  
THOMAS reply'd ; “ we see not what thou see'st ;  
And as it stands not in our reach to guess  
Whither thou go'st, how should we know the  
way ?”

“ I am the Way,” th’ inspired Teacher cry’d;  
“ I am the Truth, the Life : None can approach  
The Father but by me ; me had ye known,  
This blindness had been done away ; and now  
Behold Him present !”—“ Where ?” still doubt-  
ing cry’d

One of the astonish’d number ; “ Oh ! impart  
That intellectual visien to discern  
And see the Father ; set Him in our view  
In form demonstrative ; we ask no more.”

“ Say’st thou ?” resum’d the Lord, “ and have  
I been  
So long familiar, yet so little known ?  
Will not the works, O PHILIP, I have done...  
Done in thy sight, instruct thee whence I am,  
And what my pow’r ? Doth there need light for  
this ? [thee,

’Midst the broad blaze of proofs that shine about  
Canst thou not see God’s presence in his power ?  
Of this mortality which ye behold,  
This fleshy self, I speak not ; ’tis the Spirit,  
The virtue of my Father, which is in me...  
In act how visible, in voice how strong,  
Clear, and express ! And can you see and hear  
And yet withhold belief ? Oh, slow of faith !  
If words cannot persuade, let works convince :  
If miracles, which only God can do, 580  
Are done before your eyes, how say you then,

‘Shew us the Father?’ Sanctify your hearts  
From fear and terror ; though the hour come on,  
When to the silent mansions of the dead,  
From this impen’tent world, I must withdraw,  
Mourn not, but let your grief be turn’d to joy ;  
For as in me the Father, so in Him  
I live and move ; my Spirit, though unseen,  
Still present, shall protect and hover o’er you.  
I will not leave you comfortless ; my Name 590  
Shall be your tower of refuge ; with my peace  
Now dying I endow you : of that peace [poil’d ;  
By this world’s pow’rs you ne’er shall be des-  
And in my name whatever ye shall ask  
Believing, ye shall have. By faith in me  
Ye shall command the elements...uplift  
The everlasting mountains by their roots,  
And whelm them in the centre of the sea.  
Thus in my name potential ye shall do,  
And greater works than these. By faith in me  
Ye shall confront th’ oppressor ; ‘midst the  
shock  
Of tribulations and the angry scorn  
Of a malignant world, abkorr’d, despis’d,  
Thrust from their synagogues, ye shall possess  
Your souls in patience, glorying to endure  
Like tribulation with your martyr’d Lord.  
Despair not, therefore, for before that day  
A Comforter shall come, whom I will send,

And he shall teach you all things. When ye stand

Before the judgment seat of impious men,  
Friendless, accus'd, environ'd with a throng  
Of perjur'd witnesses athirst for blood,  
Your Guardian Spirit shall provide a voice,  
Action and eloquence, and prompt your lips,  
With untaught language, to resound my Name  
With tongue miraculous through all the world.  
Wars then and rumors, and portentous signs,  
Famine and earthquakes and disastrous plagues  
Shall vex the nations ; prophets shall arise,  
With lying divinations to confound                           620  
The weak, pervert the wavering, and perplex  
The very saints themselves. Await the time ;  
These are but harbingers of mightier woes ;  
The day of terror is but in its dawn.  
The powers of earth and heav'n must undergo  
Direful convulsion ; this majestic pile,  
This temple, shall become so mere a wreck,  
That not one stone shall rest upon another.  
Then shall your hour of tribulation come ;  
Then, to confess my name shall be your crime,  
By torture and by death to be aton'd.  
The tyrants of the world shall then let loose  
Their persecuting rage, and great shall be  
The falling-off of many ; rocks and caves  
Shall be your hiding-places ; yet from thence

Your sound shall echo to the farthest ends  
Of the redeemed earth ; from those dark cells  
The beams of revelation shall break forth,  
Maugre the pow'rs of hell ; and blest is he,  
Whose faith unshaken shall abide the time, 640  
Till the great end and consummation comes,  
My peace and my salvation to insure.

Few are the moments now and passing swift,  
Which thus conversing we have yet in hand.  
Servants no more...henceforth I call you friends;  
Therefore, as friends and children, let your love  
Each to the other knit your hearts together  
In brotherly communion ; this command,  
New to the world, I give you : Let good will,  
And peace and concord harmonize your souls,  
And mark you as the followers of Him,  
Whose every act was charity—whose life  
Was spent and clos'd expiring for your sakes.  
And stronger proof of love what man can give,  
Than to yield up his body to the grave,  
And die, as shortly I shall, for his friends ?  
Time was that I have shadow'd out my speech  
In proverbs and allusions ; time now is  
To cast obscurity aside, and shew  
Th' unveil'd glories of the Father to you. 660  
Henceforward ye shall ask of Him and have ;  
My name for your petitions shall suffice ;  
My pray'rs ye need not, for the Father's love

Without an intercessor shall protect  
Mine; as you love me, and prevent your wants.  
From Him I came into this world; to Him,  
This world now leaving, I again return."

This said, conviction smote their glowing  
hearts

With faith, and hope's bright image new inspir'd,  
And scenes of future glory beaming on them:  
When thus, with voices join'd in loud acclaim,  
CHRIST in the Godhead manifest they hail'd:  
"Now, Lord, we hear and understand thy  
words...

Plain words and not in parables involv'd.  
Now are we sure all knowledge is reveal'd.  
All pow'r committed to thee from above,  
And without further question we believe,  
And henceforth know thou camest forth from  
God."

"Do ye at length believe?" the Master cry'd;  
"Behold, the hour comes on, yea, now is  
come, 680

When your strong faith shall stagger at the  
scene

Of these impending horrors, and shrink back  
Confounded and appall'd; to the four winds,  
Wide as your fears can spread you, all shall fly,  
And leave me struggling, with a storm of woes,  
Unfriended and alone. What did I say?

Alone I cannot be ; for in me dwells  
The Father ever present. Let this thought  
Arm you with constancy to meet the shock  
Of tribulation, and withstand the powers 690  
Of this brief world ; for, to your comfort know,  
I have o'ercome the world." This said, he  
paus'd, [tranc'd,  
And sate, whilst all were hush'd, as one en-  
So fast the heav'nly vision pour'd upon him :  
Then, with uplifted eyes and heaving breast,  
Full of his God, this solemn pray'r breath'd  
forth :

" O Father ! give thy glory to the Son,  
As he hath glorified thy Name on earth,  
And these, whom thou hast giv'n him, taught to  
know  
Thee, the true God alone, and JESUS CHRIST,  
Thy Messenger and Advocate with thee  
For lost mankind. Father ! to me restore  
That glory, which was mine before all time,  
Or ere the world was made, and man fell off  
From his obedience, now at length redeem'd  
From sin by my atonement, and made heir  
Of life eternal, purchas'd with my blood.  
The act of mediation is complete ;  
Thy work is finish'd, and thy name gone forth  
These of thine election : Thine they were, 710  
To me thou gav'st them, and they have receiv'd

And kept as faithful witnesses thy word.  
For them I pray : The world, which now I leave,  
Hath no more part with me ; for them alone,  
Not for the world, I pray ; they must abide....  
I shall depart, and be at peace with Thee.

O holy Father ! keep them in thy Name  
Whole and entire, link'd in the bond of faith,  
Firm as I hold them : One alone is lost,  
Son of perdition ! him the prophets saw 720  
In their prospective visions, and foretold  
That so thy Son should suffer ; but for these,  
They are unstain'd ; they stand not in the guilt  
And condemnation of that wretch accurst.  
I pray thee not to take them from the world,  
Through which I send them forth as shining  
lights [search

To draw men's eyes and hearts, and guide their  
To the bright source whence thy salvation  
beams.

These are my ministers, as I am thine ;  
Oh ! sanctify them thro' thy truth ! For them,  
And all through them converted to thy word,  
Father, I pray. Translate them in thy time  
From this unquiet world to that high state  
Of heav'nly bliss, where they may dwell with me  
And see my glory : So shall they receive  
Thy love, thro' me transfus'd into their hearts,  
And rest from all their sorrows in thy peace.

So spake the Lord, and with these gracious words

His faithful remnant cheer'd ; for soft they fell  
As heav'n's blest dew upon the thirsty hills, 740  
And sweet the healing balm, which they distill'd  
On sorrow-wounded souls. Now treach'rous eve  
Crept silent on, and threw her dusky veil  
O'er Nature's face, masking the deeds of men.  
The Saviour rose ; for in his conscious breast  
A warning voice had whisper'd, " Up, arise,  
Go forth to death ! One solemn act remains...  
One sacrifice ; 'tis now God's wrath demands  
Atonement—a whole world's redemption now  
Hangs on the minute's point." Behold him, then,  
A voluntary victim, leading forth  
His sad disciples to the fatal spot,  
Where treason lurk'd in ambush for his life,  
Where stood the prince of darkness and his  
powers,  
Arm'd with commission'd terrors to assail  
Him single...him forsaken...him oppos'd  
To myriads, whilst heav'n's angels soar'd aloof,  
Trembling spectators of th' unequal strife.  
Who now so comfortless as God's own Son ?  
His soul in woes unutterable whelm'd, 760  
All commerce with its native heav'n deny'd,  
Press'd down to earth ; nor other strength had he,  
Than in his human nature might be found,

To combat more than human agonies,  
Accumulated pangs, which all the sins  
Of all the world, from loss of paradise  
By man's first fall, to the last damning page  
Of heav'n's black register, had pil'd upon him,  
The mass of ages. Oh! what tongue can speak  
The love of our REDEEMER? And yet man, 770  
Ungrateful, impious man, hourly reviles  
His Benefactor's name...affects the style  
Of sophistry and metaphysic pride  
To quibble with salvation, and renounce  
Those guides, that lead us by the hand to heav'n.  
This they call reason...this man's natural right  
To question his Creator, and in pride  
Of independent dignity reject  
Salvation, rather than consent to own  
God's privilege to save him by such means 780  
As to God's wisdom best and meetest seem'd.  
Such monsters doth this teeming earth produce!  
Impious audacity! which dares to say,  
" I need no Mediator...I disclaim  
CHRIST and his offer'd peace; 'twixt God and me  
I want no advocate to plead my cause—  
By my own rectitude I stand or fall:  
The evangelic volumes I regard  
As fabricated tales of juggling tricks,  
Witness'd by none but partners in the craft:  
Deep read in pagan story, I confront

The sacred records with the silent page  
Of those, who register no strange eclipse,  
No noon-day darkness, not one friendly groan  
Of sympathizing nature to attest  
CHRIST's dying hour."—Shut, shut the Book of  
Life—

Go to the Jews, the Pagans, for thy creed ;  
Go to the dust, blasphemer ? In the ear  
Of Death whisper thy doubts, and learn of him  
Thy folly's confutation and thy doom, 800  
In those sad realms, to which he shall conduct  
Thy trembling soul, when the arch-angel's  
trump

Hath summon'd thee to judgment, and set ope  
The grave, thy rashness deem'd forever clos'd.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

CHAPLAIN

THE DUTY OF CHURCH

BOOK III

**CALVARY;**

**OR,**

**THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

**BOOK III.**

## ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD BOOK.

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Iscariot, having separated himself from Christ, wanders through the streets of the city in a disconsolate manner, and at length arrives at the brook Cedron without the gates. Here he breaks forth into soliloquy, in which, after reviewing his past situation, he affects to justify his present motives for betraying his Master to the priests. Christ and his disciples, proceeding to the Mount of Olives, are discovered by him as they are passing the brook in their way thither, and Judas resolves upon availing himself of the opportunity for delivering Christ into the hands of his enemies. In the mean time, the priests and elders assemble in the palace of Caiaphas, and there hold a council upon the measures to be pursued for the apprehension of Christ: The high priest harangues the assembly to this immediate purport: In the interim, Judas is announced, and being admitted, makes his proposal to the council: this produces some observations on the part of Caiaphas, and is objected to by Nicodemus, who, after delivering his opinion, quits the assembly. Caiaphas then takes up the matter afresh, controverts the sentiments of Nicodemus, and, with the approbation of all present, closes with the proposals of Judas, and sends out a company with that traitorous disciple to the Mount of Olives, there to apprehend the person of Christ. The assembly breaks up, and the hall is no sooner evacuated by the priests and elders than their seats are filled by Satan and his infernal spirits. Satan addresses to them a congratulatory speech on the success of Mammon's temptation, on whom he bestows many high encomiums; an ovation takes place in honor of that dæmon, when Chemos appears, wounded by the spear of Gabriel, whom he had encountered on the Mount of Olives, where he had been posted as a spy upon the motions of Christ and his disciples. Satan, enraged at the account, sallies forth with a resolution to revenge the attack, by punishing the temerity of Gabriel—arms himself for the occasion, and, after much proud vaunting of his superior prowess, disappears, and the infernal spirits disperse.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK III.

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### THE TREASON OF JUDAS.

DARK came the evening on, and the pale moon,  
Now faintly glimm'ring through a wint'ry cloud,  
Shed her dim horrors o'er the shadowy earth ;  
Whilst through the silent streets, with step dis-  
turb'd,  
And heart by hellish meditation rent,  
The outcast of the Lord pursu'd his way—  
ISCARIOT, name for evermore accurst.  
Onward he went, unquestion'd, unobserv'd,  
(For all upon this solemn night kept house,) 40  
Nor stopp'd till forth the city gates he came  
To Cedron's brook, whose bubbling current laves  
The olive-crown'd Mount, favour'd of CHRIST  
For its umbrageous groves and silent haunts,  
For pray'r and contemplation fit retreat.  
Here first, as one awaken'd to new thoughts,  
Starting, he check'd his step, and with a groan,  
That rent his lab'ring bosom, thus broke forth :  
“ Oh, my torn heart ! Oh, soul-tormenting  
scenes !

Can I forget the blissful hours I've pass'd  
Beneath your shades, list'ning the Master's  
words ? . . . . . 20

When, as he spake of heav'n and heav'nly joys,  
Of righteousness and the blest sp'rits with God,  
Such life in his description glow'd, methought  
All paradise was present to my view  
And courted me to enter. Heav'n and earth !  
Must I remember ? Never man like him  
Could with such magic eloquence entrance  
The senses of his hearers, lift the soul  
To heav'nly contemplations, and transport  
To thoughts beyond itself ; thence to look down  
Upon this lower world and all its cares,  
Its pains, its persecutions with contempt :  
Sometimes, envelop'd in mysterious schemes  
And parables, he couch'd the moral truth,  
Which, painted on the memory, left its tints  
Indelible : But when, with tongue inspir'd,  
The fall of nations he foretold, and drew  
The curtain of futurity aside ;  
When in the pomp of numbers he describ'd  
Jerusalem beleaguer'd with a host . . . . . 40  
Of Gentile foes, and trodden down to dust,  
Her matrons and her virgins whelm'd in blood,  
Or dragg'd to violation, shame and bondage,  
By ruffian spoilers; when his soaring flight,  
Spurning the world's wide compass, scal'd the  
skies,

And there, amidst the empyrean fields,  
As in his proper region, shook the spheres  
Of sun, moon, stars, as with a master's hand,  
And shew'd them falling in prophetic awe  
Of his own glorious coming in a cloud 50  
With pow'r and state supernal ; then our hearts  
With sympathetic raptures burnt within us,  
And we, vain mortals, saw, or thought we saw,  
Our own vile bodies glorify'd to share  
In his triumphant entry, and ourselves  
To dignities and thrones and starry spheres  
Exalted, loftiest in the realms of light.  
But now these bright illusions are no more—  
Vanish'd these glitt'ring scenes, my claims on  
heav'n

All cancell'd, and my hopes a bankrupt's dream,  
Mocking the haunted fancy with a pile  
Of visionary wealth. Behold me sham'd,  
Banish'd his board, detected, and my thoughts  
Turn'd outward to provoke my brethren's scorn,  
And blazon forth his prescience : Let that pass !  
Traitor pronoune'd, a traitor I will be ;  
That prophecy at least shall be fulfill'd.  
Though, master of my will, I could refute  
And dash his bold prediction, yet my heart  
Ponders revenge more suited to its wrongs, 70  
Greater than such slight triumph can bestow,  
And not less terrible than death itself.

This night, the last that he shall walk at large—  
This night shall be his triumph or his fall.  
If these grave elders who conspire his death—  
These reverend priests revolt not from the deed,  
That casts on them, their function and their tribe,  
The peril of his blood, why should my heart  
Shrink from its purpose ? What have I to fear  
In act subordinate, in cause supreme, 80  
Traitor prejudg'd, of uncommitted crimes  
Arraign'd, and thrown upon the world con-  
demn'd ? ”

More he had said ; but, like a serpent coil'd,  
With sudden start he shrunk into himself,  
And, list'ning, held his breath to catch the sound  
Of steps, that, echoing o'er the flinty soil,  
Bespoke a company in near approach : [heard ;  
With these the Master's well-known voice he  
Wherat, like murd'rous Cain when call'd of God,  
The cow'ring, conscious outcast slunk aside, 90  
And wrapp'd his russet cloak about his head,  
Then darkling stood ; the holy troop meanwhile  
Fored the shallow brook, and held their way  
Straight to the Olive Mount, their wonted haunt.  
Forth sprung the lurking caitiff from his watch :  
The greedy Mammon rush'd upon his heart,  
Glorying that now he held them in his net,  
Darkness conspiring with occasions apt  
Of hour and place to make his vengeance sure.

Remorse was dead within him...every sense 100  
Of virtue lost...yet in his coward breast  
Such languor, dread, and cold repugnance dwelt,  
Scarce could the breath of hell's worse fiend  
suffice

To blow it into flame : Now sudden rage  
Impell'd him onward ; now, with palsied fear  
Struck back, he reel'd and shook in ev'ry joint.  
This SATAN saw, and evermore at hand  
To drive the wav'ring sinner to his doom,

Breath'd all his sp'rit upon him ; direr blast  
Cocytus never vented—the full tide 110.  
Of aconite engender'd with his blood,  
His brain set ev'ry fev'rish nerve in play,  
And screw'd his heated fancy to the pitch  
Of daring and defiance : yet the wretch,  
No less a traitor to himself than CHRIST,  
Or ere the acting of the dreadful deed,  
Thus strove, by sophistry, to gloss it o'er :

“ Why do I doubt ? What horrors shake my  
mind ?

Why should not my affronted honor stir  
Me to betray, as their insulted law 120  
Provokes our elders to destroy their foe ?  
For Moses they, I for myself oppose ? [heart  
And where's the wrong, if he, who knows my  
And all its meditations, will not deign  
To turn it from its purpose, and divert

The danger he foreknows ; nay, rather helps  
To lure the embryo treason into birth ?  
Either his own free will makes death its choice,  
And so becomes accomplice in the deed ;  
Or else, foredoom'd to die, he knows his hour ;  
And thus, not acting of ourselves, but rul'd  
By strong necessity, we stand absolv'd,  
Mere guiltless tools and instruments of fate.  
What then ? Why let the scriptures be fulfill'd ;  
Let prophecies, which are the voice of God,  
Sound out his knell ; we fight not against heav'n.  
Let CHRIST, if glory waits him in the grave,  
Descend into the dust and seek it there :  
If his soul covets to make league with death,  
And dwell in consort with corruption's worm,  
What time more apt for death than this dark  
hour,

Image of death itself ? And who so fit  
As God's high-priest, the temple's minister,  
To put life's intervening veil aside,  
And usher him to glory ? I, meanwhile,  
His humble harbinger, will go before [road  
T' announce his coming, and make clear the  
That leads to death, the goal of his ambition.  
Yet how if all this tame indifference  
Be but a feint to draw the world about him, 150  
And then amaze them with some grand display  
Of wonder-working power ? And who can tell

How far his hand miraculous may stretch,  
Who from the tomb pluck'd forth the fest'ring  
corpse

Of shrouded Lazarus, three days in earth,  
And bade him live again ? Stupendous act !  
This we beheld, and hail'd him Lord of Life !  
But still the unconverted Jews stood off,  
And deem'd us witnesses of slight account,  
Weak, cred'lous men, first dup'd, and thence  
· become

160

Associates in imposture. What remains  
But instantly to put my thoughts in act,  
And yield him up to those, who, in th' attempt  
Succeeding, vindicate their disbelief...  
Failing, abide the shame of their defeat ?  
In this or that opinion there must be  
A dangerous error : to persist were fatal :  
This night dispels all doubt. If he be CHRIST,  
He lives confess, and triumphs over death ;  
If man, he falls unpitied and abjur'd.”

170

Thus for foul deeds pretending fair excuse,  
The caitiff wretch, on trait'rous errand bent,  
Back through the city gates pursu'd his way,  
And to his nightly assignation hied.

Perch'd on the summit of the sacred Mount,  
Should'ring God's temple, a proud palace stood :  
There dwelt the sovereign pontiff, and this night  
Held solemn convocation and consult,

Not for God's glory—other cares had they...  
Cares nearer to their selfish hearts...concerns  
Heav'n had no part in...impious, dire cabals,  
How to prevent the day-spring from on high,  
Now by CHRIST's revelation, and his acts  
Miraculous, just dawning on the world ;  
Aforetime wrapt in darkness black as death,  
Best veil for their hypocrisy and craft.  
In their great hall of council, there in ranks,  
Precedencies, and dignities dispos'd...  
Doctors, and long-rob'd pharisees, and scribes,  
And bearded elders met ; senate, to whom 190.  
For machinations, plots, and secret wiles,  
Rome's purple conclave stoops. High over all  
On throne pontifical, in robes of state,  
With sacred ephod girt of various hues, [gems,  
And breast-plate glittering bright with mystic  
Mitre-crown'd CAIAPHAS, the temple's chief,  
Exalted sate : The sanhedrim was full.  
All came, whom lust of power, or bigot zeal,  
Or enmity to CHRIST rous'd to the call ;  
Mouth-worshippers of God, agents of hell 200.  
In heart, and hypocrites abhorr'd of CHRIST,  
To public scorn held up and pictur'd out  
As rebel husbandmen, who basely slew  
Their Lord's commission'd Son. Scarce was  
there one,  
Whose galled conscience had not felt the sting

Of some keen truth extorted from the lips  
Of the else-humble JESUS, meek to all  
But the proud pharisee or cav'lling scribe...  
To knaves, who thought by cunning to outwit  
Wisdom itself, and snare him in his talk ; 210  
To hypocrites, who fasted oft with sad  
And woe-worn faces to be seen of men,  
Or such as made long pray'rs for a display  
Of righteousness, and vaunted their good deeds,  
Mocking their conscience and insulting heav'n :  
To these, in all the majesty of truth,  
Frowning he spake, nor spar'd he for rebuke.  
Severe, indignant ; many a time and oft  
To their whole sect he had denounced woe ;  
Woe trembled on their heads : What wonder,  
then, 220

If thus combin'd by interest to oppose  
His spreading glories, their envenom'd hearts  
Rankled with envy, hatred, and revenge ?  
Nor were there wanting to their great diwan  
Those, who can work unseen within the heart,  
Dark ministers, who know to touch the springs  
And cords, whose movements can convulse the  
soul

With furious passions, bursting from their mine,  
Like sulph'rous fires that tear the quaking earth.  
SATAN himself was there ; for at this hour 230  
He and his host had furlough upon earth,

Daemons of blood, ambition, envy, strife,  
Rang'd the vex'd world at large. Loud were  
their tongues,

And fiery hot their zeal against the Lord,  
Whose miracles, resounding through the land,  
Rung in their ears the downfall of their pow'r,  
Ill-omen'd knell. "Brethren! 'tis time to  
rouse,"

Cry'd CAIAPHAS, and started from his throne  
Furious as Korah, when at his tent door  
With his rebellious company he stood, 240  
And, waving high his censer, call'd aloud  
To mutiny against Moses: So now call'd,  
With voice as loud, and deeper plung'd in crime  
Than these who sunk outright, this second  
priest,

This worse revolter against God himself,  
In his own Son reflected; from his state,  
High o'er their heads exalted, he look'd down  
On all beneath; then, with uplifted eyes  
And hands extended, as in act to rend  
His robes pontifical—"Yes, sacred seers," 250  
Again he cry'd, "yes, venerable priests,  
Elders, and reverend sages of our law,  
'Tis more than time to call your vengeance up;  
Awake! ye sleep too long. For me, your slave,  
Servant of servants—me, by how much more  
In place exalted so much more in heart

Abas'd, as meritless of such high state,  
I were content to cast these robes aside,  
Pluck off this beard, and on this mitred head,  
Unworthy of such honors, scatter dust . . . 260  
And ashes, might such penitence avert  
The shame that for my sins is falling on you,  
And quell the madd'ning faction now afloat,  
Since this bold Bethlemite hath started up  
To mock the church of God. Shall it be said  
That for my punishment these evils light  
On you, the righteous ?—that in my day rose  
This innovator to conspire your fall,  
To broach new doctrines, and unhinge the faith  
Of the still wav'ring multitude ? If I, . . . 270  
If I am in the crime—if in your thoughts  
My negligence hath foster'd this revolt,  
Make me your sacrifice...thrust me from hence,  
For this high place unfit ; set up your cross,  
And there exalt me : But if I am clear,  
(And this your looks encourage me to hope)—  
If CHRIST not CAIAPHAS deserves the death,  
Why do you pause? What terror holds you back?  
Time-honor'd rabbi, elders, sages, guides  
And masters of our Israel ! ye by whom . . . 280  
Our synagogues are taught, of God's own law  
Interpreters ordain'd, which of your grave  
And reverend council will at once unfold  
To my yet faithless ears the mighty spell

By which this JESUS works ? Who will expound  
This prodigy, that sets the crowd agape...  
This more than man, of whom the people bruit  
These more than human doings? You are dumb ;  
None offers a reply ; for none will say  
This wisdom and these mighty works accord  
With one so mean of birth...with Joseph's Son,  
A base mechanic. Fitter task for him  
To use his father's craft, and humbly ply  
The workman's tools, than in the temple sit  
Disputing with our doctors ; or withdrawn,  
As late the Baptist, to some desart mount,  
There sit in sullen dignity enthron'd,  
And from his rocky theatre declaim [heard  
To list'ning thousands. Here be some have  
His doctrines...many have endur'd his taunts, 300  
And though in wise and well-pois'd minds like  
yours

Such meteors breed no terror, yet they draw  
The gazing vulgar, and so rank a taint [doubt  
Runs through th' infected fold, that much I  
If half the flock of Israel be not touch'd ;  
So diligent is he to spread the plague—  
So careless we to stem it. If his word  
Be suffer'd thus to overturn our law,  
The monument of ages, then, alas !  
We've seen the last of these solemnities : 310  
Before this night returns there'll not be found

Or lamb for sacrifice, or priest to slay,  
Or temple to receive our Paschal rites ; [world,  
Rome, whose ambition grasps the conquer'd  
Shall plant her eagles on our holy mount,  
And Jupiter usurp JEHOVAH's shrine."

He paus'd, yet stood as one in act to speak,  
Struggling for words, which furious passion  
choak'd

And stifled on his tongue ; a stormy cloud  
Hung on his brow, his visage ghastly pale, 320  
Madd'ning with rage he stamp'd and shook his  
robe.

As when the Delphic prophetess, convuls'd  
And foaming on her tripod, sets aghast  
The scar'd enthusiasts, who believe her fill'd  
And fighting with the God oracular ;  
So through the hall of council silence reign'd,  
Whilst expectation turn'd all eyes and ears  
On their wrapt prophet; till the word being giv'n,  
That one of CHRIST's disciples stood without,  
And instant audience cray'd, that awful name  
Their spell-bound faculties at once set free ;  
Instant loud murmurs fill'd the vaulted roof,  
Like the deep roar of subterranean tides,  
Whose eddies undermine the cavern'd shores  
Of sea-girt Mona or Bermuda's isle.  
This past, the senate's chief resum'd his throne ;  
Whence from his state inclining he gave sign

For silence, and commanded to admit  
Their unexpected suitor ; at the word  
Wide flew the doors apart, and there behold,  
With cloak t' the knee tucked up, and staff in  
hand,

ISCARIOT, caitiff viler than the worst  
That e'er wore pilgrim's sanctimonious garb  
In after times, when fierce crusading zeal  
Sent forth its wandering eremites to put  
The murd'rous sword in meek Religion's hand,  
The cross, on which our patient Lord expir'd,  
Their badge of victory, and signal made  
For their destroying armies, lur'd to war  
With pardons earn'd in fields of carnage, fought  
For God's pretended glory, as if (dire hope !)  
Rivers of blood could waft their souls to heav'n.  
Founder of these, and prototype of all,  
Who dy'd the cross with blood, ISCARIOT stood  
Full of the fiend, and cast around on all  
His haggard eyes, that augur'd vengeful ire  
And fraud deep-brooding in his treach'rous heart:  
When after pause now summon'd to expound  
His purpose, whether by his Master sent,  
Or self-impell'd, thus MAMMON's convert spake:  
“ Fathers of Israel, patrons of our law,  
And chiefly thou, great priest, vicar of God,  
And faithful shepherd of the remnant sav'd  
From Abraham's scatter'd flock ! I muse not, lords,

That you are cast in wonder to behold  
Me standing in this place—me, to your cause  
Unfriendly deem'd, and, which to all is known,  
Nor on my part deny'd, one of the Twelve,  
And follower of JESUS. But, grave sirs,  
I do adjure you by your love to truth, 370  
No longer wear this jealous eye upon me,  
Than to your patient ears I shall unfold,  
Why hither I am come, not as a thief  
To steal into your councils, spy them out  
And after blazon them, but in fair faith  
And plain sincerity, with no double heart  
To make confession sure, and give my life  
A pledge into your hands. Stand not amaz'd,  
As if it were a thing impossible  
That CHRIST's disciple should not be his friend.  
Mine hath been toilsome husbandry, my lords ;  
And none but bitter fruits have I reap'd from it,  
Fruits of repentance. Weary days and nights  
I've minister'd to him without reward,  
And weary miles full many travell'd o'er,  
Fainting and pinch'd with hunger ; then at night,  
When the wild creatures of the earth find rest,  
And covert in their holes, houseless have watch'd  
Amidst the shock of elements, and brav'd  
Storms which the mail'd rhinoceros did not dare  
Unshelter'd to abide. Sometimes on sea,  
Lash'd by the surging waves, I've toil'd for life,

Whilst he sate sleeping, reckless of the gale :  
Rescu'd from these (for I of force confess  
His pow'r is absolute) and safe on shore,  
My labors ceas'd not with the scene ; new toils,  
New tasks succeeded : Now to rocks and caves,  
To sandy wilds, or wheresover else  
The Spirit led and desolation reign'd,  
His wand'ring steps I follow'd ; yes, his steps...  
But at what distance from his heart he held me,  
Bear witness, mem'ry ! Others had his heart,  
Peter and James and John ; to them he breath'd  
The secrets of his soul—on them he shower'd  
His promises ; of these he made no thrift—  
These he abounded in ; to me he gave  
What he had least in store, a barren purse,  
And bade me bear it ; no hard task I own,  
For it was light as beggary could make it,  
But office most ignoble. Here perchance 410  
Your wisdom would demand of me a cause,  
Why I endur'd these slights year after year,  
And still toil'd on in such a thankless service :  
What fascination and what spell, you'll ask,  
Doth this man work with, so to charm the mind  
And lure it on through mortifying toils,  
Sorrows, and pains, and, worse than these, con-  
tempts,  
Yet hold it still enchain'd, slave to his will ?  
Most equal judges, I must here submit

My weakness to your censure, and refer 420  
My cause to mercy, or, in self-defence,  
Conjure you for a moment to descend  
From your high state, and to my humble place  
And peasant thoughts accord your own great  
minds.

My lords, I neither mean to varnish o'er  
My own too feeble nature, nor to smooth  
The rough sincerity of truth, through fear  
Or flattery of those, 'fore whom I speak.  
If JESUS works by spells, I know them not ;  
Pray'rs, but not incantations, I have heard ; 430  
If these be charms, they are no charms for devils;  
Yet such he's charg'd withal : Neither by league  
With Beelzebub, as some have gravely urg'd,  
Nor art Samaritan, nor else by imp  
Or genius, as the heathen loudly vouch  
Of their fam'd Socrates, do I believe  
His miracles are wrought : Alas ! alas !  
Which of hell's ministers will be suborn'd  
To work his own confusion ? No, they shrink,  
They tremble ; at his bidding they come forth  
From men possest...they vanish to the winds...  
They sink into the pit from whence they sprung.  
I am a man, my lords, not over-prone  
To rash credulity, nor apt to veer  
With ev'ry breath of doctrine, and I've heard  
A voice, that sways the elements, command

The springs of health, making maim'd nature  
whole,

Nay, life itself return into the trunk  
Which it had left, and give a second pulse  
To the cold heart of death : This to have seen,  
And not to stand in reverence of the Pow'r  
That wrought these miracles, were a degree  
Of apathy above my nature's reach."

"No more!" cry'd CAIRNAS, "no more of this!  
You much abuse our patience with this talk.  
Here is no place to sound CHRIST's praises forth ;  
We are not met to recognize his pow'r,  
And back his daring claims ; but to chastise  
Imposture...to assert our sacred law,  
And vindicate the majesty of Heav'n.  
You tell us you are wearied with the tasks  
Of a hard Master ; quit him then, and earn  
A better service—earn a rich reward  
By yielding him to justice. You well know  
His haunts, his privacies, his darkling hours,  
When, without hazard of a public brawl,  
We may make lawful seizure for the state  
Of his attainted person : On this point,  
So you will order your discourse aright,  
You may speak freely ; of his praise no more."

To him th' Apostate—"If from my forc'd lips,  
Unwilling witnesses although they be, [utter,  
Truth wrings this praise, the last which they will

Suffer thus far in candor, and let pass  
 These words in justice to a Master's fame,  
 Whom I renounce, and with an oath devote  
 To wrath...to punishment...to death itself,  
 If death you doom. Butoh! most reverend lords,  
 It is not as a false and juggling cheat...

A dealer with familiars I present him 480  
 To your just judgment: Wretches vile as these  
 Would but disgrace your wrath and my revenge.  
 But take him as a victim from my hands  
 Richer than hecatombs of vulgar blood.,  
 A sacrifice for God's high-priest to make,  
 Whilst all earth's sceptred monarchs stood a-  
 round

To gaze upon the work. Be not deceiv'd:  
 I know the jeopardy in which I stand,  
 Yet I will on ; in me is no delay :  
 This night, this hour, this instant I am yours  
 To trace him to his haunts...to be your guide  
 And marshal you to vengeance. But beware !  
 Let them be chosen men you send, approy'd  
 And constant, tho' the heav'ns shall rain down  
 fire, [call'd

And the earth rock beneath them: He, who  
 The dead anatomy to life, can well  
 Make corpses of the living."—Here the voice  
 Of one, who nearest to the throne had place,  
 Cut short the traitor's speech: Of high renown

Was he now rising, NICODEMUS, known 500  
To after-ages as the nightly guest  
Of JESUS, and his converse with our Lord  
In holy writ recorded : Grave he was,  
A Pharisee and ruler of the Jews,  
Yet not of soul vindictive like the rest,  
Nor aspect arrogant ; when thus he spake :  
“ I call the time mispent, that is bestow’d  
On loud-tongu’d orators, whose art it is  
To launch their hearers upon passion’s tide,  
And drive them on, by gusts of windy words,  
A giddy, desperate course to rocks and shoals,  
Which, steer’d by sage experience, they had  
shunn’d.

Such shipwreck of our wisdom we might make,  
Should we our better senses now permit  
To take improv’dent counsel of our ears,  
By this high-ton’d disclaimer thus assail’d ;  
I pray you, therefore, carry baek your thoughts  
To times foregone, when prophets have arose  
And boasted mighty works, which, being done  
Of man’s devicee and cunning, came to nought.  
So will it be with JESUS, if his spirit  
Be not of God ; time will o’ertake deceit,  
If time be let to run ; but cut it short  
By death’s rash stroke, you cover him with glory,  
And from his ashes raise a mightier name  
Than living he had reach’d, with all the aids

Of artifice to back him. Give me, heav'n !  
That tolerating policy, which shews  
No bitterness in speculative points.  
Disdaining from my heart what this man says...  
A traitor says, who comes to sell his Master,  
My sentence never shall affect the life  
Of this or any other man, accus'd  
On vague presumptions ; nor will I say, *Die!*  
Till I have that in proof, which merits death.  
For if this JESUS vaunts himself to be  
What he is not, God will confute his pride ;  
But if with pow'r divine he acts and speaks,  
Commission'd to some awful, unseen end, [we  
Shall man contend with God ? Vain strife ! shall  
Fall off from our great origin, the faith  
Of our blest father Abraham ?—shall we,  
Sore smitten for our trespasses, cut short  
And wasted to a remnant—we, on whom  
The guiltless blood of all the prophets rests,  
Send this man up to heav'n to cry against us,  
And, to a burthen heavier than enough,  
Add more and weightier guilt than all the rest ?  
Heav'n's grace foreseen ! You have my con-  
science, lords ;  
I leave it to your thoughts : I stand absolv'd.”  
He said ; and, conscious that his words were  
lost,  
Upon obdurate hearts, departed thence,

So warn'd of God, and from the gulph escap'd  
Of that night's dire perdition, wherein all,  
Save him alone, were lost. So in the wreck  
Of some great admiral, full fraught for war,  
When his tall vessel splits, and the bold crew  
Plunge quick into th' abyss, heav'n sometimes  
deigns,

By wondrous providence, to snatch one life  
From the devouring waves, and waft him home  
A solitary relict, there to tell  
God's mercies and his sad companions' fate.

Him thus departing the proud pontiff ey'd  
With look malign, and to these taunts gave vent:

“ Weak is that cause, whose advocate flies  
from it :

I pause to see if any here will follow. [peal.  
None moves, none speaks, none seconds his ap-  
'Tis well ! One only convert to our foe...  
One patron of his cause this senate held,  
And holds no longer. Vanish'd, flown, escap'd !  
One heart, one mind, one voice now rules the  
whole.

For me, I nor opinion shift nor place ;  
Faithful, I shrink from neither. You have heard  
What this wise elder counsels ; he hath left  
His conscience as a legacy behind him :  
Let him, who loves the giver, take the gift ;  
I, for such part as to my share may fall,

Scorn to engraft that scion on my heart,  
Which, if admitted, might impart the seeds  
Of treason and apostacy like his. 580

Till cold and hot agree—till selfish fear  
And temporizing maxims coalesce  
With patriot zeal for Israel and firm faith  
In God's reveal'd decrees, his thoughts and mine  
Will never mix, and the attempt to join  
Their jarring elements could only serve  
To make this breast a field of mental war.

Mark, brethren, mark how this man contravenes  
Your antient, just, retaliating law.

Moses said, "Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth!"  
So is revenge a virtue : By this rule  
Jesus must die ; for who puts out the law,  
Puts out the light of Israel, stabs the life—  
And life for life is justice upon record.

This ordinance our absent elder spurns ;  
He holds at nought our ancient equity,  
And sets new doctrines forth ; tells us, forsooth,  
That we must wait the time...wait till the light  
Of Israel be extinct, and leave redress  
For those, who without eyes can spy it out. 600  
Such counsels would make cowards of us all,  
Rebels to God, deserters from the faith,  
Traitors to Israel. Can I wear these robes,  
And wear a heart within so vile, so base ?  
Tear them away, uncover me to shame,

Make me the scorn of men, if, thus array'd  
And deck'd in outside honors, I am found  
False to that King, whose standard I support.  
No, venerable sages, if your rule  
Were short to teach us what our duty is, 1610  
The very heathen would inform us of it.  
The Roman soldier, who deserts his post,  
Or sleeping, suffers a surprise, shall die ;  
But we, with God's own armies in our charge—  
We, whose commander is the Lord of Hosts,  
Should we be found thus criminal, what death...  
What doom, more terrible than death itself,  
Can recompense such treason? Forth then, lords!  
Draw out an armed band; and send them forth;  
Behold a ready leader! Time yet serves ; 620  
This night no stir, no stragglers in our streets,  
To shake the city's peace ; JESUS secur'd  
And hither brought, a largess I decree  
To all concern'd ; to JUDAS a reward  
Befitting us to give, him to receive."

No more ; loud acclamations shook the hall ;  
Th' assembly rose—the traitor bow'd assent ;  
A band of ruffians, arm'd with swords and staves,  
Forth issued, with ISCARIOT at their head,  
And to the Olive Mountain bent their course.

Oh, hour accurst! Oh, all ye stars of heav'n !  
And thou pale wan'ing moon, etherial lights,  
First-born of Nature, look not, ye chaste fires,

Upon this monster-breeding earth ! but quench  
Your conscious lamps, and whelm this murd'rous  
crew

In darkness black as their own damning plot.  
And thou, conductor of the Stygian band,  
Vile hypocrite, what fiend inspir'd the thought  
To hail thy Master with the kiss of peace,  
And so betray him ? Wretch, the time will come,  
When, rack'd with horror, lost to every hope,  
Thine agonizing soul shall rue this deed...  
Curse its birth-hour, and, whilst thy Master soars  
To heav'n, triumphant over death and sin,  
Thou shalt sink howling to the depths of hell.  
Now break your synod up, ye envious priests,  
Elders, and scribes ! prepare your harden'd  
hearts

To judge the Lord of Life ! convene your spies  
To forge false witness, and make smooth the way  
To man's redemption by the blood of CHRIST,  
The very Paschal Lamb, whom, by the type  
Of this night's sacrifice, ye shadow'd forth,  
Blind unbelieving prophets as ye are.

Fit hour ye chose, ye murd'rous, to embrue  
Your cursed hands in that pure Victim's blood,  
Peace-offering for the sins of lost mankind.  
Hence to your homes ! there meditate new plots;  
The fiends shall be your helpers ; to your tho'ts  
Present, though not to sight, they swarm around,

Now here, now there, now hovering over head,  
Where, as your enmity to CHRIST breaks forth,  
And your blaspheming voices fill the roof,  
Like streaming vapours from sulphureous lakes,  
Joyous they catch the welcome sounds, and fan  
With clapping wings the pestilential air,  
Applauding as they soar. Now clear the hall ;  
Yield up your seats, ye substituted fiends ;  
Hence, minor dæmons, give your masters place !

And hark ! the King of Terrors speaks the word ;

He calls his shadowy princes...they start forth,  
Expand themselves to sight, and throng the hall,  
A synod of infernals. Forms more dire  
Imagination shapes not, when the wretch,  
Whom conscience haunts in the dead hour of  
night,

Whilst all is dark and silent round his bed,  
Sees hideous phantoms in his fev'rish dreams,  
That stare him into madness, with fix'd eyes  
And threat'ning faces floating in his brain.  
The ghostly monarch mounts the vacant throne ;  
Gives sign for order ; the superiors sit,  
Each as his stellar attribute gives rank  
And place peculiar—the untitled stand  
Circling their LUCIFER, their fallen sun :  
He of his state more jealous, as in heart  
Conscious of faded glory, in the midst

Now rising after many a hard essay  
To wreath his war-worn face into a smile,  
Semblance at least of joy, at length with voice,  
Screw'd to the pitch of triumph, vaunting cries :

“ Pow’rs and dominions, lords by vict’ry’s right  
Of earth and man, now from his Maker won  
By overthrow of heav’n’s last Champion giv’n  
In God’s own city, battle fairly gain’d  
On hostile ground, his Sion’s sacred mount,  
Warriors, your king applauds you : Thanks,  
brave friends ;

Now shall your temples with loud pæans ring...  
Your vindicated altars and your groves  
Exhale rich clouds of incense, steaming forth  
From od’rous gums ; your statues gaily crown’d  
With garlands—every trophy, that the art 700  
Of painting or of sculpture can bestow,  
Shall be hung round to decorate your shrines ;  
Your oracles henceforth shall find a voice,  
Which future CHRISTs shall never put to silence,  
And nations from your lips shall ask their fate.  
This day to all posterity shall be  
Sacred to games, processions, triumphs, feasts,  
And laurel-crown’d bards shall hymn your praise.  
But sure no spirit of ethereal mould,  
(For such of right ye are,) will so forget 710  
His native dignity as to repine,  
Or gloat with envy, if I now demand

Your tribute of especial praise to him,  
Whom your joint suffrages deputed first  
To this important embassy; a spirit  
Our subterranean empire cannot mate  
For high authority and potent sway [forth!  
O'er man's subjected heart: MAMMON, stand  
Stand forth, thou prosp'rous, rich, persuasive  
pow'r,  
Worshipp'd of all, great idol of the world! 720  
May fortune on thy patient labours smile,  
Thou persevering deity! Pursue  
Thy darling metal thro' earth's central veins—  
Ransack her womb for mines; send forth thy  
slaves  
To undiscover'd realms, and bid them sap  
Potosi's glittering mountains for their ore:  
Pull down her golden temples...strip her kings...  
Rack them with tortures...wring their secrets out  
By slow-consuming fires...lay nature waste...  
Let nothing mortal breathe upon the soil 730  
That covers gold. All hell applauds thy zeal,  
And all hell's engines shall assist thy search."

He said, and lo! from either side the throne  
Upon the signal a seraphic choir  
In equal bands came forth; the minstrels strike  
Their golden harps; swift o'er the sounding  
strings  
Their flying fingers sweep, whilst to the strain

Melodious voices, though to heav'ly airs  
Attun'd no longer, still in sweet accord  
Echo the festive song, now full combin'd 740  
Pouring the choral torrent on the ear,  
In parts responsive, now warbling by turns  
Their sprightly quick divisions, swelling now  
Through all the compass of their tuneful throats  
Their varying cadences, as fancy prompts.  
Whereat the Stygian herd, like them of old  
Lull'd by the Thebian minstrel, stood at gaze  
Mute and appeas'd ; for music hath a voice,  
Which e'en the devils obey, and for a while  
Sweet sounds shall lay their turbid hearts asleep,  
Charm'd into sweet oblivion and repose.  
The praise of MAMMON the rapt seraphs sung,  
And gold's almighty pow'r ; free flow'd the  
verse ;  
No need to call the Muse ; for all were there ;  
Apollo and the Heliconian Maids,  
And all that pagan poet e'er invok'd  
Were present to the song. Above the flight  
Of bold Alcæus, Tisias bard divine,  
Or Pindar's strain Olympic, high it soar'd  
In dithyrambic majesty sublime. 760  
At the right hand of hell's terrific lord  
MAMMON exalted sate, and as the choir  
Chanted their hymn, his swelling bosom throb'd  
In concert with the strain ; pride flush'd his  
cheek,

Furrow'd with care and toil ; his eyes, now rais'd  
From earth, their proper centre, sparkling  
gleam'd

Malicious triumph, whilst ovations loud,  
And thund'ring plaudits shook the trembling roof.

The song was clos'd, and, order now resum'd,  
**MAMMON** stood forth to speak ; when, ere the  
words

770

From his slow lips found way, the infernal king,  
With eager action starting from his throne,  
Gave sign for silence, and thus interpos'd :

“ Pause, worthy sp'rit, awhile ! my mind fore-  
bodes

Cares more immediate, for amid the throng  
**I** spy our faithful **CHEMOS** ; well **I** know  
'Tis not on slight occasion he hath left  
The post assign'd him ; and behold ! his looks  
Augur important tidings. Fall back, friends,  
And give our gallant centinel access.”

780

Obedient to the word, the opening files  
Fell back and let him pass ; he to the throne  
Low rev'rence made, and thus his chief address'd

“ Imperial lord of this seraphic host,  
**A**s **I** kept station on the faithless mount,  
Where once my altar blaz'd, revolted now  
From its allegiance, and with olive crown'd,  
**I**n token of God's peace, **I** thence deserv'd  
By glimpse of the pale moon, a vagrant train,

With JESUS at their head, fording the brook, 790  
As thither bound. I couch'd upon the watch,  
So bidd'n, and to their talk gave heedful ear.

A melancholy theme the Master chose :  
Sadly he warns them of his own death's hour  
Now near impending, and how all shall fly,  
Like scatter'd sheep, and their lone shepherd  
leave

Forlorn, abandon'd. This the fiery zeal  
Of PETER, to our chief well known, disclaims,  
Who boldly vouches, though all else should  
swerve,

His own unshaken constancy ; when CHRIST,  
Severe, though not with railing, him reproves,  
And solemnly denounces triple breach  
Of this vain boast, and instant, for this night,  
Or ere the cock's shrill trumpet twice shall  
sound,

(So CHRIST predicts,) he shall be thrice deny'd  
Of this self-vaunting man. All this I heard,  
And held it for my duty to report ;  
What more ensu'd, imperfectly I learn ;  
For now the Master taketh three apart,  
And, much disturb'd in soul and sore amaz'd,  
Wills them stand off and watch, whilst he retires  
And vents his grief in pray'r : I saw him fall  
Prostrate to earth, and vent such heart-felt  
groans,

That, were I other than I am, less wrong'd,  
Less hostile to the tyranny of heav'n,  
Whence I am exil'd, I had then let fall  
Weak pity's tear, and been my nature's fool.  
But, lords, I cannot so forget your cause,  
Or my own wrongs, nor would I wear a heart  
Made of such melting stuff. With noiseless  
tread

820

The kneeling suppliant I approach'd, and mark'd  
His agony of soul, whilst from his brow  
I saw large drops and gouttes of bloody sweat  
Incarnadine the dust, on which they fell.  
Bear witness, my revenge, 'twas there, e'en there,  
The very spot, on which he knelt and pray'd,  
Where now his blood, wrung out by agony  
As in atonement, dropt, on which my shrine,  
Rear'd by the wives of the uxorious king,  
Deck'd out with blazing tapers, proudly shone,  
And front to front of God's own temple stood,  
Till Asa's paricidal hand pluck'd up  
Maacha's groves and burnt my shrine to dust.  
Now hear the sequel: As I stood at gaze,  
Noting his pray'r, one of the heav'nly band  
And of the highest, GABRIEL, with his spear  
Couch'd as for combat, started forth to view,  
And, frowning, bade me take my flight with speed,  
Nor trouble that just person. Valiant peers!  
I am not one to back at his proud bidding,

840

Nor ever did I turn my face to flight  
Save in our army's universal rout,  
When all from heav'n fell headlong to the gulph:  
Such weapon as I had, this trenchant sword,  
Of adamantine proof, forthwith I drew ;  
But ere my arm could wield it, swift as thought  
I felt his spear's sharp point with forceful thrust  
Deep plung'd into my side: Staggering, amaz'd,  
I gave back, so compell'd ; he still advanc'd  
Arm'd for a second onset, when my strength  
Foil'd, though immortal, and my sight grown dim,  
My wound the whilst sore rankling, I took wing  
And hither came, on painful pinions borne,  
Your faithful servant, whether to attempt  
Fresh battle, or my present loss repair."

This said, he put his azure tunic by,  
And bar'd his wounded side, where GABRIEL'S  
spear

Had lodg'd its massy fluke ; a ghastly chasm  
Trench'd by the force of arch-angelic arm,  
And to aught else than deathless spirit death.

Fir'd at the sight, with eyes that sparkling  
blaz'd,

SATAN uprose, and thus infuriate spake :

" GABRIEL in arms ! Hah ! warriors, we are  
brav'd :

CHRIST hath his guard about him, and defies us.  
If this immortal spirit could not stand,

What shall ISCARIOT do? Myself will forth:  
We shall then see who wields the stronger lance,  
SATAN or GABRIEL: in the fields of heav'n,  
In the mid-air, on earth, in deepest hell  
He knows my might superior, and shall rue 870  
His dastardly assault. Why not with me,  
*The sender rather than the sent*, this strife?  
So might he boast the contest, though subdu'd,  
The scars by this sharp sword in battle dealt,  
Are the best honors GABRIEL hath to vaunt;  
The brightest laurels on his brow are those  
I planted, when in equal fight I deign'd  
To measure spears with such inferior foe.  
Doth GABRIEL think God's favor can reverse  
Immutable pre-eminence, and raise 880  
His menial sphere to that, in which I shone  
Son of the morning? Doth he vainly hope,  
Exil'd from heav'n, we left our courage there,  
Or lost it in our fall, or that hell's fires  
Have parch'd and wither'd our shrunk sinews up?  
Delusive hope! the warrior's nerve is strung  
By exercise, by pain, by glorious toil.  
The torrid clime of hell, its burning rock,  
Its gulph of liquid flames, in which we roll'd,  
Have calein'd our strong hearts, breath'd their  
own fires 890  
Into our veins, and forg'd those nerves to steel,  
Which heav'n's cabin aether, her voluptuous skies

And frequent adorations well nigh smooth'd  
To the soft flexibility of slaves,  
Till bold rebellion shook its fetters off,  
And with their clangor rais'd so brave a storm,  
That God's eternal throne rock'd to its base.  
Now break we up this council : Each disperse  
Or to his post, his pleasure, or pursuit ;  
Sufficeth for this task my single arm. 900

CHEMOS shall be reveng'd ; the public zeal  
Of MAMMON still shall be our theme of praise ;  
Nor shall ISCARIOT's nightly plot be foil'd  
By intervening angels ; nor these priests,  
Whose seats we fill, and whose allies we are,  
Fail of their victim, or find us remiss  
To second them in this our common league  
And joint emprise against the pow'rs of heav'n." 910

'Twas said ; the princes of th' assembly rose  
In reverence to his will ; the legion round  
Smote on their shields the signal of assent.  
Tow'ring he stood, the majesty of hell ;  
Dark o'er his brows thick clouds of vengeance  
roll'd....

Thunder was in his voice....his eye shot fire,  
And loud he call'd for buckler and for spear ;  
These bold AZAZEL bore, enormous weight,  
For Atlantean spirit proper charge :  
With eager grasp he seiz'd the tow'ring mast,  
And shook it like a twig ; then with a frown,

That a w'd the stoutest heart, gave sign for all 920  
Straight to disperse, and vanish'd from their  
sight.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

# **CALVARY;**

**OR,**

# **THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

**BOOK IV.**

## ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

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A general review of Christ's agony in the garden : His disciples, who are ordered to watch, fall asleep : Christ prays apart ; he wakens them, and warns them to watch, lest they enter into temptation. Satan arrives, and takes post near the spot where Christ is praying in his agony. He is discovered by Gabriel, the supporting angel : their interview described. Christ approaches, and reproving Satan, by the word of power, casts him to the ground, disabled and in torments. Judas now advances with an armed company ; betrays his Master with a kiss : Christ is seized and carried away to the palace of the high priest. Satan, unable to rise, laments over his disconsolate condition : He is discovered by Mammon, who consoles him and assists in raising him from the ground. Satan testifies to the power and divinity of Christ—feels a presentiment of his impending doom, and having delivered his last injunctions to Mammon, is lifted from the earth by a stormy gust and carried through the air out of sight of that evil spirit, who, terrified by the fate of his chief, turns to flight and escapes.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK IV.

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### THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

O MOUNT of Agony ! water'd with tears  
From my Redeemer's eyes, and by his knees  
Pressing thy turf, made sacred as the ground  
Where ev'n the chosen shepherd might not stand  
But with unsandal'd feet ! Ah ! where is now  
That purifying Angel me to cleanse  
From this vile world, that so I may approach,  
Though but in thought, with a right sp'rit re-  
new'd,

Thy hallow'd solitude ? Lo ! where the Lord  
Sorrowing retires apart : Where are the three  
Stationed to guard his sacred privacy ?  
Stand they aloof, as their forefathers stood,  
When from the midst of darkness, cloud and fire,  
JEHOVAH thunder'd out of Sinai's mount ?  
Ah, no ! within that olive grove they lie [guard.  
Stretch'd on the ground, a drowsy slumb'ring  
And could ye not, ye sleepers, watch one hour  
For such a master ? Oh ! what heart could taste  
Of rest or peace, whilst his was rack'd with pain ?

Was it the sighs his suffering virtue breath'd 20  
Into the air of sad Gethsemane,  
That so entranc'd your senses ? Or was he,  
The strength'ning angel, sent from Heav'n to  
shield

The Saviour's anguish from all human eyes,  
And veil the mystery of that awful hour ?  
Then was that angry cup, full mix'd and red  
From God's right hand, presented to his lips :  
The bitter essence of orig'nal sin,  
With every life-destroying extract, drawn  
From man's corruption since, were there infus'd,  
Compounded and resolv'd into that draught,  
Mix'd by the hand of death, and drugg'd in hell.  
The coward, shrinking under fortune's blows,  
With desperate lip hath oft-times drank and died ;  
'Tis refuge, 'tis desertion from a post  
He dare defend no longer—'tis the hope,  
False, fruitless hope, of a perpetual sleep,  
When he hath bottom'd that Lethæan cup :  
But our Redeemer's portion was not such ;  
Horrors and heart-dissolving woes and pangs,  
That mock imagination's scope, and stretch  
The heart's strong cordage, till it bursts asunder  
And leaves the mind a wreck, these were the drugs,  
That brew'd that cup of agony, which God  
Now tender'd as the wrath-aton ing draught  
For a revolted world ! Mysterious act !

The Father sacrifice the Son belov'd !  
The just, to spare the unjust, lay the rod  
Upon the guiltless head ! Shall all offend,  
And One atone for all ? One Victim bear 50  
The accumulated load of punishment,  
The mass of vengeance, that amazing whole,  
Which each partic'lar sin had pil'd in store,  
And that devoted sacrifice a Lamb  
Pure, without spot or blemish ? O my soul !  
Beware, nor to that tabernacle press,  
Where clouds and darkness canopy thy God.

Lo ! where the Saviour kneels ; he looks around  
For some to succour, to support—some friend,  
Whose sympathizing eye might beam upon  
him, 60  
And, with a moment's glance of pity, cheer  
His desolated spirit. All around  
Is vacant horror, solitary, dark :  
The partners of his heart, the chosen few,  
The friends, who should have watch'd, are wrapt  
in sleep....

Insensible, supine, oblivious sleep ;  
Woes multiplied by woe, and that the worst,  
Ingratitude, the sharpest fang that gnaws  
Man's bleeding bosom. In this sad extreme,  
His soul, revolting from the noisome draught,  
With eyes to heav'n uplifted, and a sigh  
Which shew'd that human weakness then o'er-  
power'd

His soul's diviner part—"Abba!" he cries,  
"Father, all things are possible to thee,  
Remove this cup!" Then bows his patient head  
And qualifies the pray'r—"Yet not my will  
But thine be done!" No voice from heav'n re-  
plies :

All nature sleeps in silence still as death,  
As if the planets in their spheres had paus'd  
To watch the trembling balance, on whose point  
The fortunes of this globe suspended hung—  
Its ruin or redemption, death or life. [blow

'Twas then the strength'ning angel dealt the  
That put the hovering spy of hell to flight,  
Seen of our Lord in ambush where he lay.  
And now the Mourner rises from the earth,  
On which he knelt, and a few paces moves,  
Pensive and slow, to find his station'd friends.  
He finds them not as friends upon the watch,  
Not as God's faithful soldiers should be found,  
But at their length stretch'd out in lazy sleep,  
With folded arms supine. Rous'd by his voice,  
They stare, they start, confounded and amaz'd.  
"Could ye not watch one hour?" the Sufferer  
cries :

"Watch, for the foe of man is near at hand ;  
Pray, lest ye fall into the tempter's snare ;  
The sp'rit is ready, but the flesh is weak."  
So warn'd, he leaves them with this mild rebuke,

A second time he seeks the dismal dell,  
Again he prays remission of his woe,      100  
And deprecates the agonizing cup :  
Meanwhile his drowsy centinels perceive  
A languor, which their senses must obey,  
And down they sink, their leaden eye-balls clos'd  
As in a death-like trance. Again he comes—  
Again he calls, a second warning gives,  
And so departs.—Now SATAN on the wing  
Swift as a fiery meteor rides the air,      [war :  
With shield and spear arm'd at all points for  
Then down at once, with huge Titanian bulk,  
Plumb down he lights upon the solid soil,  
Hard by th' angelic post : Earth felt the shock,  
And, trembling to her centre, inly groan'd.  
Nor did his haughty courage deign to crouch,  
Or lurk with lion-watch, but firm of foot,  
Erect and confident in arms he stood,  
As one whose prowess all advantage scorn'd  
And mean surprise of an unguarded foe.  
Such arts to weaker spirits he resign'd ;  
He of his former self felt no decay,      120  
Or, feeling, scorn'd confession ; for his pride  
Still deem'd that heav'n, though lost, contain'd  
    no peer  
To mate with him in hardihood and proof,  
Save only the Almighty ; to such height  
Of arrogance had pow'r long time usurp'd

Over the Gentile nations, and the sight  
Of God's own Son, now, as he falsely deem'd,  
Vanquish'd and prostrate, swell'd his impious  
heart.

Our blessed Lord, meanwhile, having preferr'd  
For the last time his interceding prayer, 130  
Summon'd his strength, and, conscious that the  
hour

Was come which finish'd or revok'd the task  
Of man's redemption from the powers of hell,  
Whose representative hard by at hand  
Stood eager to arrest the forfeit prize,  
Put forth his hand, and as he took the cup,  
SATAN, who stood spectator of the deed,  
Started aghast ! cold tremor shook his joints...  
His threat'ning spear now droop'd, and his broad  
shield,

So proudly borne aloft, weigh'd down his arm  
Slack and unnerv'd ; confusion seiz'd his heart,  
And his high courage quell'd. This GABRIEL  
saw,

Yet left he not his post till CHRIST had drain'd  
The cup mysterious ; to its lowest dregs  
He drank it ; now convulsion shook the fiend ;  
Death shriek'd amain, and through his hollow  
ribs

Drove his own ebon dart with desp'rate rage.  
Bitter the draught and hateful to the taste,

But immortality had crown'd the cup, [forth,  
And Light and Life, on phoenix wings, sprung  
From the foul dregs, in new-born glories bright.  
**GABRIEL**, who knew that by this solemn act  
Thus happily perform'd his charge expir'd,  
Now turn'd away in search of that fierce sp'rit,  
Whom thro' the darkling covert he had seen,  
Whilst by the side of God's afflicted Son  
Ministr'ring he stood. Right well he knew the  
form

And towering port of hell's terrific king ;  
Nor had the dire confusion and dismay  
Of that fell dæmon scap'd the angelic glance.  
Him now within a gloomy dell retir'd  
To further distance, wrapt as it should seem  
In pensive thought, the guardian seraph spy'd.  
In the same moment **SATAN**'s ghastly eye  
Glanc'd on his foe : bright in cærulean arms  
Heav'n's champion shone, high o'er his crested  
helm

The arch-angelic plume trifor med wav'd,  
Ensign of thron'd state and high command.  
The grisly monarch gnash'd his teeth for spite  
To find himself encounter'd at such odds ; 170  
His foe fresh blooming in immortal youth,  
Vigorous, in heav'nly-temper'd armour brac'd ;  
Himself at this ill hour surpris'd...his strength  
As by enchantment blasted, and that voice,

Which in the ears of all hell's princes vouch'd  
Such bold achievements, shrunk from its high  
pitch

To feeble murmurs, and weak whining sighs.

So when on Zuma's plain the rival chiefs,  
Rome's consul and the Punic captain, met  
To parley in mid-way 'twixt either camp, 180  
The war-worn veteran, blighted and defac'd  
By wint'ry marches over noisome fens  
And snows on mountains pil'd, with envious eye,  
Sole relie of his toil, survey'd the form  
And blooming features of his youthful foe ;  
Then to his mind recalling glories past,  
When his proud menace aw'd immortal Rome,  
Sigh'd to reflect how far in the decline [sunk ;  
From that bright morn his evening sun had  
Then eyed the youth again, and in his face, 190  
Shadow'd by fate, saw Carthage doom'd to fall,  
And his own glories to a foe transferr'd,  
Less than his equal once...his conqu'ror now.

But 'twas not long that SATAN so endur'd,  
For now the conscious sense of former deeds  
Bold, though unblest, and high innate disdain  
Of mean capitulation and demur  
Rous'd his proud heart, like a hot courser spurr'd,  
To chafe and lash his languid courage up.  
Red'ning he swell'd, and gnaw'd his nether lip  
For vengeance that it would not give him words

To hurl defiance on th' advancing foe :

When GABRIEL, noting his disorder'd mien

And haggard aspect, strait bespake the fiend :

“ Thus ever may the foe of CHRIST be found  
Speechless, abash'd, struck down of Heav'n and  
quell'd !

How long, malicious sp'rit, wilt thou persist  
To trouble this vex'd earth ? How long to haunt  
This righteous person, whose strong virtue mocks  
Thy faint attempts ? Warn'd by this shame,  
avaunt !

Hence, baffled Tempter ! roaming thus at large,  
Thou dost but show, by melancholy proof,  
That a tormented conscience never rests.” [fix'd,

As the fierce panther, through the ribs trans-  
Writhes round the bloody weapon in his side,  
And tugs it to and fro with foamy teeth,  
Mad'ning with pain and gnashing at his wound ;  
So 'gainst himself and foe alike enrag'd,  
Hell's gloomy lord, by this deserved taunt  
Cut to the heart, with many a hard essay 220  
Struggled for voice ; at length collecting breath,  
These words disdainful, though of their full tone  
And energy abated, found their way :

“ GABRIEL, the brave in danger earn renown ;  
True valor spares the weak ; but thou more wise  
Than valiant, studiest well the safer hour,  
When to come forth and wage inglorious war

'Gainst unprovided foes ; if CHEMOS then,  
Or some slight Cherub, cross thy wary path,  
Woe to the straggler ! if thy barbed spear 230  
Can make safe tilt at his unweapon'd side.  
But I, who day and night have pac'd this globe,  
Found in all quarters—I, who never shunn'd,  
Rather have sought thy walk, am left to roam  
Free and of thee unquestion'd, from the hour  
When on the confines of this new-made world  
We parlied under Eden's shady fence,  
To th' instant now, when faint and ill at ease,  
Unwarlike angel, thou hast found me here  
Nerveless, and little more than match for thee."

To whom the indignant virtue thus reply'd :  
" If SATAN here is found in evil plight, [wiles,  
He's found of me unsought. Thine own dark  
Degen'rate sp'rit, and heav'n's all-ruling hand  
Have cast thee in my way. Must I turn off  
From duty's road direct, because forsooth  
A wounded adder hisses in my path ?  
Why didst thou press into this place of prayer,  
This hallow'd solitude, where CHRIST hath  
breath'd

A charm, that withers up thy blasted strength ?  
Could'st thou not learn, by late experience  
taught,  
There is a sphere about the Son of God,  
In which no sp'rit like thee accurst can draw

His breath blaspheming ? At a word begone !  
Though with my foot I could have spurn'd thee  
hence,

I tread not on the fall'n ; nor do I vaunt  
Conquest of thee, that to a mightier arm,  
Rebel to God, to God's own Son thou ow'st—  
To CHRIST, not GABRIEL ; nor shalt thou alone  
Stoop to his name, but every idol god, 260  
And ev'ry pow'r of darkness with their prince,  
And sin hell-born, and thy foul offspring death."

Whereto, by these prophetic words appall'd,  
SATAN, with taunting argument, reply'd :

" Since this angelic form, from death exempt,  
Sometimes shall yield to aches and transient  
pains,

And natural ailments for awhile endur'd,  
What wonder, if ethereal sp'rit like me,  
Pent in this atmosphere, and fain to breathe  
The lazy fogs of this unwholesome earth, 270  
Pine for his native clime ? What if he droop,  
Worn out with care and toil ? Wert thou as I  
Driv'n to and fro, and by God's thunder hurl'd  
From heav'n's high ramparts, would that silken  
form

Abide the tossing on hell's fiery lake ?  
Hadst thou, like me, travers'd the vast profound  
Of ancient night, and beat the weary wing  
Through stormy Chaos, voyage rude as this

Would ruffle those fine plumes. I've kept my course

Through hurricanes, the least of which let loose  
On this firm globe would winnow it to dust...  
Snap like a weaver's thread the mighty chain,  
That links it to heav'n's adamantine floor,  
And whirl it through the infinite of space.  
And what hast thou, soft cherub, done the whilst?  
What are thy labors? What hast thou achiev'd?  
Heav'n knows no winter...there no tempests  
howl;

To breathe perpetual spring...to sleep supine  
On flowery beds of amaranth and rose,  
Voluptuous slavery, was GABRIEL's choice : 290  
His bosom never drew the indignant sigh,  
That rent my heart, when, call'd to morning  
hymn,

I paid compulsive homage at God's throne,  
Warbling feign'd hallelujahs to his praise.  
Spirits of abject mould, and such art thou,  
May call this easy service ; for they love  
Ignoble ease ; to me the fulsome task  
Was bitterest slavery, and though I fell,  
I fell opposing ; exil'd both from heav'n,  
Freedom and I shar'd the same glorious fall. 300  
Go back, then, to thy drudgery of praise,  
Practise new canticles and tune thy throat  
To flattery's fawning pitch ; leave me my groans,

Leave me to teach these echoes how to curse ;  
 Here let me lie and make this rugged stone  
 My couch, my canopy this stormy cloud,  
 That rolls stern winter o'er my fenceless head ;  
 'Tis freedom's privilege...nor tribute owes,  
 Nor tribute pays to heav'n's despotic king."

Thus whilst he spake, the Saviour of mankind,  
 New ris'n from pray'r, drew nigh ; whereat the  
 fiend,

Or ere the awful presence met his eye,  
 Shivering as one by sudden fever seiz'd,  
 Turn'd deadly pale ; then fell to earth convuls'd.  
 Dire were the yells he vented, fierce the throes  
 That writh'd his tortur'd frame, whilst through  
 the seams

And chinks, that in his jointed armor gap'd,  
 Blue sulph'rous flames in livid flashes burst,  
 So hot the hell within his fuel'd heart ;  
 Which like a furnace sev'n times heated rag'd.  
 Meanwhile the winged Messenger of heaven,  
 GABRIEL, with horror and amazement fix'd,  
 Stood motionless behind his'orbed shield.  
 Not so the Saviour ; he, with look compos'd  
 And stedfast, noting the disastrous plight  
 Of that tormented fiend, these words address'd :

" SATAN, thou see'st the serpent's primal curse  
 At length falls heavy on thy bruised head ;  
 When man lost paradise, by thee betray'd,

This was thy doom, deceiver ; and altho' 330  
 Ages have roll'd on ages since, yet God,  
 Who from eternal to eternal lives  
 Blessed for evermore, computes not time [long.  
 As thou, whose mis'ry makes short years seem  
 Yet was the interim thine, and thou, who first  
 Brought'st sin into the world, hast reign'd in sin :  
 Thou hadst the power of death, but I thro' death  
 Am destin'd to destroy that power and thee.  
 And now, my hour is come, I go to death,  
 That all thro' me may live ; therefore, begone !  
 Get thee behind me ! thou hast now no part  
 On earth ; thy dwelling is prepar'd in hell :  
 There, when we meet, expect to meet thy doom."

This said, the fiend reply'd not but with groans ;  
 Nor staid the angel longer than to turn  
 One last sad look upon his prostrate foe,  
 Then flew to heav'n. The Saviour bent his steps  
 In search of his disciples ; them he found  
 Wrapt as before in sleep. "Sleep on," he cry'd,  
 "And henceforth take your rest : It is enough :  
 The hour is come. Behold ! the Son of Man  
 Into the hands of sinners is betray'd :  
 Rise, let us go ! The traitor is at hand."  
 And lo ! while yet he spake, a mingled crew,  
 Arm'd and unarm'd, approach ; before them all  
 JUDAS, advancing, thus bespeaks the throng :  
 "Whom I shall kiss is He, the CHRIST : Him  
 seize

And in safe keeping hold." Upon the word  
He gives the trait'rous greeting, and exclaims,  
"Hail, Master!" When at once the swarming  
crowd 360

Rush in a space, then stand in circle round,  
Like blood-hounds held at bay, their eager eyes  
Fix'd on his face, which to behold they rear  
Their flaming torches, whilst the prospect round  
Glares with the ruddy blaze ; a ghastly troop,  
Like that dread chorus, which the tragic bard  
Pour'd on the scene, when the Athenian wives  
Dropt their abortive burthens with affright,  
To see their snaky locks and fiery brands  
Kindle in Phlegethon's sulphureous waves ; 370  
So glares that haggard crew ; in front they see  
JESUS in conscious majesty unmov'd ;  
Behind him, to some little space withdrawn,  
PETER, and JAMES, and JOHN, the chosen Three,  
Small band ; but in their Leader's pow'r a host  
Invincible, 'gainst whom whole armies leagu'd  
Were but as chaff before the whirlwind's blast,  
Had he so will'd. But now, with acent firm,  
"Whom seek ye?" he demands. They answer  
make,

"JESUS of Nazareth." "I am the man," 380  
JESUS replies—"He, whom ye seek, is found."  
His air, his utterance, and that voice divine  
Which could have arm'd heav'n's legions in his  
cause,

Or gulph'd them to the centre at a word,  
Swift as the vollied thunder smote their hearts,  
And hurl'd them to the ground. Headlong they  
fell

With hideous crash, nor ever thence had ris'n,  
Had not his gracious purpose so decreed  
For man's redemption. Up they rise from earth,  
And in like manner to the same demand 390

A seeond time make answer ; he repeats—  
“ I told you, and ye heard, that I am He :  
If therefore me ye seek, let these depart.”  
Then burst the chidden zeal of PETER forth ;  
Arm'd with a sword, he rush'd upon the throng,  
And at the foremost aim'd a random blow,  
That gash'd the caitiff's head, but miss'd the life.

“ Put up thy sword, rash man !” the Saviour  
cries—

“ Did I want rescue, would I ask of thee,  
With all my Father's angels at command ? 400  
No ! let me do His will and drink His cup :  
And you, that here encompass me about,  
As 'twere a felon ye came out to take,  
With swords and staves, suffer thus far, behold !  
The wound his weapon makes, my touch shall  
heal—

[sword,

'Tis done ! Know all, that they, who take the  
Shall perish by the sword. What needs this stir,  
This midnight plotting and this traitor's kiss,

These staves, these torches, and this arm'd array  
To make one harmless, peaceful man your prize?  
You saw me daily in my public walks ;  
Freely we commun'd, for you harm'd me not ;  
You heard me in the temple ; for I taught  
In very zeal the simple way of truth,  
Lab'ring full hard to turn your hearts to God :  
If this were my offence, why not arrest  
Your Preacher in the act, and drag to death  
Him, who would fain have train'd you in the road  
To life eternal ? Never on the poor  
Turn'd I my back ; I courted not the rich ; 420  
Were this my fault, in the broad face of day  
Ye might have smitten me, and earn'd the praise  
Of the proud Pharisee and braggart Scribe.  
I fed the hungry, and I heal'd your sick—  
I succour'd the tormented and possest ;  
Are these the heinous acts for which I die ?  
In field, in city, in frequented ways  
The wretched flock'd around—if these be crimes,  
Why is their punishment so long reserv'd  
To this dark hour of night ? The sun himself  
Witness'd my doings, so might he my death.  
But see ! my followers are dispers'd and fled,  
And I stand in your peril here alone :  
No need to fear him, who makes no defence ;  
Conduct me to my doom : God's will be done !<sup>125</sup>

This said, their sacrilegious hands they laid

Upon his sacred person : He in the midst,  
With meek composure and submitted look,  
March'd slowly onward, as they led the way  
To the proud dome of CAIAPHAS, high-priest  
Of MOLOCH than of God more fitly call'd.

Oh, ye hard hearts ! was this the Paschal  
Lamb,

Ye worse than pagan butchers, whom ye call'd  
Pure and unspotted for your bloody feast ?  
Well did your law-giver decree this day  
A record and memorial to be kept  
Throughout your generations to all time ;  
A memorable day, a noted feast  
Your stubborn incredulity hath made it.  
To you a day of darkness and disgrace ; 450  
To us Salvation's glorious dawn—to us  
By our great Captain led, the Lord of Life,  
Who through the darksome avenue of death  
And depths mysterious of the mazy grave,  
Holding the clue of prophecy in hand,  
Unravell'd all the ways of Providence,  
And to our view set ope the golden gates  
Of paradise regain'd, whence light and life  
And bliss eternal beam on all mankind ;  
For all, who with their lips confess the Lord,  
And in their hearts believe that from the dead  
God in his pow'r hath rais'd him, shall be sav'd.

Meanwhile the prince of hell, whom CHRIST  
had left

Rolling in torments on the stony rock,  
Mad as Leviathan, when tempest-wreck'd  
Flound'ring he lies upon the shoaly beach,  
Now to one last and desperate effort driv'n,  
Straining each nerve with many a dolorous groan,  
Half his huge length had rear'd. His right  
hand grasp'd

His spear, the other on his buckler propp'd 470  
Pillow'd his head, raging with pain and tho'ts  
Black as the night around him: To arise  
And stand surpass'd his power; in vain he  
spread

His feath'ry vans to raise him in the air!  
About him all the ground, with azure plumes  
Beat from his shatter'd pinions, was bestrewn.  
Despair now seiz'd him—now too late he rued  
His blasphemies and bold rebellious taunts  
'Gainstheav'n's Omnipotent, his Judge incens'd.  
Hopeless of mercy, now he curs'd his doom 480  
Of immortality; and as he roll'd  
His haggard eyes in night, hell's flaming gulph,  
Terrific vision, seem'd to burst upon him,  
With treble horrors charg'd; then with a sigh,  
That strain'd his heaving cors'let, he breath'd  
forth

In murmuring lamentations these sad words:  
"Ah! who will lift me from this iron bed,  
On which, Prometheus-like, for ever link'd

And rivetted by dire necessity  
I'm doom'd to lie, and wail the cruel boon 490  
Of immortality, my baneful fate ? [vade  
O earth, earth, earth ! Cannot my groans per-  
Thy stony heart t' embowel me alive  
Under this rock, before to-morrow's sun  
Find me here weltering in the sordid dust,  
A spectacle of scorn to all my host,  
Wont to behold in me their kingly chief?  
Will not some pitying earthquake gulph me  
down

To where the everlasting fountains sleep,  
That in those wat'ry caverns I might slake 500  
These fires, that shrivel my parch'd sinews up ?  
Ah ! whither shall I turn ! who will unbrace  
This scalding mail, that burns my tortur'd breast  
Worse than the shirt of Nessus ? Oh ! for pity,  
Grant me a moment's interval of ease,  
Avenging, angry Deity ! Draw back [arm'd  
Thy red right hand, that with the lightning  
Thrust to my heart makes all my boiling blood  
Hiss in my veins ; or if thou wilt destroy  
Whom thou hast vanquish'd, terminate these  
feuds 510

'Twixt good and evil—thee, and me ; reduce  
This incorruptible to mould'ring dust,  
Make Death a parricide, and so conclude  
Me and my sufferings and my sins at once,

But 'twill not be. Happy I might have been—  
Immortal I must be. God can create  
Nothing but bliss ; I made the pains I feel,  
Sorrow had no existence—death no name,  
Till I lost heav'n ; to be, was to be blest ;  
And beings blest could never cease to be. 520  
This earth and man its 'habitant were good,  
Till envy, pride, rebellion, in my heart  
Engend'ring, marr'd God's perfect work with sin ;  
And but for sin the universe were heav'n.  
So am I author of the hell within me,  
And these tormenting fires God cannot quench ;  
For that would be to turn from what he is,  
Parent of good, and to become like me,  
Patron and friend of evil. Reas'ning thus  
I must renounce all hope of future peace, 530  
And wage eternal enmity with God,  
Whom longer to oppose I now despair,  
And under whose strong hand, weigh'd down  
to earth,  
Prostrate, confounded, I can rise no more.  
Must I be ever thus ? Must these fierce pangs,  
Or worse, if worse can be, torment me ever ?  
Are there no means to make a truce with  
heav'n ?  
Submission, penitence, atonement, pray'rs  
And intercessions—Oh ! fallacious, vain,  
Impracticable terms ! Can pride shed tears, 540

Falsehood keep faith, or perjury pass its oath:  
Upon that Judge, to whom all hearts are known?  
It cannot be. Ages of sin have roll'd  
'Twixt me and pardon, gulph impassable.  
Man's loss of Paradise, a delug'd world,  
Sin paramount on earth, the nations turn'd  
From God to idols, searee a remnant left  
Of this his chosen race, corruption spread  
Ev'n to the heart of Judah, and from this mount,  
Sad witness of my overthrow and shaine, 550  
Scene of my triumphs once, his standard torn  
And hell's proud banners flaunting in its place;  
These, and a countless multitude of wrongs,  
Cry in the catalogue so loud against me,  
That, should the thunder of God's vengeance  
sleep,

Mercy herself would seize th' uplifted bolt  
And speed the ling'ring blow. What is my hope,  
If such the task to purchase peace for man,  
Man so subordinate in sin to me,  
The spring and fountain-head of that foul stream,  
Which he at distance drank? If CHRIST must die  
For man—if nothing less than God's own Son  
Can stand betwixt the Father's wrath and man,  
What mediator can be found for me?  
None; and no wonder if his wrath, withdrawn  
From man now pardon'd, fall with worse recoil  
On my devoted head: Ev'n now it falls.

Me like an eagle in my tow'ring flight,  
 From the proud zenith of the sun's bright sphere  
 Headlong he hurls to earth, with shatter'd wing  
 And plumes dishevell'd grov'ling in the dust:  
 Me, the sole mover of man's foul revolt,  
 He marks for tenfold vengeance ; for if CHRIST,  
 The patient, meek Redeemer, groans in pain,  
 What shall the tempter feel ? If on the rack  
 Of agony his guiltless brow sweats blood,  
 Well may this body of sin burst out in flames—  
 A conflagration horrible to sight,  
 And blazing beacon to th' astonish'd world.  
 And what is this vile JUDAS, who, seduc'd 580  
 By wily MAMMON, sells his Master's life ?  
 What PETER's self, whom, had not JESUS pray'd,  
 I'd sifted into chaff ? These purblind priests,  
 Who with their half-shut eyes askance behold  
 Their own Messias in his wondrous acts,  
 Yet give those wonders to the powers of hell,  
 And, trembling for their craft, complot his death,  
 What are they ? Whence but from myself their  
 lies ?

'Tis I in them, and not they of themselves,  
 That kill the Prince of Peace ; his guiltless  
 blood 590

Sprinkles their hands, but in a flood-gate tide  
 Redder than scarlet whelms my sinking soul."

He ceas'd, and in his mantle hid his face

For shame and sorrow to be thus surpris'd ;  
For MAMMON, ever on the foot by night,  
Had spy'd him thro' the gloom, and thus began :

“ What ails thee, prince of air, that here thou  
liest

On the dull earth, not resting it should seem  
From victory, but vanquish'd and o'erthrown ?”

“ Vanquish'd, alas ! and in the dust o'er-  
thrown

600

By God's all-pow'rful Son,” SATAN reply'd,  
“ Too sure I am ; and how it wrings this heart  
So to be found of thee words cannot speak.

Yet thou of all the spirits heav'n hath lost  
Art he, of whom my pride hath least to fear ;  
For thou wilt not as others gall my spleen  
With scorn and taunting : Thou, a friendly  
chief,

Hast pity for the sorrows of a friend ;  
To thee my valour and deserts are known ;  
For thou wert ever nearest where I fought, 610  
In front of danger on the battle's edge ;  
Thou know'st the hazard and the chance of war,  
And with what malice fortune thwarts our best,  
Our bravest efforts : Scarr'd thyself with wounds,  
Thou from the wounded wilt not turn aside ;  
Therefore, O MAMMON, as my hand to thee  
Were present, didst thou need it, so to me,  
Thy sovereign in distress, reach forth thine  
hand,

And, if thou canst, upraise me from this fall ;  
If thou canst not, let not my armies know 620  
Their leader's fate—be mindful of my fame,  
And bury this sad secret in thy breast."

He said, nor need had he of further suit,  
For MAMMON now had put forth all his strength  
To raise him from the ground ; in his strong  
grasp

He seiz'd his giant limbs in armour clad  
Of adamant and gold, a ponderous wreck :  
Earth trembled with the shock ; dire were the  
groans

Hell's monarch vented....horrible the pains  
That rack'd his stiffen'd joints ; yet on he toil'd  
Till by heav'n's sufferance, rather than by aid  
Of arm angelic, once again he rear'd  
His huge Titanian stature to the skies,  
And stood ; yet not as late with look erect  
And lofty mein. Ruin was in his face ;  
Sordid and soil'd with ignominious dust  
His robe imperial, and his azure wings  
And glossy locks, that o'er his shoulders curl'd,  
Dishevell'd now, and in like tatter'd trim  
With vessel tempest-torn, or by the force 640  
Of engines weigh'd from bottom of the deep,  
Founder'd in creek or harbour, where she lay  
Gulph'd in the slimy ooze ; when MAMMON, thus :  
"Joy to our gallant leader ! Once again

With firm foot planted on the subjeet earth  
We stand as sp'rits by our strength redeem'd  
Erect and dauntless. Wherefore droops that eye,  
As it would root itself into the soil,  
From which with vigor new restor'd you rise  
Antæus-like, indignant of defeat ? 650

Oft, when in search of gold or silver ore  
In earth's metallic veins, I've labor'd long  
And hard, in damp and darksome caverns pent,  
Mining the solid rock, at length to light  
And the free air emerg'd, I've found my limbs  
Stiffen with cramps, or with cold ague numb'd :  
Yet never did my patient courage droop  
Or slack its gainful toil. I am not apt,  
When wealth or glory can be bought with pain,  
To stagger at the terms ; and if it please 660  
Heav'n's Monarch in his vengeance to attach  
To this eternal being eternal pain,  
Good hope, as poisons may be sheath'd by use,  
So long familiarity with pain  
May draw its sting, and habitude convert  
Its hostile property to friendly ease.  
But thy great heart perhaps is rent with grief,  
Of pain disdainful as of lesser ill : [heaven,  
And wherefore grieve ? Our joys were lost with  
Our passions all revers'd, our natures chang'd,  
Virtues to vices, amity to hate ; [hell  
Deeds, that in heav'n liad been our shame, in

Become our glory ; and whilst the world endures,  
Whilst evil is to good oppos'd, we keep  
The fight at doubtful issue, oft-times win  
The glorious field, and triumph over God.  
Why did I tempt **ISCARIOT** to betray  
His guiltless master ? 'Twas not that I lov'd  
The traitor ; no, the treason was my joy ;  
I laugh at fools in their own folly caught : 680  
The wretch I tempted, him I shall destroy,  
And like a worn-out weapon cast him by ;  
He shall not live to see his master's fall,  
And for the sorry purchase of his sin  
He shall but touch the adder's sting and die :  
So much for **JUDAS** ! Thus at once I slay  
Two victims, and refine upon revenge." [cheer'd

To whom, with clouded brow, and nothing  
By this discourse, hell's gloomy power reply'd :

" **MAMMON**, you well describe the rueful change  
Wrought in us by our overthrow from heav'n,  
And for such solace as in thought you find  
Pondering the sad eternity of pain,  
My argument shall never be employ'd  
To make that little less ; but when you vaunt  
**ISCARIOT**'s treason and th' impending fall  
Of that just person, now before the bar  
Of envious judges, who shall doom his death,  
You vaunt a deed, which, though th' elect of hell  
Jointly with me advis'd, brings on us all . 700

Ruin, with loss of empire, and all hope  
So quenches, nought can stand us now instead  
But patience and your reconciling rules  
To wont our natures to eternal pain.

My potency you know, and can you think  
Less than the hand of God could hurl me down  
To misery like this ? It must be God,  
Who speaks in CHRIST, the father in the Son :  
Though meek, Almighty he controls the world,  
And me, the world's late master ; he destroys  
Sin, my begotten, and sin's offspring, Death.  
Oh ! that I never had approach'd him more,  
Foil'd in my first temptation. Now, ev'n now,  
I feel a nature in me, not mine own,  
That is my master, and against my will  
Enforces truths prophetic from my tongue,  
Making me rev'rence whom in heart I hate :  
I feel that now, though lifted from the ground,  
I stand or move or speak but as he wills,  
By influence, not by freedom : I perceive 720  
These exhalations, that the night breathes on me,  
Are loaded with the vaporous steams of hell ;  
I scent them in the air, and well I know  
The angel of destruction is abroad.  
I cannot fly from fate ; the man foredoom'd  
To bruise my head is CHRIST ; the time is come,  
The prophecy is full ; exil'd from hence,  
As first from heav'n, my reign on earth is o'er,

And my last care is for those hapless friends,  
The partners of my fall, when I am gone 730  
Left like a headless trunk. Warn them to fly  
Impending ruin ; sure I am, when CHRIST  
Breathes forth his sacred sp'rit into the air,  
His dying gasp shall blow them like a spell  
To the four winds of heav'n. Let them be gone  
In time, and ply the wing ; there's shelter yet  
In this wide world for them. Though I must  
hence,

They may abide ; and though their names be lost,  
Their altars levell'd, and their idols maim'd,  
Yet shall their arts and offices endure, 740  
Their influences still shall draw the hearts  
Of many ; sin shall not at once secede  
From earth, nor darkness wholly yield to light.  
To thee, auspicious sp'rit, whose potent arm  
Hath rais'd me from the ground, I can assure  
A longer term of residence and power :  
Thy empire in earth's inmost centre roots—  
Thy influence circulates through all her veins.  
Nor earth alone, but ocean wafts to thee  
Continual tribute ; commerce hails thy name ;  
In thee war triumphs—thee fair peace adores,  
And gilds the feathers of her dove with gold,  
To dedicate to thee her worldly god—  
Thee, the last foe whom CHRIST shall chase  
from earth."

So spake the parting fiend in his last hour  
Prophetic, father though he were of lies.  
To him the inferior dæmon answer none  
Attempted; but in ghastly silence stood  
Gazing with horror on his chieftain's face,  
That chang'd all hues by fits, as when the north,  
With nitrous vapours charg'd, convulsive shoots  
Its fiery darts athwart the trembling pole,  
Making heav'n's vault a canopy of blood;  
So o'er the visage of the exorcis'd fiend  
Alternate gleams like meteors came and went;  
And ever and anon he beat his breast,  
'That quick and short with lab'ring pulses heav'd.  
One piteous look he upward turn'd...one sigh  
From his sad heart he fain had sent to heav'n;  
But ere the hopeless messenger could leave 770  
His quiv'ring lips, by sudden impulse seiz'd,  
He finds himself uplifted from the earth;  
His azure wings, to sooty black now chang'd,  
In wide expanse from either shoulder stretch  
For flight involuntary. Up he springs  
Whirl'd in a fiery vortex round and round;  
As when the Lybian wilderness, caught up  
In sandy pillar by the eddying winds,  
Moves horrible, the grave of man and beast;  
Him thus ascending the forked lightning smites  
With sidelong volly, whilst loud thunders rock  
Heav'n's echoing vault, when all at once, behold!

Caught in the stream of an impetuous gust  
High in mid-air, swift on the level wing  
Northward he shoots, and like a comet leaves  
Long fiery track behind, speeding his course  
Straight to the realms of Chaos and old Night,  
Hell-bound, and to Tartarean darkness doom'd.

His sad associate, left on earth, look'd up,  
And with like conscious terror eyed his flight ;  
As when the merchant, trembling for his freight,  
Looks seaward, from some promontory's top,  
And thence descries his gallant bark a wreck  
Driving at mercy of the winds and waves  
Full on the rocky shoal, her certain grave ;  
Then, having bid farewell to all his hope,  
In this one bottom stor'd, now lost to sight,  
Turns with a sigh aside, and o'er the strand  
With heavy heart takes homeward his slow way.

So sigh'd the fiend ; and for his own sad fate  
Trembling, yet fearful to attempt the wing,  
Slunk cow'ring off, veil'd in the shades of night.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE  
KEY  
TO  
THE  
BIBLE  
OR  
THE  
BIBLE  
KEY  
BOOK

# **CALVARY;**

**OR,**

# **THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

**BOOK V.**

## ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

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This book, proposing to treat of the trial and condemnation of Christ, opens with an invocation to the Evangelists, the sacred historians of that event. Christ, brought before the priests and elders in council, accused by the witnesses, interrogated by Caiaphas, persists in keeping silence, till being solemnly called upon to declare himself, he answers by an affirmation of the truth. Instantly all voices are let loose upon him, accusing him of blasphemy, and pronouncing him worthy of death: He is delivered over to mockery and insult. The Jews resolve to arraign him before Pilate on the following morning. He turns and looks upon Peter, who, according to prediction, had three several times denied him. The sorrow and contrition of that disciple is described; he retires apart to bewail his crime and supplicate forgiveness. His prayer and confession in the temple-porch. The council of the Jews resort to Pilate next morning, and appeal against Christ. He informs them, that, by the Roman law, no judgment can be given, till the accused is confronted with his accusers and heard in his defence. Now commences the trial of Christ before Pilate, who, finding nothing worthy of death in that just Person, refers him to Herod, as belonging to his jurisdiction. Herod, after mocking him, arrays him in a gorgeous robe, and in that apparel sends him back to Pilate. He again appears in the judgment-hall, before Pilate, who, after many fruitless efforts to save him, the Jews still urging him by their clamorous importunity to crucify him, finding no other way to prevent a tumult of the people, after declaring himself innocent of the blood of Jesus, by the ceremony of washing his hands before the multitude, delivers him to be crucified.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK V.

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### THE CONDEMNATION OF CHRIST.

YE sacred Guides, whose plain, unvarnish'd  
page,

Penn'd by the hand of Truth, records the scene,  
Where CHRIST before the bar of impious men,  
Patient of all their scorn, arraign'd, betray'd,  
And of his own abandon'd, silent stands,  
You I invoke ; so from the same pure source,  
Whence my faith flows, shall also flow my song ;  
Not idly babbling, like that shallow rill  
Trickling at foot of the Parnassian Mount ;  
But deep, serene, to hallow'd airs attun'd : 10  
Aid me from heav'n, where now before God's  
throne

In evangelic attributes ye stand,  
Six-wing'd and thick bespangled o'er with eyes,  
Ranging all points before you and behind,  
Seraphic minstrels, chanting day and night  
Your ceasless hallelujah's to the name  
Of Him, who was, and is, and is to come.  
Led by your hand, with trembling step I pres.

The sacred ground, which my Redeemer trod,  
Now like a lamb to slaughter led, and now 20  
Pendent (Oh horror!) on the bloody tree ;  
And whilst to tell his sacrifice of love,  
His soul-dissolving agonies, I strive,  
My heart melts into sorrows deep as those  
When the sad daughters of Jerusalem  
Water'd his passage to the cross with tears.

Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard  
Far onward in the wint'ry track of age,  
I shun the Muses' haunts, nor dalliance hold  
With fancy by the way, but travel on 30  
My mournful road, a pilgrim grey with years ;  
One that finds little favour with the world,  
Yet thankful for its least benevolence  
And patient of its taunts ; for never yet  
Lur'd I the pop'lar ear with gibing tales,  
Or sacrific'd the modesty of song,  
Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts,  
To make the vulgar sport, and win their shout.  
Me rather the still voice delights, the praise  
Whisper'd, not publish'd by fame's braying  
trump : 40

Be thou my herald, Nature ! Let me please  
The sacred few—let my remembrance live  
Embosom'd by the virtuous and the wise ;  
Make me, O Heav'n ! by those who love thee,  
lov'd :

So when the widow's and the children's tears  
 Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep  
 Pompless and from a scornful world withdrawn,  
 The laurel, which its malice rent, shall shoot  
 So water'd into life, and mantling throw  
 Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb. 50

Here in mid-way of my unfinish'd course,  
 Doubtful of future time whilst now I pause  
 To fetch new breath and trim my waning lamp,  
 Fountain of Life, if I have still ador'd  
 Thy mercy, and remember'd Thee with awe  
 E'en in my mirth, in the gay prime of youth—  
 So conscience witnesses, the mental scribe,  
 That registers my errors, quits me here—  
 Propitious Pow'r, support me ! and if death,  
 Near at the farthest, meditates the blow 60  
 To cut me short in my prevented task,  
 Spare me a little, and put by the stroke,  
 Till I recount his overthrow, and hail  
 Thy Son victorious rising from the grave.

Now to that dismal scene return, my thoughts !  
 Where CHRIST, in midst of an irreverent crew,  
 Usher'd by torches through the darkling streets,  
 And now at summit of the holy Mount  
 Arriv'd, before the pontiff's lofty gate,  
 Waiting the call of impious pride, attends. 70  
 The halls and lobbies vomit forth a swarm  
 Of saucy servitors, with idiot stare

Gazing the wond'rous Man, and venting loud  
Their coward mockeries : He stands unmov'd.  
Great is the stir within, and on the post  
Through all the palace runs the buzzing news  
Of this great Prophet's capture, circling round  
With ever new enlargement of strange sights  
And fearful doings in the garden, seen  
Of those who took him. CAIAPHAS meanwhile  
Summons the temple-chiefs, elders, and scribes,  
A hasty Sanhedrim : No longer now  
With stately step in measur'd pace they march ;  
Huddled together by their fears they flock,  
They cluster in a throng, safest so deem'd,  
And fill the council seats. In speech abrupt  
And brief their hierarch the cause expounds  
Of their so sudden meeting—CHRIST is seiz'd...  
The Prophet, whom they dreaded, is in hold...  
Th' Enchanter, who, by league with Beelzebub,  
Scar'd them with magic spells, is at their door ;  
Now is the time to put his art to proof—  
Now is the moment to decide if thus  
Their unreveal'd Messias shall appear  
After long promise in this abject state  
A shackled pris'ner, or a conquering king.  
“Admit him !” with faint voice some two or three  
Of the least timorous cry, “Behold, he comes !”  
The rabble throng rush in, and at the bar  
Of the immur'd divan present him bound 100

With cords, his raiment soil'd with hands profane,  
His head uncover'd, and his sacred locks  
By the rude winds and ruder men despoil'd  
Of their propriety, dishevell'd, spread  
Like shatter'd fragments on the branching top  
Of piny Lebanon after a storm.

Silence now reign'd...the roar of tongues was  
hush'd,

And expectation, with suspended breath,  
Sate watchful when some sign or word of power  
Should in a miracle break forth upon them. 110  
None such that patient Suf'erer vouchsaf'd,  
Nor menace nor complaint his eye bespake,  
But meek, serene composure. Noting this,  
As cowards out of danger loudest vaunt, [heard  
The council now took heart: Then soon were  
The lying tongues of witnesses suborn'd  
Various and loud; but these no order kept;  
Falsehood with falsehood clash'd, and each to  
each

Irreconcileable, as all to truth:  
Shame held the council mute; for vilest hearts,  
Cloak'd in the robes of judgment, will affect  
Some outward shew of what they ought to be;  
Then most malicious when most seeming just.  
Confusion now ensu'd, and perjury  
In its own labyrinth had lost itself,

When some of graver note, within the pale  
 Of justice seated, but far thence remov'd  
 In conscience and in heart, started new charge,  
 Averring they had heard the pris'ner say,  
 "I will destroy this temple made with hands,  
 And within three days will another build  
 Made without hands." The charge was grave-  
 ly urg'd,

And, colour'd to the semblance of a plot,  
 Breath'd sacrilegious menace to God's house,  
 Fit matter for descent pontifical :

When CAIAPHAS, as foremost in degree,  
 So, to sound forth danger first, and affix  
 Solemnity to malice, from his state  
 With magisterial dignity arose,  
 And sternly fixing on the face divine      140  
 His eye inquisitorial, thus began :

" Hear'st thou what these alledge : the words  
 in charge

Stand witness'd by these present : Face to face  
 Th' accusers they and thou th' accused meet :  
 Justice is open. What is thy defence ? [he,  
 Answerest thou nothing?" — Nothing answer'd  
 But as a lamb before its shearer 's mute  
 He open'd not his mouth ; the mystery couch'd  
 Under those words, prophetic of his death  
 And following resurrection, to expound      150  
 To their perverted minds beseem'd not him,

Searcher of hearts, and Saviour of mankind :  
Silent not pertinacious he endur'd  
Their scorn ; nor did his meek demeanor shew  
More than the dignity of conscious truth,  
Which knows itself prejudg'd, and scorns a plea.

But CAIAPHAS, who brook'd not this repulse,  
And still occasion sought from his own lips  
By subtlety t' ensnare him, thus re-urg'd  
Question with solemn adjuration back'd ; 160  
“ Hear me, thou man accus'd, and answer make  
I do adjure thee by the living God  
To what I now demand. Art thou the CHRIST,  
The very CHRIST, Son of th' eternal God,  
Or art thou not ? Resolve us who thou art !”

Then JESUS, by this solemn adjuration urg'd,  
Lifting his eyes to heav'n in mute appeal,  
Whilst all his Father's virtue in his face  
Effulgent beam'd, these glorious words pro-  
nounc'd : [earth,  
“ Hear them, O heav'n, and Oh ! record them,  
Write them, ye mortals, on your hearts—I am,  
I am the CHRIST ; all that you ask I am ;  
And ye shall see me coming in the clouds  
Of Heav'n, enthron'd at the right hand of  
Pow'r.”

As when on rapine bent, a savage horde,  
Arab or Indian, in some sandy dell  
Or by the sedgy lake in ambush lodg'd,

Upon the watch-word by their leader giv'n  
Leap from their treach'rous lair, with sudden  
yell

And bloody weapons waving to surprise 180  
And overpower th' unguarded trav'ller,  
Fatally trapp'd into their murderous snare ;  
So at the signal of their priestly chief  
Up rose the dire divan with rushing sound,  
Like roar of distant waters. Terror-struck,  
Frantie as Bromius, with furious hands  
Th' enthusiastic hierarch seiz'd his robes,  
And into tatters, like a cancell'd scroll,  
Tore them, exclaiming vehement and loud,  
That all might hear—" What need of further  
proof? [sirs ?

Ye have heard his blasphemy. How think ye,  
What may such crime deserve ?" Th' infuriate  
priests,  
Seiz'd by like phrensy, with one voice pronounce,  
" Death be his sentence !" Death through all  
the hall

Rebounding echoes back th' accrû'd decree.  
Horrible sentence ! Murder hatch'd in hell ;  
Libation for the fiends ! Dæmons, on you  
And on your generations to all time  
His righteous blood shall rest. Now uproar wild  
And horrid din succeeds. The scoffing crowd  
Rush to the bar, so privileged, and there

With scurril taunts and blasphemies revile  
 The patient Son of God. Oh ! theught of horror !  
 The Saviour of mankind revil'd by man,  
 The just by th' unjust ! Others, more profane,  
 Vent their vile rheum upon his saered face,  
 Or smite him with their palms, then gibing cry,  
 "Tell us who smote thee ; prophesy, thou  
 CHRIST." [doom

Monsters, that CHRIST hath prophecieed, your  
 Already by that prophet is pronoune'd, 240  
 The lips you strike have utter'd it : Behold !  
 Jerusalem is fall'n, her towers are dust,  
 Your city smokes in ruin : Lo ! what piles  
 Of mangled earcases : what horrid scenes  
 Of violated matrons : Hark ! what screams  
 Of infants butcher'd in their mothers' arms ;  
 And look ! your temple blazes to the sky ;  
 Its beams of cedar overlaid with gold,  
 Its fretted roof with carvings rich emboss'd,  
 And all its glorious splendor feed the flames  
 Insatiate ; mark how high their serpent spires  
 Hissing ascend : God fans them in his ire :  
 Thither the wild beasts of the desart hie...  
 There earrion owls by midnight haunt...there  
 dwells  
 The dragon and the satyrs dance : 'Tis done !  
 That prophecy is seal'd. There yet remains  
 An awful consummation unreveald,

Till God shall gather up your scatter'd race  
Still vagrant o'er th' inhospitable earth.

Ah ! wretched people, broken and dispers'd,  
Did ye preserve the oracles of God  
But to convict your own obduracy ?

Sad nation, on whose neck the iron yoke  
Of persecution hard, too hard, hath lain,  
And yet lies heavy, will ye not accept  
A High Priest, holy, harmless, undefil'd,  
From sinners sep'rate, and exalted high  
Above the heavens ? And do ye not perceive  
The word of JESUS in yourselves fulfill'd ?

Rue then the prophecy, which you provok'd,  
Of faithless fathers ye still faithless sons !

Whilst shuddering I recount the impious taunts  
Of that blaspheming rout : But neither taunts  
Nor violence could shake the Saviour's peace ;  
He in his own pure sp'rit collected stood,  
Nor of their base revilings took account. [ny'd  
    'Twas now that CHRIST, knowing himself de-  
Three times of PETER, turn'd and look'd upon  
                him.

He from the garden, where his Lord was seiz'd,  
Following at distance JUDAS and his band, 250  
Had kept his eye upon their moving fires,  
And up the sacred Mount pursued their track,  
Till at the palace-door he stood and sought  
Admission with the crowd ; when there, behold !

A damsel at the portal scans him o'er  
With scrutinizing eye, and straight exclaims,  
"Thou too wert in this Galilean train ;  
Thou art of JESUS."—Sudden to his heart  
The coward tremor runs, and there suggests  
The fear-conceived lie ; before them all 260  
With confidence to falsehood ill apply'd,  
"I know not what thou say'st," he straight avers,  
And to the porch goes forth. There in his ear  
The cock his first shrill warning gives, and sings  
The knell of constancy's predicted breach—  
Of constancy, alas ! too strongly vouch'd  
By him in rash and over-weening zeal,  
Boasting like martyrdom with CHRIST himself,  
Sole sacrifice appointed for mankind.  
But he, though of presumption warn'd, by fear  
Still haunted and the guilty dread of death,  
Straight to a second questioner replies—  
"I do not know the man"—and to engage  
Belief, binds down the falsehood with an oath...  
Fatal appeal to Heav'n ! insult to God  
And his all-righteous ears ! Is this the man,  
Who with such glowing ardour, self-assur'd—  
"Though all shall be offended, I will not"—  
Proudly averr'd, and for that pride reprov'd—  
"Though I should die with thee," dauntless re-  
join'd, 280  
"Yet will I not deny thee" ?—Man, weak man,

Pride was not made for thee. If PETER fell  
Presuming, who shall say, Behold ! I stand  
In my own strength, nor ask support of God ?  
And now, as if devoted to his shame,  
Curious to pry, yet fearful to be seen,  
He mixes with the throng that crowd the hall ;  
And there once more is challeng'd for his  
speech,

As fav'ring of the Galilean phrase ;  
Then with reiterated oaths abjures 290  
His Master the third time ; when hark ! again  
The cock's loud signal echoes back the lie  
In his convicted ear ; the prophet bird  
Strains his recording throat, and up to heav'n  
Trumpets the trebled perjury, and claps  
His wings in triumph o'er presumption's fall.

Oh ! fall'n how low, is this thy promis'd faith,  
Favour'd of CHRIST so highly ? Know'st thou  
not,

Disciple, thine own Lord ? or know'st him only  
In safety...in prosperity...in power, 300  
For thine own selfish ends...a summer guest,  
Prone to desert him in the wint'ry hour  
Of tribulation, poverty, and woe ?  
Is thy frail mem'ry of that slipp'ry stuff,  
That a friend's sorrow washes out all trace  
Of a friend's features ? Look upon his eyes !  
Behold, they turn on thee : Them dost thou  
know ?

Their language canst thou read, and from them  
draw

The conscious reminiscence thou disown'st?

Mark, is their sweetness lost? Ah! no; they  
beam

310

Celestial grace, a sanctity of soul  
So melting soft with pity, such a gleam  
Of love divine attemp'ring mild reproof,  
Where is the man, that to obtain that eye  
Of mercy on his sins would not forego  
Life's dearest comforts to embrace such hope?  
O death, death! where would be thy sting, or  
where

These awful tremblings, which thy coming stirs  
In my too conscious breast, might I aspire  
To hope my Judge would greet me with that  
look?

Vaunt not yourselves, ye scorners, nor exult  
In this recital of a good man's fall,  
Faithful historian of his own offence:  
But rather let it physic your proud spleen  
To mark how mean, prevaricating, false  
And despicable a vain-glorious man.  
PETER's denial, DAVID's heinous sin,  
And all the guilty lapses of man's heart,  
Though summ'd together into one account,  
Each spot and blemish malice can search out  
To tarnish the fair lustre of a name,

Stand but as lessons of humility,  
Warnings of frailty to o'er-weening man ;  
And if our mournful page hath now set forth  
The fall of virtue, let it next record  
Its glorious resurrection : We have shewn  
Th' offender in his shame ; what now remains  
But to display the penitent ? Behold !  
Abash'd he stands, bath'd in remorseful tears :  
One glance from his beloved Master's eye, 340  
Like Nathan's parable, hath rous'd from sleep  
His drowsy conscience. Mark, where he retires  
To weep in solitude, and purge his heart  
By sorrowful repentance of its guilt.  
O PETER ! could my verse fit offering make,  
That verse should be bestow'd upon thy tears.  
Now the assembled elders and their chief,  
After short consultation had, resolve  
With the next dawn of morning to arraign  
Their Prisoner at the prætorian bar 350  
Of PILATE, procurator for the State  
Imperial of Rome and Cæsar ; he  
Held judgment sovereign of life and death  
In tributary Jewry...judge corrupt,  
And, like Rome's venal emissaries, prone  
To every sordid purpose ; train'd in blood  
And for tribunal bloody therefore fit.

Meanwhile, forth issuing from the fatal hall,  
Scene of his shame, the sad disciple took

His pensive way across the temple-court 360  
 Silent and solitary, seeking where  
 T' unbosom his full sorrows and give up  
 His soul to prayer, and pardon seek of God  
 For his revolt. Pale through night's curtain  
 gleam'd,

By fits, the lunar intermittent ray ;  
 That quiv'ring serv'd to light his lonely steps  
 To the fair gate call'd Beautiful, whose porch  
 High over arch'd, on writhed columns propp'd  
 Of spiral brass convolv'd, was for its shade,  
 Of CHRIST and his disciples, much in quest. 370

Hither he came, and falling on his knees,  
 Like th' humble publican, smote on his breast,  
 And this confession self-accusing made :

“ Here let me fall, and in repentant tears  
 Weep out my soul upon these pit'less stones,  
 Made sacred by his steps, whose awful name  
 Thrice blasphem'd, thrice abjur'd, I dare not  
 speak,

Though in my supplication. Can I say,  
 Spare me, O God of mercy? Can I ask  
 Pardon of God, unpardon'd of myself? 380  
 Oh! wretched recreant creature as I am,  
 What shall redeem me from this misery,  
 And reconcile my conscience to itself...  
 A perjur'd conscience? Never more can peace  
 Dwell in this bosom ; never can my soul

Ascend out of the dust, or lift a thought  
In hope tow'rds heav'n. With JUDAS let me  
dwell,

Colleague in treason; with his sin my sin  
In th' execration of all time be link'd.  
Or shall I venture to look up and say, 390  
O God, behold a wretch, who dares not sue  
For mercy but for mitigated wrath—  
For punishment proportion'd to my bearing,  
Protracted, not too sudden, lest it take  
My senses from me, and with them all power  
Of meditation, penance, and atonement?  
Spare me a little to abhor myself;  
And if the arrow which my conscience drives  
Into this guilty heart, draws not enough  
Of its vile blood to purify what's left, 400  
Let the strong hand of justice force it home  
And finish me at once. Was I not warn'd  
Of my presumption, and a signal set  
To number my denials, when I swore  
Never to swerve, but follow him to death?  
Mine, like ISCARIOT's, was predicted sin:  
I spar'd not him—I call'd his wilful guilt,  
Obstinate malice; and can I now urge  
Necessity my plea? All things are known  
To CHRIST: the evil motions of my will 410  
He saw, not over-rul'd. I might have pray'd  
For grace, support, prevention; I pray'd not,

But heedless of the prophecy, and blind,  
 Rush'd into sin prepense, self-will'd, self-lost.  
 What fascination seiz'd me to draw forth  
 The sword in rash defence of Him, whose word  
 Legions of angels could have call'd from heav'n?  
 And what prevaricating dæmon breath'd  
 The lie into my lips, when the same night,  
 Nay, the same hour, that saw me prompt t' op-  
 pose

420

My life to danger, saw me meanly shrink  
 From what I courted, and behind a lie,  
 Three times repeated, like a coward sculk?  
 And did I not know CHRIST whom I deny'd?  
 Did I not know the Master whom I serv'd,  
 Who call'd me to him, pour'd into my heart  
 His heav'nly doctrines, rais'd my lowly thoughts  
 From the mean drudg'ry of a fisher's trade,  
 And taught me, in the energy of faith,  
 To walk upon that sea, in which ere-while 430  
 I dragg'd the net, and toil'd for daily bread?  
 O mem'ry, once my glory, now my curse,  
 To what sad purpose do I call thee home,  
 Absent in danger, present in despair?  
 Is there a wonder done by CURIST on earth  
 I have not witness'd? Did I not behold  
 Dead Lazarus revive at his command?  
 What shall I say to him, whom I saw die,  
 When living he arraigns me face to face?

What answer make to those, whom I have  
serv'd [sands ?

From one small wallet with the bread of thou-  
The very blind, ere they receiv'd their sight,  
Saw more than I, and hail'd him Lord and CHRIST.  
Who shall believe when I renounce belief ?  
The very devils own him whom I deny'd.  
Can I call these accurst, whose impious cry  
Dooms him to death ; who smite him with their  
palms [heart.

Blaspheming ? Harder than their hands my  
Wretch, 'twas my false tongue train'd them on  
to murder ;

On me, me only all their sin rebounds : 450  
I stand condemned—they free. Can I forget  
How oft my lips confess'd him Son of God ?  
Perish that tongue, which could revoke its faith,  
Disown confession and belie my heart.

Denied of me on earth, when in the clouds  
Of heav'n he comes at the right hand of Pow'r,  
And sends his Angels with the trumpet's sound  
To gather his elect from the four winds,  
When, as a shepherd culling out his flock,  
To separate all nations, and divide 460  
The good from evil, he proceeds, Ah ! then,  
Then will he not retort the fatal words  
First us'd of me, " I know thee not ! Depart,  
Thou wicked servant, into outer darkness,

There weep and gnash thy teeth, in fires prepar'd  
For SATAN and his out-cast crew accurst ?”

Thus he all night, with deep remorse o'er-  
whelm'd,

Mournfully kneeling at God's temple-gate,  
Bewail'd his crime, and supplication made  
For pardon ; and let after-times attest 470  
How full a portion of God's sp'rit abode  
In this blest penitent, when, with the sound  
Of rushing mighty winds, it was pour'd down  
On him and on his fellows, thence install'd  
Apostles, and with gifted tongues inspir'd  
To speak all languages and preach the word  
Of CHRIST throughout the whole converted  
world.

Here in this very spot, where now he kneels  
Repentant, fill'd ere long with pow'r divine,  
He bade the cripple, in the name of CHRIST, 480  
Rise up and walk. He at the word, in sight  
Of all the people, rose, and stood, and walk'd,  
And in the temple gave loud praise to God.  
Then let not his offence, pardon'd of God,  
By man but for example's sake be nam'd,  
And once more, hail, thou renovated saint !  
Made brighter by repentance. Enter thou  
Into thy Master's joy once more ; resume  
Thine apostolic primacy, and feed,  
Shepherd of CHRIST deputed, feed his flock ; 490

Nor shall thy faith once falter, nor thy zeal  
Shrink from the test of martyrdom, reserv'd  
To glorify thy Master on the cross.

Now morning from her cloudy barrier forth  
Advancing, crimson'd all the flecker'd East,  
As blushing to lead on the guilty day.  
With the first dawn the wakeful elders meet...  
Short council hold ; for little time suffic'd  
To take their voices, whose relentless minds  
In the same bloody league were banded all ; 500  
And now, unanimous with their high priest,  
In stately, grave procession forth they march  
To find their heathen judge, and at his bar  
Arraign the Holy One.—But check, my heart,  
Thine indignation ; let the verse proceed !—  
Him, in his seat of judgment high enthron'd,  
With axes and with lictors round embay'd  
In martial state, with reverence they salute,  
And lowly stoop their tributary heads  
To his vicegerent majesty. With smile 510  
Of condescending favour he accepts  
Their abject greeting, and to his right hand  
Their chief advances ; others in their ranks  
And orders he disposes ; then with feign'd  
Solicitude, as if to seek the cause  
Of this concerted meeting, he begins :  
“ What cause so weighty brings JEHOVAH's  
priests

With these wise elders and time-honor'd scribes  
Thus early to seek justice at my bar?  
Appeal so reverend, with such leader grac'd, 520  
And by such followers witness'd, well demands  
Of Cæsar's servant his most equal ear."

Whereto th' high-priest, second to none in  
craft,  
With solemn accent and demeanor grave  
Masking his base collusion, thus replies:  
" When he, whose hand the sword of justice  
sways,  
Her balance also holds in equal poise  
Over this realm provincial, we have cause  
To thank the master of our liberties,  
Who, by such delegation of his power, 530  
Makes light that yoke, which else would gall our  
necks,  
Though Cæsar lays it on us. Then let praise  
Be giv'n to Cæsar for the love we bear  
To PONTIUS PILATE. Have I leave to say,  
That we, your servants, a peculiar race,  
Pay worship to one God, and hold at heart  
As sacred that commandment handed down  
From our forefathers, which forever makes  
His undivided Unity the creed  
Of all our nation; and whoe'er blasphemes 540  
His name and controverts our holy faith,  
Dies by our law? This sentence we have pass'd,

But execution staid, so bound in duty,  
Upon a certain Nazarite, by name  
JESUS, obscure of birth, but of our peace  
No slight disturber; for the common herd,  
A monster as you know with many heads,  
And every head with twice as many ears  
Itching for novelties, have rais'd this man  
To dang'rous eminence; and (for he cheats 550  
Their gross credulity with juggling sleights  
Which they call miracles) have blown his pride  
To such a monstrous bulk, he now scales heav'n,  
There seats himself—Oh! where shall I find  
words

To speak his blasphemy?—at God's right hand;  
His Son...his equal...sharer of his throne...  
Judge of the world. If this be not a crime  
For death to expiate we are slaves indeed,  
And every statute, ordinance, and law  
Rome leaves inviolate, JESUS shall break 560  
Unpunish'd: Nor is this, dread sir, the whole  
Of his presumption; mark, I pray, the height  
To which his phrensy rages; mark his threat!  
He will put down this temple in three days,  
And in like time, with hands invisible,  
Erect another.—Patron of our laws,  
Fountain of justice! ought this man to live?  
Such madness breath'd into our people's minds  
Will spur them to the deed...break every band

That ties them down to order, and turn loose  
Their fury, not on us alone, but Rome ;  
Not on our temple only, but perhaps  
On this tribunal, which heav'n guard ! And now  
Take the whole matter of our charge at once :  
This JESUS hath pronoune'd himself a king...  
Our king, your master's rival : You best know  
If your great emp'ror abdicates his right  
To our allegiance, which we fain would hold  
Where we have vow'd it, to imperial Cæsar,  
Not to this mean mechanic, Joseph's son. 580  
This is our plea, O PONTIUS, why we claim  
Justice against the Pris'ner, who now waits  
Your sentence under guard and bound, as fits  
Delinquent so atrocious : I have said."

To him the Roman—" Be it known to all,  
The sentence, which you urge against the life  
Of your now absent pris'ner, cannot pass  
By practice of our law, till face to face  
With his accusers he shall stand at bar,  
And licence have to answer for himself 590  
Touching the crime in charge ; therefore these  
words,

Which you have largely spent, are spent in air,  
Else might the ear of justice be forestall'd  
By the embleader's charge, and so perchance  
Let fall the axe upon the guiltless head.  
Much knowledge of your laws I cannot boast,

Nor with these learned scribes hold argument ;  
For so much therefore as to them pertains,  
I on the part of Cæsar am no judge ;  
His tributes, his supremacy and rights, 600  
Disputed or oppos'd, I shall uphold  
'Gainst all offenders. Let th' accus'd appear !'

This said, behold the blessed Son of God  
Dragg'd to a pagan bar ! There whilst he stood  
A spectacle of pity, patient, meek,  
Submitted to his fate, PILATE, who knew  
Him innocent and his accusers false,  
Envious and cruel, ey'd him o'er and o'er,  
And as he ponder'd in his mind how base  
The sentence he was now requir'd to give, 610  
Some sparks of Roman virtue, not quite dead,  
Though faintly felt in his degen'rate breast,  
Revolted from the deed : Soft was the touch,  
'Though ineffectual, which sweet pity gave  
To his stern heart : He wish'd, yet knew not  
how,  
To unfold the gates of mercy, and through them  
Let pass the rescued Innocent to life ;  
The son of Epicurus could no more.  
Upon the sufferer's brow serene he saw  
Where innocence and sanctity enthron'd 620  
Sate visible, and claim'd his just award :  
He turn'd him to th' accusers and beheld  
Such malice, as brought up to view a groupe

Of his own furies from their fabled hell ;  
Then with a frown he cries, "What law is your's,  
Which makes this man a culprit ere he's tried ?  
Unmanacle his limbs ! A Roman judge  
Hears no man plead in shackles ; he who speaks  
In life's defence, hath call for every aid  
That nature can bestow, free use of limbs, 630  
Action and utterance to grace his cause,  
And hold him up against the world's contempt ;  
I will not hear a man that pleads in bonds.  
Cut those vile cords asunder : Set him loose !"

And now our blessed Lord, his arms releas'd  
From the harsh thongs, which the malignant  
Jews  
Had bound about them, 'gan to recompose  
His decent vesture, and with calm survey  
To note his persecutors, those dire priests  
And cruel hypocrites that bay'd him round. 640  
In every breast, transparent to his eye,  
Malice, and craft, and envy he discern'd :  
In PILATE's face the shifting hues bespoke  
Internal strife of passions all in arms—  
Combat 'twixt good and evil : In his hand  
He held a scroll, which with intentive eye  
And thoughtful brow deep pond'ring he perus'd :  
The writing well he knew, but the contents,  
Thus worded, much perplex'd his wav'ring  
thoughts :

“ O PILATE, if thy wife was ever held      650  
In honor, love, or trust, I do adjure thee  
This once take warning from her voice inspir’d  
To snatch thee from destruction. Oh ! withhold  
Thine hand from that just person, harm not him,  
That holy JESUS, who now stands before thee ;  
Touch not his sacred life, or on thine head  
A fearful judgment thou shalt else pull down :  
A mighty Pow’r protects him, what I know not,  
But mightier sure than all the gods of Rome ;  
For I have seen his glory in a dream, [ware !”  
And dreams descend from heav’n. Pilate, be-

Such was the warning scroll he now perus’d.  
Ev’n on the judgment seat, by timely hand  
Sent for his rescue : Happy ! had he turn’d  
His heart so warn’d to justice, and obey’d  
The visitation of the spirit vouchsaf’d :  
But he, like Cæsar, deem’d his manhood pledg’d  
To make slight ‘count of a weak woman’s dream ;  
Yet much confus’d, uncertain and perplex’d,  
He look’d around and saw all eyes upon him :  
The Jews impatient, JESUS at the bar  
Prepar’d for trial : What shall he resolve ?  
Break up the court and judgment put aside  
For a mere vapor—for no better plea  
Than to indulge a woman’s fond caprice,  
And bid the law stand still and wait the time  
“Till PILATE’s wife shall meet with better  
dreams ?”

Such scorn he dar'd not to provoke ; and now  
 Loud murmurs fill'd his ear : Compell'd to rise,  
 Though uncollected, and in mind disturb'd, 680  
 He thus address'd the Lord : " Art thou a king,  
 And of this nation, who accuse thee to me,  
 King of the Jews ?" — " Thou say'st it," JESUS  
 cry'd :

" But say'st thou of thyself this thing, or, taught  
 Of others, art thou prompted so to speak ?—  
 Am I a Jew ?" the fault'ring judge reply'd ;  
 " Not I, but these, who if thou wert a king  
 Were thine own subjects, elders, priests and  
 scribes,  
 These have accus'd thee. Not of them am I ;  
 Nor in this business covet further share, 690  
 Than, on the part of justice, to demand,  
 What hast thou done ? How answer'st thou  
 their charge ?" [Lord,

" Of this world were my kingdom," said our  
 " My servants would defend their King, and  
 fight

To save me from my oppressors : But I reign  
 Not on this earth, nor is my pow'r from hence."

" Art thou a king, then ?" — interpos'd the  
 judge :

" Thou say'st," cry'd JESUS, " that I am a king ;  
 And truly to this purpose was I born,  
 And for this cause came I into the world, 700

That I should witness bear unto the Truth ;  
And all, that to the Truth belong, hear me." "  
" What is the Truth ?" said PILATE ; but his  
voice

Now faulter'd, and his thoughts unsettled, wild  
And driv'n at random like a wreck, could grasp  
No helm of reason ; only this he knew,  
There was no fault before him : This aloud  
To all he publish'd, and pronoune'd him clear.

Whereat, with rage and disappointment stung,  
Furious as wolves defrauded of their prey, 710  
Uprose the priests appellant, and afresh  
Urge o'er and o'er their aggravating charge,  
Forging new falsehoods and re-forging old :  
The Preacher of forbearance, peace and love,  
Perverter of the nation now they call,  
Fomenter of sedition, spreading wide  
From Galilee, the cradle of his birth,  
Throughout all Jewry to the capital ;  
Where now assuming to himself the name,  
Prerogative, and state of King and CHRIST, 720  
He stirreth up the people to revolt,  
Forbidding them to pay their rightful dues  
Of tribute to Rome's emperor, himself  
Exalting above Cæsar. This, and more  
In the like strain of virulence, with lips  
In aspie venom steep'd, they now depose ;  
Nor had they brought their malice to a pause,

When PILATE, hoping he had now found plea  
To shift the dreaded sentence from himself,  
Thus interposing, check'd their clam'rous  
spleen : 730

“ Break off, and let your tongues take rest a-  
while :

It is not at this bar you must implead  
This man, a Galilean as it seems ;  
Whom, being such, it is not mine to bear,  
But HEROD's : Let his special tetrarch judge  
‘Twixt him and you : Thither remit your suit.”

This said, he rose, preventing all reply,  
Whilst they, though by procrastination gall'd,  
Yet of their tetrarch confident, submit :  
But nor with HEROD could their malice speed  
To its main purpose : Little care had he  
For all their priestly clamour ; in his thoughts  
Religion had no interest...truth no weight :  
For prophets and for prophecies no ear  
Had he, alike regardless how CHRIST preach'd,  
Or they complain'd ; yet much he wish'd to see  
Some splendid miracle of him perform'd—  
Something to strike his senses with surprise  
And satisfy a wanton curiosity,  
Made eager by the fame of those great works,  
Whereof he much had heard, and nothing seen.  
But when our LORD to all his questions mute  
Nor word nor sign vouchsaf'd, to wrath impell'd,

What by enticements he had fail'd to gain  
By taunts he hop'd to extort ; and now his  
spleen

To impious scorn and mockery gave the reign :  
Forthwith his pris'ner in a gorgeous robe  
Apparell'd as a king, to all his court  
Held up for sport and laughter, he expos'd.  
Loud was the roar of blasphemy the whilst, 760  
And wild the revels of the scoffing throng  
As the lewd orgies of the frantic god,  
Or clamour of that sacrilegious rout,  
When their mad rage the Thracian minstrel tore,  
Whose wonder-working harp could charm the ear  
Of hell, and call dead nature into life.  
The priests look'd on and grinn'd malicious joy ;  
Yet would not HEROD execution doom ;  
Or willing to appease the jealousy  
Of PILATE, or content to mark his scorn 770  
Of JESUS by this arrogant display  
Of mercy, as not dreading whom he spar'd.

Now once again at PILATE's bar he stands,  
Not as before like malefactor ty'd  
And round begirt with cords, but overlaid  
With a rich load of sumptuous mockery ;  
A lamb compell'd to carry the proud spoils  
And guilty trappings of the tyrannous wolf.  
Again the judge with slow unwilling step  
To his tribunal mounts, and thus he speaks :

“You still persist to bring this man to me  
As a perverter of your nation’s faith  
And loyalty: Your witnesses I’ve heard,  
Ponder’d their depositions, and throughout  
Examin’d ev’ry tittle of your charge :  
Him too I’ve question’d in the ears of all  
Here present, and no shadow of offence  
Can I discern to warrant your appeal  
For execution, and pass judgment on him :  
No, nor yet HEROD, for to him I sent 790  
You and your Pris’ner, and behold him freed;  
Nothing is done unto him worthy death :  
I will chastise him therefore and release ;  
Yet this chastisement, rather to allay  
Your anger, than so merited of him,  
I shall inflict. Remember this your feast  
Hath the long plea of custom to be mark’d  
With pardon and forbearance : To reprieve  
One culprit from his sentence I am bound  
No less by inclination than by rule 800  
And usage immemorial : Make your choice !  
But let it fall on innocence, not guilt.”

Instant all voices echo’d forth a cry—  
“Hence with this man ! away with him to death !  
Give us the murd’rer....set Barabbas free :  
Let JESUS perish!”—“ Wherefore ; for what  
crime ?”  
PILATE exclaim’d : “What evil hath he done ?

No cause of death in JESUS can I find,  
Be witness for me, justice, none in him ;  
But for that wretch, on whom ye would bestow  
Pardon misplace'd, so various are his crimes,  
So black their quality, ye cannot name  
A death more terrible than he deserves.  
Take of the guiltless blood what stripes can draw  
To satisfy your longing, but forbear  
To take the life, if not for pity's sake,  
In honor of yourselves, that ye may say,  
There was one prophet, whom ye did not kill."

Loud as the winds that lash the raging seas,  
And all as deaf, redoubling now the roar, 820  
Th' infuriate Jews rend their blaspheming throats  
Howling for blood ; 'till deafen'd with the din  
Of *Crucify him ! crucify him !* (dreadful cry,)  
PILATE, who 'twixt their tumult and the death  
Of that just person saw no middle course,  
By which t' escape, one solemn act prepar'd,  
By expiatory washing of his hands  
In presence of the multitude, to purge  
His soul, and therefore God alone is judge,  
From the pure blood of that devoted Lamb. 830

"Behold!" he cries, "I pour this water forth,  
And therein make ablution of my soul  
From all participation in your crime,  
By washing of my hands from every stain  
Of this inhuman sacrifice, each spot

And sprinkling of this guiltless Victim's blood.  
Rest on your heads the murder ! I am clean."

" This said, he turn'd and fix'd a pitying look  
Upon the **LORD** ; then sigh'd and gave the word ;  
Eager as hounds, when slipp'd upon their prey,  
In rush the throng, and soon the hissing scourge  
Whirl'd with impetuous swing aloud resounds  
Gashing that sacred flesh, whose bleeding stripes  
Heal'd our sin-wounded souls ; upon his brow  
A thorny crown they fix, whose tort'ring spikes,  
Thrust rudely in by sacrilegious hands,  
Furrow his temples, and with crimson streams  
Cover his face divine : Him thus abus'd,  
Mangled with stripes and all o'erbath'd in blood,  
In purple robe they scornfully array 850  
And drag to public view.—"Behold the man!"  
Pilate proclaim'd, with horror in his voice  
And out-stretch'd arm, that pointed to a sight  
Which had to pity mov'd their steely hearts,  
Had they not been of metal forg'd by fiends  
And temper'd in the sternest fires of hell.  
Dry-eyed, as rock of adamant unmov'd,  
Obdurate to his sorrows they look'd on,  
Nor from their crucifying clamour ceas'd,  
Till Pilate, now all hope for JESUS lost, 860  
Yielding to their tumultuous fury, cry'd :  
" Take him, and do your bloody work yourselves :

Impose it not on me ; I find no cause  
Of death, no fault in JESUS. Take ye him  
And crucify him ! Of his guiltless blood,  
Lo ! I am innocent ; see ye to that !”

“ On us and on our children be his blood !”  
Then answer’d all the Jews. Tremendous words,  
Tremendously fulfill’d ! And now afresh  
They clamour for the cross ; when thus the  
judge—

“ Would you that I should crucify your King ?”  
“ We have no king but Cæsar ;” they rejoin,  
“ Nor art thou Cæsar’s friend to spare this man.”  
‘Twas past ; to that dread name the Roman  
bow’d

Obedient, and from his sad heart sigh’d forth  
Th’ extorted doom—death to the Lord of Life !

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

# **CALVARY;**

**OR,**

# **THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

**BOOK VI.**

**Z**

## ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

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Judas Iscariot, seized with remorse, returns the thirty pieces of silver to the priests, and departs. Maimmon re-assumes the habit of a Levite, and meeting Judas, after he had returned the money to the priests, instigates him to destroy himself. That evil spirit now takes wing and repairs to the wilderness...convenes the daemons from all parts of Palestine, and, informing them of Satan's expulsion from earth, warns them by his command to betake themselves to flight, before the hour of Christ's crucifixion. This is no sooner announced, than the whole infernal host breaks up in disorder, and disperses to various parts of the world therein described. The subject of the crucifixion is now brought forward: The procession sets out for Mount Calvary: Christ, bearing his cross, is bewailed by the spectators as he passes: He is seen by Gabriel and the angels with him from the mount, on which they were stationed: He addresses himself to the daughters of Jerusalem: The executioners nail his hands and feet to the cross; the priests revile him, and call upon him to come down; one of the malefactors crucified with him, casts the same in his teeth; he is reproved by the other, whose penitence is rewarded by the promise of immediate salvation and glory. Christ from the cross recommends his mother to John, the beloved disciple. Christ dies. The sun is darkened...the earth quakes...the rocks are rent, and the bodies of the saints and prophets are raised from the dead and appear upon earth. The priests and elders, alarmed by these prodigies, resort to Pilate and demand a guard of Romans to defend the sepulchre, lest the disciples should take away the body of Christ, and pretend that he was risen: Pilate replies, that they have a watch; bids them see to it themselves, and dismisses them.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK VI.

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### THE CRUCIFIXION.

“ON us and on our children be his blood!”—  
Such was your imprecation, O ye Jews,  
When in your sight the world’s Redeemer stood  
Gash’d o’er with wounds, and emptying ev’ry  
vein

For man’s redemption ; and behold ! it flows...  
It whelms upon you in a flood-gate tide ;  
Steep’d to the lips ye are in all the blood  
Of all the righteous shed upon the earth,  
From blood of righteous Abel to the blood  
Of Zechariah, whom your fathers ston’d      40  
Betwixt the altar and the house of God.

Ye have enough ; the mark is on your race ;  
Ye have drawn down the judgment ye provok’d ;  
It rests upon you : Yet for you no rest,  
No station, no abiding-place is found ;  
Strangers and weary wand’rers upon earth,  
If in the dust of your Jerusalem  
With foot proscrib’d ye dare to tread, ye die ;  
A savage race usurps your sacred mount,

And Jordan echoes an unhallow'd name ; 20  
Should ye but stop to shed a filial tear  
Upon the soil where your forefathers sleep,  
Woe to the circumcis'd that so is found !  
Oh ! slew of heart, when will ye understand,  
That thus afflicted, scatter'd and dispers'd  
Through every clime and kingdom of the world,  
Ye are sent forth to publish, as ye pass,  
How truly CHRIST predicted of your fate ;  
And though your lips deny, your sufferings prove  
That prophet JESUS, whom your fathers slew, 30  
Was Saviour, Christ, Messias, Son of God.

Amidst the throng that fill the judgment hall  
Stood JUDAS ; he upon the watch t<sup>o</sup> avoid  
The Master's eye, with caution took his post ;  
Yet was his ear to all that JESUS spake [strong  
Still present, and, though few the words, yet  
And potent of those few th' impressive truth.  
There was a magic sweetness in his voice,  
A note that seem'd to shiver every nerve  
Entwin'd about his heart, though now corrupt,  
Debas'd, and harden'd. Ill could he abide,  
Murderer although he were, the dying tones  
Of Him, whom he had murder'd : 'Twas the  
voice

As of a spirit in the air by night  
Heard in the meditation of some crime,  
Or sleep-created in the troubled ear

Of conscience, crying out, Beware ! It smote  
Upon the soul, for it was CHRIST who spake ;  
Well then might JUDAS tremble : 'Twas the  
traitor

List'ning the plea of innocence betray'd ; 50  
Well might that plea awaken his remorse.  
When the perverting witnesses depos'd  
To crimes of which he knew his Master free,  
The refutation quiver'd on his lips,  
And hard he struggled to bring forth the words,  
Yet could not, tongue-ty'd with despair and  
shame.

But if his hearing so alarm'd his heart,  
What were his feelings, when at times his eye  
Glanc'd on the sacred person of his Lord,  
Bound like a felon, his defenceless hands 60  
In manacles, confin'd behind his back,  
His cheeks with blows sufflated, and his face  
(Oh, piteous !) with blaspheming slaver stain'd :  
Then stripp'd, transform'd, in purple stole ar-  
ray'd,

Saluted with the insolent "All-hail,  
King of the Jews!"—a spectacle of sport  
And merriment to all the scoffing crowd ?  
Could heart of man bear this, who had beheld  
His miracles...his mercies ; prov'd his love...  
His patience...his forbearance ; shar'd his cares,  
His labours and his watchings : heard his voice,

When tempest-tost, rebuke the elements,  
Though silent now amidst the roar of tongues?  
'Twas all that priestly malice could inflict,  
But more than MAMMON's convert could support.  
Yet worse had these tormentors in reserve  
To agonize his soul...another scene  
To shift new horrors on that bloody stage:  
The torturing scourge now sounded in his ears.  
The mangled flesh flew off in tatter'd stripes....  
The crimson stream ran down...the pavement  
drank

Libation of his immolated blood:  
The hall rebeelow'd with the echoing cry  
Of monsters who applauded every stroke;  
Wolves, vultures; Oh, for words to speak them  
worse!

Men turn'd to dæmons. Traitor tho' he were,  
Son of perdition, this was all too much.

“Take hence,” he ery'd, “take back your  
bribe accurst, [coin;  
Damn'd price of damning deed! Tell o'er your  
Count out your thirty pieces; for each piecee 90  
Is thirty thousand daggers to my heart:  
Barthen'd too much already with my sins,  
I should but into worse damnation sink,  
Under this mercenary load opprest.  
I have betray'd the innocent; too late  
For pardon, I am past redemption lost;

Ye may redeem the time, if ye recal  
Your fatal condemnation, and atone  
To that just Person ye have doom'd to death ;  
If not, ye crucify the Lord of Life." 100

This said, he threw the thirty pieces down  
And strait departed ; they to his retort  
Short answer made, remorseless and malign.  
And now disburthen'd of his filthy bribe,  
It seem'd as though his conscience would permit  
A momentary pause, for one short gleam  
Of hope to visit his benighted soul :  
'Twas something like atonement ; 'twas one step  
Turn'd backward from the precipice of sin,  
And pointed tew'rds repentance ; 'twas the last  
Faint effort that reluctant nature made  
To struggle 'gainst self murder : but how vain !  
For MAMMON, once the tyrant of man's heart,  
Ill brooks expulsion thence ; from youth to age,  
From age to life's extremest hour he holds  
Absolute empire ; nor does hell contain  
Spirit so jealous of usurp'd command.  
He in the bosom of those impious priests  
Held high pre-eminence, and them amidst,  
Himself unseen, had noted all that pass'd ; 120  
And much indignant to be now abjur'd  
Of that compunctious traitor, swift as thought.  
(Such was his power of motion,) took the form  
And habit of that Levite, first assum'd,

And him close following to the outward hall,  
There with these taunting words assail'd his ear :

“ A losing game, friend **JUDAS**, thou hast play'd,  
To set thy soul upon a desperate cast,  
And after pay the stake on either side.

What folly is it to be knave by halves !      130  
Who would strike virtue in the face, and then  
Ask pardon for the blow—fall off from truth,  
Enlist with falsehood and take pay for treason,  
Then by a paltry plea of restitution,  
Think to compound one trespass by another...  
Desertion by desertion ? Get thee hence, [dregs  
Thou shame to manhood ! wring out the sad  
Of thy detested life in hopeless tears,  
For thou hast thrown away both worlds at once ;  
All gain in this...all glory in the next.”      140

“ And what art thou,” cried **JUDAS**, “ so to gall  
A wounded spirit, wounded by thy arts,  
Tempter accurst ? Human thou canst not be,  
Else thou would'st find some pity in thy heart  
For wretch like me. Who but thyself seduc'd  
My loyalty from **CHRIST** ? Who sapp'd my faith ?  
Who fix'd this adder to my breast, but thou ?  
Thou, dæmon as thou art, hast hurl'd me down  
From my high hope to fathomless abyss  
Of misery and despair...from heav'n to hell.”

“ Rail not on me,” quoth **MAMMON**, “ but thyself  
And thine own folly ; there the charge were just.

Didst thou not sell thy Master for a bribe ?  
 My part was faithfully perform'd ; the price  
 Condition'd for was paid. What would'st thou  
 more ?

I needed treason, and I sought out thee  
 As fittest for my purpose. Envious, proud,  
 Lustful of pelf, a villain ready made  
 And ripe for mischief, such I mark'd thee down ;  
 Nay, and yet better ; for I thought thee whole  
 And perfect villain with no rotten part  
 Of penitence to mar thee ; but, behold,  
 Thou hast deceived me vilely, and hast got  
 A blinking vice about thee, a perverse  
 And retrograde depravity of soul,  
 That makes thee hateful to my sight. Begone !  
 That thou art wicked put not me to blame ;  
 Hadst thou been constant I had made thee rich,  
 And riches would have sav'd thee from con-  
 tempt ; [vaunt !

Now thou art poor and loathsome. Hence ; a-  
 One remedy I'll give thee for despair...  
 This cord, a remnant of thy Master's bonds—  
 A legacy most opportunely left  
 To heal thy cares and recompense thy love :  
 Take, and apply it to its proper use ;  
 It ty'd his limbs : Let it encase thy throat."

He said, and, stooping, from the pavement  
 took

The cord there left, and hurling it with scorn  
To the desponding traitor, disappear'd.

Now did that wretch the fatal gift reject, 180  
But eager seiz'd the instrument of death,  
And soon within a darksome vault, beneath  
The judgment-hall, fit solitude he found,  
And beam appropriate to his desperate use ;  
Whereto appendant he breath'd out his soul,  
Not daring to put up one prayer for peace .  
At his dark journey's end : but trembling, wild,  
Confus'd, of reason as of hope bereft,  
With heaving breast and ghastly staring eyes,  
There betwixt heav'n and earth, of both re-  
nounce'd, 490

Hung, terrible to sight, a bloated corpse. [sume

Oh ! how shall rash and ignorant man pre-  
To judge for God, and on his narrow scale  
Think to mete out, by limits and degrees,  
Immeasurable mercy ? Who can tell  
How high the sorrows of man's suffering heart  
Ascend tow'rds heaven...how swift contrition  
flies...

What words find passage to the throne of grace,  
What in mid-way are lost, dispers'd in air,  
And scatter'd to the winds ! Oh ! that my harp  
Could sound that happy note, which stirs the  
string

Responsive, that kind Nature hath entwin'd

About the human heart, and by whose clue  
Repentance, heav'ly monitor, reclaims  
The youthful wand'rer from his dang'rous maze  
To tread her peaceful paths, and seek his God :  
So could my fervent, my effectual verse  
Avail, posterity should then engrave  
That verse upon my tomb, to tell the world  
I did not live in vain. But heedless man, 240  
Deaf to the music of the moral song,  
By Mammon or by Belial led from sin  
To sin, runs onward in his mad career ;  
Nor once takes warning of his better guide,  
Till, at the barrier of life's little span  
Arriv'd, he stops : Death opens to his view  
A hideous gulph ; in vain he looks around  
For the lost seraph, Hope ; beside him stands  
The tyrant fiend and urges to the brink ;  
Behind him black despair with threat'ning frown  
And gorgon shield, whose interposed orb  
Bars all retreat, and with its shade involves  
Life's brighter prospects in one hideous night.  
So JUDAS fell ; so like him every wretch,  
By the same filthy Mammon lur'd, shall fall.

Meanwhile the vengeful dæmon unappeas'd,  
Pond'ring the warning of his Stygian lord  
Late driv'n from earth, and mindful that the  
charge  
And conduct of hell's host on him devolv'd

Now claim'd his wariest thoughts, upon the wing  
Sets forth full sail to summon his compeers,  
As many as in that quarter might be found,  
And them apprise of their foul loss incurr'd  
By their great captain's fall, and what dispatch  
Behoves them now put forth timely to 'scape  
Impending danger of their chief foreseen,  
If CHRIST's death-hour should unawares surprize  
Them idly station'd; or with curious gaze  
Hovering about his cross. So forth he goes :  
But first to spy the land he wheels his flight  
Athwart Mount Calvary; and there on guard  
A file of heav'nly warriors he descries  
Covering the sacred hill, and at their head  
GABRIEL in golden panoply array'd,  
Arm'd at all points, commander of the band.  
The fate of SATAN and the recent sight  
Of CHEMOS' ghastly wound, with guilty fears  
Haunting his coward fancy, warn'd him fly  
Beyond the range of that strong spear, from  
which

Spirit more warlike than himself had fled. 250  
As when a pirate galley on the scout,  
Roving the seas of soime strong-guarded coast,  
In bay or inlet moor'd under the lee  
Of headland promontory at anchor spies  
A warlike fleet, whose tow'ring masts and sails  
Unbent for sea, bespeak their ready trim,

Down goes the helm at once; the felon crew  
Bestir all hands and veer the vessel round  
To seaward, then ply oars and sails for life :  
So at the sight of that angelic band, 260  
The Stygian scout wheel'd round and sped his  
flight

Sheer to the wilderness on swiftest wing.  
There on the watch AZAZEL haply found,  
He bade sound forth the loud Satanic trump,  
Heard through all Palestine, at call whereof  
Sp'rits, to whatever element afix'd,  
In troops swift-posting on the charmed winds,  
Came from all parts ; from Sidon and from Tyre  
New ris'n amidst the waves ; from Gaza's coast,  
Meridian limit, to the snow-capt mounts 270  
Hermon and Libanus, and them beyond  
From Epidaphne on Orontes' stream,  
Fam'd for its grove prophetic ; from the banks  
Of Pharphar and Abana, Rimmon's haunts ;  
From Byblus, where Astarte's wanton train  
Howl for the death of Thammuz, yearly lost  
And found as oft by the love-frantic dames.  
These on the desart heath alighting stand  
Obedient to the signal ; all around  
Expeetant of their arch-angelic chief 280  
They cast an anxious look, but look in vain :  
Him in far other region they shall find  
In chains fast bound amidst eternal fires,

His dismal dwelling, for them also reserv'd  
In God's appointed time. To whom the fiend :

“ I muse not, warriors, that ye stand amaz'd  
To see yourselves in absence of our chief  
Here summon'd by this arch-angelic trump,  
Which other breath than his before ne'er fill'd ;  
But public danger urges this bold step, 290  
In me presumptuous, had I not to plead  
Your safety for my warrant, and withal  
His last sad mandate earnestly bequeath'd  
At parting, when, sole witness, I beheld  
His utter loss, discomfiture and flight.

Ah, friends ! how sympathetic with my soul  
Is that deep general groan, which now I hear !  
Full cause, immortal mourners, have we all  
To groan and beat our breasts ; nor I the least,  
Whose melancholy task it is to pour 300  
These heavy tidings in your grieved ears.  
But let us yet remember what we are,  
And be not therefore heartless, though bereft  
Of him, who was the head and brain of all:  
Many and mighty are the chiefs yet left,  
Though he, prime chief, no longer shall review  
This widow'd host. Of SATAN the return  
Is desp'rate, such a whirlwind caught him up,  
So strong a southern blast at CHRIST's command  
Blew him beyond the stretch of angel ken 310  
Right onward to the realm of ancient Night

Impetuous through the empyrean void  
Sheer on the level wing. Of him the fate  
Is worse than doubtful ; of his Victor's power  
And Godhead irresistible what proof  
Greater than this sad downfall can we need,  
Or after such example what provoke ?  
Behoves us now prepare for instant flight ;  
This our late chief, prophetic in his fall,  
With his last words enjoin'd me to propound 320  
To these our legions scatter'd o'er the coasts  
Of Palestine, whom else the coming hour  
Of CHRIST's mysterious passion shall involve  
In like disgrace and ruin with your prince,  
Who to his latest moment upon earth  
Was studious of your safety. I have now,  
In words unworthy of my charge, yet such  
As heart o'erwhelm'd with sorrow can supply,  
Surrender'd to your ears my painful trust.  
But whither to repair, whom to elect 330  
As captain and conductor of this host, [mand  
Now heedless, conscious that such high com-  
With none but with the worthiest should be  
lodg'd,  
I, as becomes me, to your wiser thoughts  
Submit, and with the general choice shall close."

No more ; for now, with sudden panic seiz'd,  
The Stygian host, no voice imperial heard  
Nor rule nor order kept, uprose at once,

Disbanded, lawless ; dreadful was the yell  
Of that infernal rout—a swarm as thick 340  
As locusts, making horrid night beneath  
Their wings, that with like clangor beat the air,  
As of a floek of cormorants disturb'd  
From some lone island on the rocky coast  
Of Chili, where they haunt ; so they with cry  
More hideous mount, there hover for a while,  
Then to all points disperse, as chance falls out,  
Or short consult prescribes. Some to the south,  
With Isis and Osiris at their head,  
To Memphis, Thin and Tamis take their flight ;  
There with the bestial deities to herd,  
Birds, serpents, reptiles, monsters of the Nile,  
Gods that would half unfurnish Noah's ark :  
Some with Melcartus, demi-god of Tyre,  
Light short, and in its temple refuge take,  
Where, arm'd with massy club and lion hide,  
His huge athletic idol frowning stands :  
Others with Rimmon eastward wing their way  
To fam'd Damascus ; there in bow'ring shades  
By rilling fountains on the flow'ry turf 360  
To doze away the soft oblivious hours,  
A slumb'ring synod : Some the golden spires  
Of Nineveh attract and Nisroe's fane,  
Stain'd with Sennacherib's imperial blood,  
There by the parricidal princes shed.  
To Byblus and Belitus others speed,

Light feathery wantons, by Astarte led,  
With loose-love ditties and soft smiles lur'd on  
To page her pride and deck her am'rous sports :  
But of the rest far greater part repair      370  
To high Olympus, where presides the power  
Of thund'ring Baal ; he that station keeps  
Pre-eminent, o'er all the idol gods,  
And in his festive hall rich nectar quaffs  
With purple lips, and midnight revels holds,  
Luxurious, sensual, lewd, in vice immers'd :  
Yet some there were, and of no vulgar note,  
Who, (grief to tell !) to the biforked mount  
Flew off, and there with the Parnassian maids  
Held shameful dalliance ; from whose lewd em-  
brace      380

Descended a whole family of bards  
Corruptive, illegitimate, and base ;  
A spurious breed of wickedness and wit ;  
A Muse's genius with a dæmon's heart :  
MAMMON, meanwhile, a solitary sprite,  
Selfish, morose, and e'en by dev'l's abhorr'd,  
Hied him alone, on sordid thoughts intent,  
To rummage in Paetolus' sands for gold ;  
None join'd, nor sought he partner in his flight,  
His sole ambition to engross and hoard.      390

Now came the awful consummation on,  
The hour of promise, dimly shadow'd out  
By types and prophecies, when from the womb

Of mystery, long travailing in pains [forth  
And groanings, now in ripe time should spring  
Her full form'd revelation, to dispel

The Obscure of ancient days, and usher in  
Twin birth of Immortality and Life.

Now God, by th' off'ring of his only Son,  
The type of Abraham's sacrifice fulfill'd, 400  
Who, though unconscious of that type, by faith  
Righteous, was of the promises made heir.

And now, as Moses in the wilderness  
Lifted the serpent, so the son of Man  
Exalted on the cross shall heal the world  
Of sin, and expiate the wide-wasting plague.  
Now the peace-offering of the spotless Lamb,  
By one conclusive Passover, shall rend

The law's symbolic veil, and all absolve,  
Whose consciences are sprinkled with his blood,  
From punishment entail'd upon the world

By man's first disobedience. Forth he comes  
From condemnation : Ye, too, from your tombs  
Come forth, ye prophets !—Son of Amoz, thou

Prepare for resurrection : Come and see,  
Not darkly as in a glass, but face to face,  
The object of thy vision—Him, the man  
Of sorrows—Him, who like a lamb is brought  
To slaughter : Mark the travail of his soul ;  
Witness how he is stricken for our sins, 420  
Witness how we are healed by his stripes,

And by the note and comment of his death  
Construe thine own predictions. Forth he  
comes,

From condemnation, under Roman guard,  
Bearing his cross : Upon his bleeding brow,  
Ensigh alike of royalty and woe,  
A thorny crown ; no friendly hand is found  
To wipe away the tear, mingled with blood,  
That hangs upon his cheek : The soldiers cry,  
" Room for the criminal !" and rest their pikes  
To keep the crowd aloof ; staggering beneath  
The ponderous burthen of his cross he faints,  
And sinks to earth o'erspent, till one is found,  
A sturdy stranger of Cyrenian birth,  
On whom to lay the venerable load.

Hail, SIMON ! blessed above men wert thou,  
If faith in Him who suffer'd on that cross  
Glow'd in thy heart and furnish'd thee with zeal  
To render this last service to thy Lord.

Without the city walls there was a Mount 440  
Call'd CALVARY : The common grave it was  
Of malefactors ; there to plant his cross  
It was decreed : Long was the way to death,  
And, like the ascent to glory, hard to climb.  
Upon the summit stood the angel troop,  
Of MAMMON seen, though to man's filmed eye  
Invisible. Here GABRIEL, from the height  
Noting the sad procession, had espy'd

The suffering Son of God amidst the throng,  
Dragg'd slowly on by rude and rufian hands  
To shameful execution : Horror-struck,  
Piere'd to the heart, th' indignant seraph shook  
His threat'ning spear, and with the other hand  
Smote on his thigh, in agony of soul  
For man's ingratitude ; glist'ning with tears  
His eyes, whence late celestial sweetness  
beam'd,

Now shot a fiery glance on them below,  
Then raising them to heav'n, he thus exclaim'd :

“ Oh ! that the Everlasting would permit  
His angels to chastise these impious men, 460  
And from their hands his holy Son redeem,  
Whom in the heav'n of heav'ns we have beheld  
Beloved of the Father, ever blest,  
At the right hand of pow'r in glory thron'd !  
But this for purposes beyond our reach  
God, ever wise, forbids ; and who against  
God's interdict shall stir ? Therefore retire,  
Stand off and wait the time ! If CHRIST com<sup>as</sup>  
We are his ministers to do his will, [mands,  
Be it to lift this mountain from its base 470  
And whelm it on his murderers ; if not,  
Patient spectators we must here abide,  
And let the sacrilegious work proceed ;  
Knowing that God hath said, I will revenge :  
Vengeance belongeth to the Lord alone.”

Now on the news of their great Prophet's fate  
Each heart with fearfulness and trembling seiz'd,  
Through all Jerusalem the tumult ran ;  
Native or stranger, aged or infirm,  
None in the Holy City now kept house : 480  
Where'er the Saviour pass'd, his presence drew  
Thousands to gaze ; and many an aching heart  
Heav'd silent the last tributary sigh  
In memory of his mercies ; zealous some  
Rush'd in the grateful blessing to bestow  
For health, or limbs, or life itself restor'd :  
But these the soldiers rudely thrust aside,  
And some with brutal violence they smote,  
Thick'ning their files to hem their pris'ner close,  
As fearful of a rescue. Loud the cry 490  
Of women, whose soft sex to pity prone,  
Melts at those scenes, which flinty-hearted man  
Dry-ey'd contemplates : Mothers in their arms  
Held up their infants, and with shrill acclaim  
Begg'd a last blessing for those innocents,  
Whose sweet simplicity so well he lov'd,  
And ever as he met them laid his hands  
Upon their harmless heads, with gentle loye  
And gracious benediction, breathing heav'n  
Into their hearts. Oh ! happy babes, so blest !  
Fenc'd in with shields and spears, and com-  
pass'd round  
With Roman guards, the persecuting priests,

Elders and scribes follow'd their victim's steps  
Amidst the scoffs and hissings of the crowd ;  
And still as CHRIST approach'd the fatal spot,  
Loud and more loud the sad lamentings grew,  
Till at the foot of the funeral mount  
Arriv'd he stopt, and turning to the group  
Of mourners, these prophetic words address'd :

“ Daughters of Solyna, weep not for me, 510  
Weep rather for yourselves and for your babes ;  
For lo ! the dawn of sorrows is at hand ;  
The dread prediction presses to the birth,  
When through Jerusalem a voice shall cry,  
Give thanks, ye childless matrons, and confess  
A barren bed, your worst misfortune deem'd,  
Now your best best blessing : Break forth into  
joy,

Ye, at whose breasts no infant ever hung,  
For ye have none to mourn. Now to the clefts  
And caverns of the mountains they shall say 520  
“ Fall on us, cover us, ye rocky vaults,  
And hide us from this wrath ! For if with us  
Already it begins, what shall the end  
Of the ungodly and the sinner be !  
If the green tree cannot abide the storm,  
How shall the dry escape ? ”—And now no more.  
Upon the summit of Mount CALVARY  
They rear his cross ; conspicuous there it stands  
An ensign of salvation to the world.

Kneel, all ye Christian nations ! bow your hearts  
And worship your Redeemer, in whose death  
Ye live, and from whose issuing wounds flows  
life, [flows

By his blood purchas'd ; hope's best promise  
Of joys immortal for the just reserv'd.

The soldiers, now by their centurion form'd  
In hollow orb around the cross, begin  
Their horrid prelude to the murd'rous scene ;  
And first his vesture, their accustom'd spoil  
And perquisite, they part ; but for his coat  
From top to bottom woven without seam, 540  
That they rend not, but on it cast their lots  
Whose it shall be entire. Upon his cross  
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, they inscribe,  
(So PILATE will'd, though by the priests oppos'd)  
"JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS!"  
This title in three several tongues display'd,  
Read all those crucifyers of their King,  
And murmur'd as they read ; hard to the last,  
Obdurate, unbelieving. Now began  
The executioners to spread his arms [palms]  
Upon the beam transverse, and through his  
(Monsters of cruelty !) and through his feet  
They drove their spiked nails ; whilst at the  
clang

Of those dire engines every feeling heart  
Utter'd a groan, that with the mingled shrieks

Of mothers and of children pierc'd the air.  
The priests and elders gnash'd their teeth for  
rage

And rancorous spite to hear him so bewail'd :  
Women dropp'd down convuls'd, and on the spot  
Let fall their burthens immature for birth. 560  
Words fail to paint the horrors of that scene :  
The very soldiers paus'd and stood aghast,  
Musing what these lamentings might portend ;  
Scarce dar'd they to pursue the dreadful work,  
Awe-struck, and gazing on the face divine  
Of the suspended Saviour. He, tho' stretch'd  
Upon the rack of agony, to heav'n  
Raising his eyes—"Father of mercy," cry'd,  
"Forgive them, for they know not what they  
do!"

O ruthless murd'rers ! could ye hear these  
words 570

And yet persist ? Blasphemers ! can ye read  
And not adore ? The people stand at gaze :  
The rulers, eager to provoke anew  
Their quailing resolution, with one voice  
Cry out amain—"Ah ! thou, that on the cross  
Now hangeſt....thou, that boastedſt to destroy  
Our temple and rebuild it in three days,  
Where art thou ? If thou be the very CHRIST,  
The King of Israel, now come down, descend  
And save thyſelf ; this ſeeing, we will then

Confess thee and believe. But 'tis in vain ;  
 He hears not...he replies not...he expires :  
 Others he sav'd ; himself he cannot save."

Peace, peace, revilers ! nor expect reply :  
 Think not that CHRIST, thus dying for mankind,  
 Will from his great commission turn aside  
 And stop the sacrifice and quit the cross,  
 On which his body offer'd up for sin  
 As on an altar lies. Your taunts he hears ;  
 Yet will he not descend call'd down by you, 590  
 Nor at the door of death shrink back and leave  
 Short of perfection his all-glorious work.  
 But wait the time, and greater sign than this  
 Ye shall behold, when, rising from the dead  
 And incorruptible, he shall return  
 On earth, triumphant o'er the cross and death,  
 Yet, such is the perverseness of your hearts,  
 Him nor descending would ye now believe,  
 Nor re-ascending would ye then confess.

And now behold ! on either side the cross 600  
 Of CHRIST a wretched malefactor hung,  
 Groaning and writhing in the pangs of death :  
 When one of these, encourag'd by the taunts  
 Of the reviling priests, scornful exclaims—  
 " Hear'st thou not what they say ? If thou be  
 CHRIST,  
 Why art thou in this torture ? Save thyself,  
 And us thy fellows from this cross redeem."

This when his penitent companion heard,  
New horrors smote his heart...his fault'ring voice  
He rais'd, and thus the blasphemy rebuk'd : 610

“ Hast thou no fear of God, expiring wretch ?  
Stretch'd as thou art upon the tree of death,  
Hast thou no terror for the wrath to come ?  
And truly we the merited reward  
Of our ill deeds receive ; but this just Man,  
What hath he done ? In him no fault is found.”

This said, the penitent, with faith inspir'd,  
Upon the Saviour turn'd his dying eyes,  
And, “ Lord !” he cry'd, with supplicating voice,  
“ When to thy heav'nly kingdom thou shalt come,  
Oh then remember me !”—To him the Lord—  
“ I tell thee of a truth : this very day  
Thou shalt be found in paradise with me.”

Oh ! words of joy, that breathe into the ear  
Of the expiring penitent the pledge  
Of pardon and acceptance : Words, that waft  
The soul, yet hovering on the lips of faith,  
Into the heav'n of heav'ns ; with grateful heart  
We hail the glorious promise, which unfolds  
The gates of bliss, and present entrance gives  
To the repentant sinner. Now no more  
Conjecture ponders on the life to come ;  
Our dying Saviour draws aside the veil,  
Through which dim reason caught a doubtful  
glimpse

Of shadowy realms, that, stretch'd beyond the grave,

Elysian scenes in clouds and mist involv'd.

Yet with this comfort take the caution too ;

For who shall say what penitence was his,

That earn'd this promise ? Fatally he errs,

Whose hope fore-runs repentance—who presumes 640

That Ged will pardon when he's tir'd of sin,

And like a stale companion casts it off.

Oh ! arrogant, delusive, impious thought,

To meditate commodious truce with heav'n,

When death's swift arrow smites him unprepar'd;

And that protracted moment never comes,

Or comes too late. Turn, then, presumptuous man,

Turn to the other sinner on the cross,

Who died reviling ; there behold thy doom !

Thou, too, the Virgin Mother of our Lord, 650

By the angelic salutation hail'd

Blest above women, thou amidst the group

Of sympathizing mourners at that hour

Wast present, when th' incarnate Virtue, born

Of thine immae'late womb, pregn'd of heav'n,

Hung on the cross expiring. He from thence

On thee, disconsolate, a dying look

Of tenderest pity cast, and at thy side

Noting the meek disciple whom he lov'd,

Thus both address'd : " Woman, behold thy Son ;

Son, look upon thy mother!"—Sacred charge,  
And piously fulfill'd.—Now darkness fell  
On all the region round; the shrowded sun  
From the impen'tent earth withdrew his light:  
"I thirst!" the Saviour cry'd, and lifting up  
His eyes in agony, "My God, my God!  
Ah! why hast thou forsaken me?" exclaim'd.

Yet deem him not forsaken of his God:  
Beware that error: 'Twas the mortal part  
Of his compounded nature breathing forth 670  
Its last sad agony; that so complain'd:  
Doubt not that veil of sorrow was withdrawn,  
And heav'nly comfort to his soul vouchsaf'd,  
Ere thus he cried—"Father! into thy hands  
My spirit I commend:" Then bow'd his head  
And died. Now GABRIEL and his heav'nly  
choir

Of minist'ring angels hov'ring o'er the cross  
Receiv'd his sp'rit, at length from mortal pangs  
And fleshly pris'n set free, and bore it thence  
Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold 680  
A prodigy that to the world anhounc'd  
A new religion and dissolv'd the old:  
The temple's sacred vail was rent in twain  
From top to bottom 'midst th' attesting shocks  
Of earthquake and the rending up of graves:  
Now those mysterious symbols, heretofore  
Curtain'd from vulgar eyes, and holiest deem'd

Of holies, were display'd to public view :  
The mercy-seat with its cherubic wings  
O'ershadow'd and the golden ark beneath 690  
Covering the testimony, now through the rent  
Of that dissever'd vail first saw the light ;  
A world redeem'd had now no further need  
Of types and emblems, dimly shadowing forth  
An angry Deity withdrawn from sight,  
And canopied in clouds : Him face to face  
Now in full light reveal'd the dying breath  
Of his dear Son appeas'd, and purchas'd peace  
And reconcilement for offending man.

Thus the partition wall, by Moses built, 700  
By CHRIST was levell'd, and the Gentile world  
Enter'd the breach by their great Captain led  
Up to the throne of grace, opening himself  
Through his own flesh a new and living way.  
Then were the oracles of God made known  
To all the nations, sprinkled by the blood  
Of Jesus, and baptiz'd into his death ;  
So was the birth-right of the elder-born,  
Heirs of the promise, forfeited ; whilst they,  
Whom sin had erst in bondage held, made free  
From sin, and servants of the living God,  
Now gain'd the gift of God, eternal life.  
Soon as these signs and prodigies were seen  
Of those who watch'd the cross, conviction smote  
Their fear-struck hearts : The sun at noon-day  
dark,

The earth convulsive underneath their feet,  
And the firm rocks, in shiver'd fragments rent,  
Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.  
Then was our Lord by heathen lips confess'd,  
When the centurion cry'd : " In very truth 720  
This righteous Person was the Son of God ;"  
The rest, in heart assenting, stood abash'd,  
Watching in silence the tremendous scene.  
The recollection of his gracious acts,  
His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunts  
Now rose in sad review ; too late they wish'd  
The deed undone, and, sighing, smote their  
breasts. [forth,

Straight from God's presence went that angel  
Whose trumpet shall call up the sleeping dead  
At the last day, and bade the saints arise 730  
And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,  
The day-spring of salvation. Forth they came  
From their dark tenements, their shadowy forms  
Made visible as in their fleshly state,  
And through the holy city here and there  
Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day with fear  
And wonder seen of many : Holy seers,  
Prophets, and martyrs from the grave set free,  
And the first-fruits of the redeemed dead.  
They, who with CHRIST transfigur'd on the  
mount  
Were seen of his disciples in a cloud

Of dazzling glory, now, in form distinct,  
Mingling amidst the public haunts of men,  
Struck terror to all hearts : Ezekiel there,  
The captive seer, to whom on Chebar's banks  
The heav'ns were open'd, and the fatal roll  
Held forth, with dire denunciations fill'd  
Of lamentation, mourning and of woe,  
Now falling fast on Israel's wretched race :  
He too was there, Hilkiah's holy son, 750  
With loins close girt and glowing lips of fire  
By God's own finger touch'd : There might be  
seen

The youthful prophet, Belteshazzar nam'd  
Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,  
Knowledge of God bestow'd, in visions skill'd  
And fair and learn'd and wise : The Baptist  
here,  
Girt in his hairy mantle, frowning stalk'd,  
And, pointing to his ghastly wound, exclaim'd :  
" Ye vipers ! whom my warning could not  
move

Timely to flee from the impending wrath 760  
Now fallen on your heads ; whom I indeed  
With water, CHRIST hath now with fire baptiz'd :  
Barren ye were of fruits, which I prescrib'd  
Meet for repentance ; and behold ! the axe  
Is laid to the unprofitable root  
Of every sapless tree, hewn down, condemn'd,

And cast into the fire. Lo ! these are they,  
These shadowy forms now floating in your sight,  
These are the harbingers of ancient days,  
Who witness'd the Messias, and announce'd 770  
His coming upon earth. Mark with what scorn  
Silent they pass you by : Them had ye heard.,,  
Them had ye noted with a patient mind,  
Ye had not crucified the Lord of Life :  
He of these stones to Abraham shall raise up  
Children, than you more worthy of his stock ;  
And now his winnowing fan is in his hand,  
With which he'll purge his floor, and having  
stor'd

The precious grain in garners, will consume  
With fire unquenchable the refuse chaff. 780

Thus the terrific Vision in the ears  
Of the astonish'd multitude declaim'd  
With threat'ning voice, and wrung their con-  
scious hearts ; [scorn

Whilst the blaspheming priests, who in their  
Triumphant saw the Saviour of the world  
Expiring on the cross and deem'd him lost,  
Now by the resurrection of the saints,  
Usher'd on earth with prodigies and signs,  
Confounded and amaz'd, began to doubt  
If yet the sepulchre had power to keep 790  
Its crucified possessor safe in hold,  
And with these thoughts perplex'd, masking  
their fears

Under pretence of caution, they repair  
 To PILATE and demand a Roman guard  
 To watch the tomb of CHRIST ; and then they  
 add—

“ For we remember that Deceiver said,  
 Whilst he was yet alive, “ after three days  
 I will again arise : ” therefore we pray  
 Command the sepulchre to be made sure  
 Till the third day, lest his disciples come 800  
 By night, and craftily remove him thence ;  
 So the last error shall outgo the first.”

But PILATE, whose unrighteous judgment  
 still

Sate heavy on his heart, had little care  
 For what might them befall, and to their suit  
 Briefly reply’d—“ Why do ye ask of me  
 That custody, which in yourselves ye have ?  
 Take your own watch and to their charge com-  
 mit

The safeguard of that body, which, though dead,  
 Keeps yet alive your fears : ’Tis your own cause,  
 As such I leave it with you ; so begone ! ”

He said, and turn’d aside ; nor did they tempt  
 Further discourse, but murmur’ring went their  
 way.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

ГИШЕР 30 ПРЕДСНЕТ

СУХОДОЛ

**CALVARY;**

**OR,**

**THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

**BOOK VII.**

## ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

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This book opens with the scene of Mount Calvary at the coming on of evening: Christ still hanging dead upon the cross, the disciples standing apart, and the holy women watching, amongst whom is the Blessed Virgin, supported by St. John, Christ having bequeathed her to his care. His address to her on this subject, and her reply. The soldiers come and break the legs of the two malefactors; but finding Christ already dead, they pierce his heart with a spear, and blood and water issue from the wound. They take him down from the cross, and lay him in the sepulchre. His spirit, in the meanwhile, is conveyed by the angels into the regions of Death; that region described, and the distant prospect of the bottomless pit, where the souls of the wicked are in torment. Christ points out those scenes to Gabriel, and instructs him as to the future objects of his descent into this gloomy region. Satan, expelled from earth, falls prostrate at the foot of the throne of Death; he makes suit to that power for protection. Death rejects his intercessions. The person and palace of the King of Terrors described. The triumphant entry of Christ. Satan is hurled into the bottomless pit, and there bound by the strong angel; the horrors of that dreadful abode are represented. Death humbles himself before the Redeemer of mankind, and, conscious that his power is overthrown, tenders his crown to Christ as his conqueror. He lays the key at his feet, which sets free the souls of the Saints, who are destined to be partakers of the first resurrection. This key is given to Gabriel, with instructions for their release. Christ, in his reply to Death, forewarns him of his doom; but signifies to him that the dissolution of his power will not be immediate. The approach of the Saints concludes the book.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK VII.

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### THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

NOW Hesperus renew'd his evening lamp,  
And hung it forth amid the turbid sky,  
To mark the close of this portentous day :  
The lab'ring sun, in his mid-course eclips'd,  
Darkling at length had reach'd his western goal ;  
And now it seem'd as if all nature slept,  
O'erspent and wearied with convulsive throes.  
Upon his cross the martyr'd Saviour hung ;  
Pale thro' the twilight gleam'd his breathless  
corpse

And silvery white, as when the moon-beam plays  
On the smooth surface of the glassy lake ;  
His thorn-crown'd head upon his breast reclin'd ;  
His arms were wide out-spread, as if in act  
T' embrace and welcome the converted world :  
So were they late expanded, when he cry'd—  
“ Come, all ye heavy laden, come to me,  
And I will give you rest !” Death hath not dar'd  
To rob those features of one heav'nly grace ;  
Nor had the worm authority to taint

That incorruptible and hallow'd shrine      20  
Wherein his purity had deign'd to dwell.  
The living saints here mingling with the dead  
Stood round, in pensive meditation wrapt,  
Silent spectators of the awful scene :  
There his disciples, in a group apart,  
Like frighted sheep that cluster in a storm,  
Throng'd each on other, interchanging looks  
Of sorrow and despair : no voice was heard,  
No utterance but of sighs ; though all had need  
Of comfort, none had comfort to bestow.      30

But PETER, in whose self-accusing breast [out  
Grief roll'd in tempests, had the whilst chos'n  
A solitary spot, where at his length  
Outstretch'd, with face incumbent on the ground,  
He lay like one whom fortune had cast off,  
Of all hope 'reft, most wretched and forlorn.

There too the holy Mother might be seen,  
Like Rizpah, watching o'er her murder'd son,  
Rooted in earth, a monument of woe.  
Beside her, bath'd in sympathizing tears,      40  
First in his Master's love, as meek of soul,  
Stood JOHN, adopted by his dying Lord  
Son and supporter of that mournful saint.  
At length with reverend love he turn'd his eyes  
Upon the Virgin Mother, and thus spake :  
“ Oh thou ! participant with God himself  
In his incarnate Offspring, if I claim

The glorious title, which my dying Lord  
On me, thy servant ever, now thy son,  
Gracious bequeath'd, let not my words offend. 50  
High honor, and a trust than life more dear,  
Hath CHRIST by this adoption deign'd to cast  
On me unmeriting ; yet well I heard  
Those sacred words—"Mother, behold thy son ;  
Son, look upon thy mother!" Yes, I heard,  
And treasuring in my heart the rich bequest,  
Bow'd and obey'd : E'en then my zeal had spoke  
The dictates of devotion, had I dar'd  
To break the awful silence of that hour,  
Or sacrilegiously divert the ear 60  
Of mute attention, whilst those lips divine,  
Those living oracles, had breath to move ;  
Now mute, alas ! for He is now no more,  
Who had the words of life : Our hope is quench'd,  
Our glory vanish'd. See ! the deed is done :  
Those murderers have kill'd the Prince of Peace.  
Cold on the cross, and stiff'ning in the wind,  
To the rude elements his corpse is left ;  
Nor is there found, who shall provide a grave  
For the sad relies of the Son of God. 70  
But lo ! the heav'ns, that three long hours have  
mourn'd  
In darkness, now throw off their sable shroud :  
The earth no longer quakes beneath our feet—  
The shatter'd rocks subside—Nature is calm,

The sun unmasks, and through disparted clouds  
With ruddy twilight streaks the western sky.  
And may not we, since God hath now withdrawn  
His terrors and assuag'd the wrathful sky,  
May not we hope, that as his light revives  
At the third hour, so of his blessed Son      80  
The promis'd resurrection to new life  
At the third day shall also come to pass ?  
When, as the sun emerging from eclipse  
Darkness dispels, so CHRIST from out the grave  
Arising, shall dispel our dark despair ?”

To him the holy mother thus replied :  
“ Thou meek disciple, in thy Master’s love  
Pre-eminently blest, since He, whose will  
Should govern, so decrees it, from this hour  
Henceforth I lodge thee in a mother’s heart 90  
And hold thee as my son ; for I perceive  
CHRIST from his human nature is withdrawn,  
And to mortality hath render’d back  
All that from me a mortal he receiv’d :  
His incorruptible now lives with God,  
And in that glory I no part must claim ;  
Flesh cannot share with spirit. Henceforth  
thou,  
Thou art my son adopted in the place  
Of that incarnate Virtue, of whose birth  
Miraculous the eastern star gave sign,      100  
And angels witness’d him the Son of God.

And now, behold ! what wonders mark his death :  
 Whence are these prodigies ? What but the hand  
 Of God can shake the pillars of the earth,  
 Seal up the sun, and rend these rocks in twain...  
 Turn day to night, tear down the temple veil,  
 Break up the graves and bid the saints come  
 forth ?

Lo, where they pass as sensible to sight  
 As in broad day substantial man to man.

And can we ask if he be very CHRIST, 110  
 Whom stars and angels usher'd into birth ?  
 Can we doubt Him on whom the Sp'rit of God  
 Dove-like descended ? Can we stop our ears  
 Against a voice from heav'n ? Are we so blind,  
 Dull, and insensible, not to behold  
 That sun emergent, and these moving shapes,  
 That to re-visit earth have left their graves,  
 Awaken'd as from sleep ? If these can rise—  
 If these, whose bones are moulder'd into dust,  
 On whom the worm hath fed for ages, men 120  
 As mortal as ourselves, can re-ascend  
 Out of the pit, do not these signs bespeak  
 His second coming, who is LORD and CHRIST ?  
 He shail, He shall return upon the earth  
 Victorious over death, and we, though now  
 Humbled in heart and for a season sad,  
 Yet wav'ring not in faith and holding fast  
 The anchor of our hope, shall yet again

Behold his glory ; and as now his death  
 Turns day to night, his resurrection then 130  
 Shall into joy convert our present gloom.  
 But see, where PETER prostrate on the earth  
 Is lost in sorrow : Haste and bid him rise ;  
 Tell him the day's at hand when he must work.  
 Hath he not heard, the servant shall not sleep  
 In his Lord's absence ? Strengthen thou his  
 heart !”

So spake these saints, and each to other gave  
 Alternate solace ; faith inspiring hope,  
 And hope assuaging woe. At PETER's side  
 Behold the meek disciple—“ Up !” he cries,  
 “ Awake and put on strength : The Virgin  
 Saint,

The Mother of our Lord, bids thee awake.  
 Unprofitable grief availeth nought,  
 But godly sorrow is approv'd in works [dead,  
 Meet for repentance. Up ! for CHRIST, though  
 Yet speaketh, and shall come again on earth :  
 Woe to that servant, therefore, whom his Lord  
 Shall find thus sleeping ; great shall be his  
 wrath.” \* [up ;

This said, he reach'd his hand and rais'd him  
 He stood and spake—“ Servant, of CHRIST ap-  
 prov'd, 150  
 Thee and thy blessed Sender I obey :  
 Yet doth my heart, by deep remorse subdu'd.

Press downward to the dust. A wretch I am,  
Who hath deny'd his Lord: What can I do,  
A miserable man? O righteous JOHN,  
When thou shalt spread abroad, as sure thou wilt,  
The direful doings of this fatal day,  
And publish to mankind the wond'rous love  
Of CHRIST thus dying for them, I conjure thee  
Be faithful to the truth—screen not my crime,  
Foul though it be, but let the nations know  
PETER, who vaunted of himself, was false;  
So shall they reap instruction from my shame,  
And by despising me correct themselves."

Thus spake the contrite saint, when now the priests,

Whose custom was upon this solemn eve  
To purge their Golgotha from human blood,  
Sent forth their guard official to remove  
CHRIST and the slaves convict before the dawn  
Of that great day, too hallow'd to permit 170  
Their bodies fest'ring on th' ill-omen'd cross.  
And lo! the soldiers so encharg'd arrive,  
Survey the victims and begin the work:  
But first the pond'rous sledge with horrid crash  
Descending breaks the knees and ankle joints  
Of these two criminals; for stubborn life  
Still hover'd on their lips, and now and then  
Their heaving bosoms fetch'd a deep-drawn sigh,  
Like the slow swell of seas without a wind.

But when the Saviour's body they approach'd  
And saw there needed not a second blow  
To make his death secure, the word of God  
Prophetic mov'd their else obdurate hearts  
To break no limb; yet one so destin'd, thrust  
His spear into his side, and forthwith flow'd  
Water and blood from the heart-piercing wound:  
So deep the stab, that to life's citadel,  
Had life remain'd, the mortal point had reach'd  
And there had finish'd it. Meanwhile, behold!  
JOSEPH arrives; a counsellor was he, 190  
But not for death, and rich and just withal;  
In Ramoth born, where Samuel first drew breath,  
And as his heart in righteousness and faith  
Stood firm with CHRIST whilst living, so his zeal  
An honorable interment to bestow  
On his dead master, prompted him to make  
Bold suit to PILATE for the lifeless corpse,  
Nor fail'd he of his suit; therefore he came,  
So favor'd, to receive the precious charge  
Of those dear relics, and with decent rites 200  
Commit them to the grave: Spear'd to the  
heart,  
And death with double diligence ensur'd,  
The body they take down; the hands and feet  
Pierce'd thro' with nails, and all besmear'd with  
blood,  
(O piteous spectacle!) which to behold

And by the evidence of sense compel  
The faithless and reluctant to believe.  
And now they place the body on the bier,  
Cleans'd of the blood, and wrapt in seemly cloths :  
Then under guard convey it to the vault  
Hewn in the rock, where never corpse was laid,  
And there consign it to its dark abode,  
Rolling a massy fragment to the door,  
Unwieldy, vast ; and having seal'd the stone,  
They post their centinels, and so depart. [free

Meanwhile th' unhoused spirit of CHRIST, set  
From gross communion with his earthly clay,  
Borne with the meteor's speed upon the wings  
Of mightiest cherubim, had now approach'd  
The dark confines of Death's engulph'd domain :  
Here at the barrier of that vast profound      230  
On the firm adamant, from whence uprose  
The tow'ring structure of hell's ebon gate,

The heav'nly visitant descending bade  
His cherub bearers stoop their wings, on which  
As in a plamy chariot he rode ;  
And now alighted on the dreadful brink,  
The Saviour paus'd and downward cast his eye  
O'er that immeasurable blank, the grave  
Of universal Nature, founded then  
And charter'd to the gloomy powers of sin 240  
And Death, sin-born, when the primeval pair  
Lost immortality and fell from God.

The starry lamps of heav'n here lost their light,  
No sun-beam ever reach'd this dismal realm :  
Yet in CHRIST's sp'rit divine that living light,  
Which from the father of creation flow'd  
Before all time, inherently supplied  
Self-furnish'd vision to explore the bounds  
Of that oblivious pit, in whose dark womb  
Myriads of unredeemed souls were plung'd ;  
All who of human birth had pass'd that gate  
From righteous Abel, the first fruit of death,  
To him, whose heart had newly ceas'd to beat,  
Were in that gulph immers'd. At farthest end  
Of that obscure a pillary cloud arose [steam'd ;  
Of sulph'rous smoke, that from hell's crater  
Whence here and there by intermittent gleams  
Blue flashing fires burst forth, that sparkling  
blaz'd  
Up to the iron roof, whose echoing vault

Resounded ever with the dol'rous groans 260  
Of the sad crew beneath : Thence might be  
heard

The wailing suicide's remorseful plaint....  
The murd'rer's yelling scream, and the loud cry  
Of tyrants in that fiery furnace hurl'd,  
Vain cry ! the unmitigated furies urge  
Their ruthless task, and to the cauldron's edge  
With ceasless toil huge blocks of sulphur roll,  
Pil'd mountains high to feed the greedy flames :  
All these, th' accursed brood of Sin, were once  
The guilty pleasures, the false joys, that lur'd 270  
Their sensual vot'ries to th' infernal pit :  
Them their fell mother, watchful o'er the work,  
With eye that sleep ne'er clos'd and snaky  
scourge

Still waving o'er their heads, forever plies  
To keep the fiery deluge at its height ;  
And stops her ears against the clam'rous din  
Of those tormented, who for mercy call,  
Age after age implor'd, and still deny'd.

These when th' all-present Spirit of CHRIST  
deserv'd

At distance tossing in the sulph'rous lake 280  
And heard their dismal groans, the conscious  
sense

Of human weakness by experience earn'd  
In his own mortal body now put off;

And recollection that Himself of late  
 In his sublunar pilgrimage had prov'd  
 Temptations like theirs, drew from his soul  
 A sigh of nat'ral pity as from man  
 To man although in merited distress :  
 But when his human sympathy gave place  
 To judgment better weigh'd, and riper thoughts  
 Congenial with the Godhead re-assum'd,  
 The justice of their doom, th' abhorrence due  
 To their vile deeds, by voluntary act  
 Of will, left free, committed in despite  
 Of conscience moving them to better thoughts,  
 Turn'd him indignant from the loathed sight  
 Of these impenitents : when, after pause,  
 To GABRIEL, chief of the cherubic host  
 And late his strength'ning angel, thus he spake :  
 " GABRIEL, or e'er from this high steep we  
 launch

300

With prone descent into this gloomy vast,  
 This shadowy dark inane, the realm of Death ;  
 After so swift a race through all the spheres  
 From earth to this hell's portal, it behoves  
 Thee and thy plumed cohort to recruit  
 The vigor of your wings ; for sure I am  
 That in this subterranean we shall find  
 No breeze from heav'n's pure æther to give aid  
 To motion, or uphold in steady poise  
 Your feath'ry vans outstretch'd ; nor may we  
 look

310

For star or planet, or one straggling ray  
From circumlucent sun, to guide our course  
Through this obscure domain of Night and  
Death.

Nor less behoves thee, gentle as thou art,  
Friendliest to man of all heav'n's angel host,  
**And for each task of mercy and of love**  
First in the choice of God, to arm thy heart  
For the sad spectacles, the dismal scenes,  
Which we must needs encounter in this gulph  
Of human misery, this world of woes, 320  
Fit residence for SATAN and his crew  
Of outcast angels ; sad reverse to thee,  
Inhabitant of heav'n : And now, behold !  
Where hell's infernal pit with horrid glare  
Flames through the dismal gloom ; there, but  
that God

In mercy films thine arch-angelic eye,  
Such myriads in that ever-burning lake  
Of souls tormented thou would'st else discern,  
**As would appal thy nature ; but these scenes**  
From thee, a sp'rit so loving to mankind, 330  
So melting soft to pity, are withheld :  
No mercy can I meditate for them  
Impenitent...no embassy of peace  
Have I in charge...no respite, till the trump  
Of general resurrection calls them up  
At the last day of judgment, then to hear

Their crimes rehears'd...their blasphemies exposed... [plots,  
Their envyings, frauds, revilings, treach'ries,  
And ev'ry secret of their hearts unmask'd  
By an all-righteous Judge, who shall pronounce  
Their final condemnation, and decree  
Their present pains perpetual. We, meanwhile,  
To other regions shall divert our course,  
From them and from their torments far apart,  
Regions of night and silence, where the souls  
Of righteous men in their oblivious caves  
Sleep out the time till their Deliv'rer comes  
To wake them from their trance...dissolve the  
spell

Of their enchanter, Death, and set them free  
To range the fields of Paradise, where flows, 350  
As from a fountain by God's presence fed,  
Beatitude surpassing human thought,  
Pleasures unseen, unnumber'd, unconceiv'd."

This said, from those high battlements the  
Dove

Of Peace, upon Redemption's errand sent,  
Borne on the wings of his cherubic choir,  
Descended swift, and through the drowsy void  
To Death's terrific palace steer'd his flight.

Here the arch-foe of man, from earth expell'd  
By man's Redeemer, newly had arriv'd, 360  
But fear-struck, and in like disastrous trim

With war-worn Sisera, when in his flight,  
From the victorious Naphtalite he came  
To ask protection at false Jacl's tent,  
And ruin found instead. The whirlwind's blast  
Had shatter'd his proud form ; now scorch'd by  
fires,

Now driv'n to regions of perpetual frost  
Beyond extremest Saturn's wint'ry sphere,  
No middle course kept he, nor had his feet  
From their aerial journey once found rest, 370  
Till, at the threshold of Death's gloomy throne,  
Down on the solid adamant he fell  
Precipitate at once, and lay entranc'd,  
Of arch-angelic majesty the wreck.

Scar'd at the hideous crash, and all aghast,  
Death scream'd amain, then wrapt himself in  
clouds,  
And in his dark pavilion trembling sate  
Mantled in night. And now the prostrate fiend  
Rear'd his terrific head with lightnings scorch'd,  
And furrow'd deep with scars of livid hue ; 380  
Then stood erect and roll'd his blood-shot eyes  
To find the ghastly vision of grim Death,  
Who at the sudden downfal of his sire  
Startled, and of his own destruction warn'd,  
Had shrunk from sight, and to a misty cloud  
Dissolv'd, hung low'ring o'er his shrouded throne.  
When SATAN, whose last hope was now at stake,

Impatient for the interview, exclaim'd—

“ Where art thou, Death ? Why hide thyself  
from him [king ;  
Of whom thou art ? Come forth, thou grisly  
And though to suitor of immortal mould  
Thy refuge be denied, yet at my call,  
Thy father's call, come forth and comfort me,  
Thou gaunt anatomy, with one short glimpse  
Of those dry bones, in which alone is peace  
And that oblivious sleep, for which I sigh.”

He said, and now a deep and hollow groan,  
Like roar of distant thunders, shook the hall,  
And from before the cloud-envelop'd throne,  
The adamantine pavement burst in twain 400  
With hideous crash self-open'd, and display'd  
A subterranean chasm, whose yawning vault,  
Deep as the pit of Acheron, forbade  
All nearer access to the shad'wy king.  
Whereat the imprison'd winds, that in its womb  
Were cavern'd, 'gan to heave their yeasty waves  
In bubbling exhalations, till at once  
Their eddying vapors working upwards burst  
From the broad ventenfranchis'd, when, behold !  
The cloud that late around the throne had pour'd  
More than Egyptian darkness, now began  
To lift its fleecy skirts, till through the mist  
Th' imperial phantom gleam'd ; monster de-  
form'd,

Enormous, terrible, from heel to scalp  
One dire anatomy ; his giant bones [hung  
Star'd through the shrivell'd skin, that loosely  
On his sepulchral careass ; round his brows  
A cypress wreath, tiara-like, he wore,  
With night shade and cold hemlock intertwin'd ;  
Behind him hung his quiver'd store of darts 420  
Wing'd with the raven's plume ; his fatal bow  
Of deadly yew, tall as Goliah's spear,  
Propp'd his unerring arm ; about his throne,  
(If throne it might be call'd, which was compos'd  
Of human bones, as in a charnel pil'd,)  
A hideous group of dire diseases stood,  
Sorrows and pains and agonizing plagues,  
His ghastly satellites, and, ev'n than these  
More terrible, ambition's slaught'ring sons,  
Heroes and conquerors styl'd on earth ; but here  
Doom'd to ignoble drudgery, employ'd  
To do his errands in the loathsome vault,  
And tend corruption's never-dying worm,  
To haunt the catacombs and ransack graves,  
Where some late pop'lous city is laid waste  
By the destroying pestilence, or storm'd  
By murd'ring Russ or Tartar blood-besmear'd,  
And furious on the desp'rate breach to plant  
His eagle or his cresent on the piles  
Of mangled multitudes, and flout the sky 440  
With his victorious banners. Now a troop

Of shrouded ghosts, upon a signal giv'n  
By their terrific monarch, start to sight,  
Each with a torch funereal in his grasp,  
That o'er the hall diffus'd a dying light,  
Than darkness' self more horrible : The walls  
Of that vast cenotaph, hung round with spears  
Falchions and pole-axes and plumed helms,  
Shew'd like the arm'ry of some warlike State :  
There every mortal weapon might be seen, 450  
Each implement of old or new device,  
Which savage nature or inventive art  
Furnish'd to arm the ruffian hand of war,  
And deal to man the life-destroying stroke :  
And them betwixt at intervals were plac'd  
The crowned skeletons of mighty kings,  
Cæsars and caliphs and barbarian chiefs, [shrink,  
Monsters, whose swords had made creation  
And frightened peace and science from the earth.

Pondering the scene, in mute amazement rapt,  
The lost arch-angel stood, when soon the voice  
Of Death, as from the tombs low murmuring,

thus

Bespoke attention—" What uncivil cause,  
Prince of the air, provokes thee to offend  
Against the peaceful charter of these realms  
By voice thus rude and clam'rous ? Know'st  
thou not  
I reign by privilege, though son not slave

Of thee, heav'n-exil'd ? Here no place hast thou,  
For here is peace ; no part in this domain  
To thee and to thy rebel host belongs : 470  
They in the flames of Tartarus, but we  
Dwell with the silent worm : The pow'r we have  
O'er man's corruptible and mortal part  
Ends with the body ; here the bones may sleep,  
For these anatomies disturb us not :  
But for the spark unquenchable, the soul  
Immortal, which survives the fleeting breath,  
Of that we take no charge ; that must abide  
In other regions, its appointed lot  
Of misery or bliss. What then hath Death 480  
To do with SATAN ? Can the son, who drew  
Existence from the father, quench that sp'rit  
Which God decreeed eternal ? Will those fires  
Cease at my word ? Hell will not hear my voice,  
Nor can the howlings of the infernal pit  
Enter my ears. Ask not repose of me,  
Tormented fiend : There is no grave for sin,  
No sleep for SATAN ! fall'n from heav'n thou art ;  
There thou hast no abode ; fall'n now from  
earth, . . .  
Where is thy lodging ? Where, but in these  
flames.  
Pass on, then, in thy course, nor loiter here,  
For hell expects thee : Wert thou here to stay,  
Death in destroying thee himself destroys."

Whereto th' unwelcome visitant replied :  
“Inhospitable pow'r ! and is it thus  
Thou greet'st a father in his extreme need,  
Suppliant for leave to draw a moment's breath  
In thy pale presencee, 'till this furious blast,  
That follow'd me from earth, shall spend its rage  
And cease to howl through the profound of hell ?  
If in thy heartless trunk no mem'ry dwells  
Of what I was, Oh ! teach me to forget.  
What now I am, and make my senses dull  
To pain, as thine to gratitude are lost :  
But if thy mind be present to record  
My fall from bliss, will it not also serve  
To put thee in remembrance how that fall  
Bestow'd on thee a station and a name ?  
Had I not fall'n from heav'n, man had not lost  
The joys of Paradise, immortal joys, 510  
Till I destroy'd them ; who then but myself,  
Exil'd from God, brought death into the world...  
Gave thee the sepulchre for thy domain,  
And every mortal body for thy prey ?  
Whose hand but SATAN's, thankless as thou art,  
Plac'd that victorious wreath upon thy brow,  
Arm'd thee for war and bade thee be a king ?  
And what doth Satan now demand of Death ?  
What, but a moment's respite, the small boon  
Of hospitable shelter, where to lay 520  
My aching head and rest my weary wing ?

This to the father can the son refuse ?  
I ask no more. If CHRIST, from whom I fly,  
Pursues me to this pit, and into hell  
Descending shall repass her gloomy gates  
Guarded by sin, that barrier lost, farewell  
To all thy greatness ! Where shall be thy sting,  
O Death, and where thy victory, O Grave ?  
Then to have harbor'd SATAN shall not add  
One feather to the balance of thy fate ; 530  
All must be lost together ; I to flames  
Consign'd ; thou, phantom, into air dissolv'd."

"No more of this vain arguing," Death re-  
ply'd ;

"My peace and my repose I can but deal  
As God decrees, and as he wills withhold :  
Thus wrangling to the latest hour of time,  
Nothing, O SATAN, could'st thou wring from me  
But the same answer, and the same despair :  
I with mortality alone confer ;  
Thou art a deathless spirit : If my pow'r 540  
Cannot annihilate the soul of man,  
How then of angel ? Guilty thou hast been,  
Conscious must ever be, and therefore curst.  
Of me complaining thou condemn'st thyself,  
The righteous ever are at peace with Death ;  
Thou art not of their number. Sp'rit unblest,  
Author of man's revolt and all things ill,  
The hell which thou hast peopled, is thine own.

Earth thou hast made a ruin....men, by thee  
Perverted, turn to monsters ; Heav'n itself, 550  
Disturb'd by thy rebellion, for a while  
Suffer'd convulsion, and her thrones besieg'd,  
Echo'd the din of battle ; the fair bloom  
Of paradise was blasted by thy spells,  
And man driv'n forth to till th' unthankful earth,  
And toil and sweat for a precarious meal,  
Degraded from his origin, at length  
To me and to corruption was consign'd.  
These were thy doings, this was my descent,  
And my inheritance the loathsome worm, 560  
The throne funereal, and this yawning gulph  
Impassable, which I am yet to thank,  
For that it holds thee at a distance from me :  
This is thy bounty.—Look upon these bones,  
Survey this dread anatomy, and say  
If son so fashion'd owes his father thanks :  
Proportion'd to thy goodness I accord  
My gratitude by bidding thee avaunt ; [earth  
Hence from my sight, intruder ! Thrust from  
As heretofore from heav'n, and tempest torn,  
With bruised head and shatter'd, flagging wing,  
Hither thou com'st, a fugitive from Him,  
Whom in the wilderness for forty days  
Tempting thou didst annoy : Dull, doating spirit !  
Blind to thine own destruction, not to see  
God's power in CHRIST, nor understand that he,

Who foil'd thy cunning, might defy thy strength :  
But neither strength nor cunning shall prevail  
To draw me forth upon a losing side,  
And set this empire on a desp'rate cast : 580  
I lack presumption to oppose that power,  
Which puts hell's monarch to inglorious flight.  
What shelter canst thou find behind a shade,  
An airy phantom ? Such thou say'st I am...  
Such let me be ! That phantom will not tempt  
The furious blast of God's avenging breath,  
Nor, mov'd to pity by thy treacherous plaints,  
Tender oblivion's boon to soul accurst :  
Such favor when thou would'st extort from Death,  
That phantom will be adamant to thee. 590  
Now learn a truth : CHRIST in the flesh is dead ;  
Yet long I cannot hold him in the grave ;  
His body, interdicted to the worm,  
For some mysterious purpose is reserv'd  
From all corruption free, and sure I am  
He will not leave his enemy at large  
In this obscure domain, where sleep the souls  
Of righteous men ; fly then, whilst yet the hour  
Serves thee for flight—And hark ! the angel  
trump [curst !"]  
Sounds his approach. Now tremble, thou ac-  
No more ; encanopy'd beneath the wings  
Of mighty cherubim, with sounding trump  
And joyful chaunt the LORD OF LIFE came on :

“Lift up your heads,” the heav’ly chorus sung,  
 “Lift up your heads ye everlasting gates,  
 And CHRIST the King of Glory shall come in :”  
 Bright as the sun his presence ; darkness fled  
 Down to the centre ; SATAN on the earth  
 Fell motionless ; Death trembled on his throne,  
 And call’d his shadowy guards—they with loud  
 shrieks

610

Vanish’d in air, whilst from the gulph profound  
 Blue lightnings flash’d and deep-mouth’d thun-  
 ders roar’d,

When CHRIST, with eye severe on SATAN turn’d,  
 Bade the storm cease, and thus address’d the  
 fiend :

[brink

“ Well art thou found, thou serpent, on the  
 Of thy last home, this horrible abyss,  
 For thee and for thine impious crew prepar’d.  
 Man, from his God by thy corruption turn’d,  
 Is by my death receiv’d into the peace  
 Of his offended Maker, and if faith

620

Opens his way to heav’n in righteousness  
 And true conversion, Death cannot retain  
 His soul in darkness, nor thy crafty wiles  
 Puzzle his path and damp his glewing zeal ;  
 But thou presumptuous, who hast had the world  
 To range at will, and from God’s altars pluck’d  
 Their consecrated honours, falsely view’d  
 Those spoils, by sufferance yielded, as the prize

Of thine own proper victory. Behold !  
These are thy triumphs ; in this pit receive 630  
Thy folly's confutation, and the doom  
Of woe eternal on thy sin denoune'd."

He said, nor other answer SATAN gave  
Than one deep groan rent from his lab'ring  
breast.

The strong, vindictive Angel, to whose charge  
The key of that infernal pit belong'd,  
Now seiz'd him in his grasp, and from the  
ground

Lifting his pond'rous bulk, such vigor dwelt  
In arm celestial, headlong down at once,  
Down hurl'd him to the bottom of the gulph,  
Then follow'd on the wing : His yelling cries  
Death heard, whilst terror shiver'd every bone :  
Not so the choir cherubic ; they with joy  
Beheld Redemption's triumph in the fall  
Of that Great Dragon, enemy of man,  
That ancient Serpent, now, with bruised head  
And sting-bereft, hurl'd down into the pit :  
Whereat, in heav'nly concert they begin  
To raise their tuneful voices, and sing forth  
Praise to the Lamb of God, and joyful strain  
Of gratulation to the saints redeem'd—

“ Now is salvation come and strength and  
power...  
The kingdom of our God and of his CHRIST :

Now is that railing and malignant foe  
Cast down into the pit, which day and night  
Accus'd our righteous brethren to their God :  
Now are they made victorious by the blood  
Of the Redeeming Lamb, and in the word  
Of Truth, their fearless witness, thro' the world  
Go forth against the anarchy of Sin, 660  
A host of martyrs, faithful unto death ;  
Therefore rejoice, ye heav'ns, and ye of earth  
Inhabitants, awake to joy and hail  
The day-spring of Salvation from on high."

SATAN, meanwhile, ten thousand fathoms deep  
At bottom of the pit, a mangled mass  
With shatter'd brain and broken limbs outspread,  
Lay groaning on the adamantine rock :  
Him the strong angel with ethereal touch 670  
Made whole in form, but not to strength restor'd,  
Rather to pain and the acuter sense  
Of shame and torment ; hideous was the glare  
Of his blood-streaming eyes, and loud he yell'd  
For very agony, whilst on his limbs  
The massy fetters, such as hell alone  
Could forge in hottest sulphur, were infix'd  
And rivetted in the perpetual stone :  
Upon his back he lay extended, huge,  
And hideous ruin : not a word vouchsaf'd  
That vengeful angel, but with quick dispatch  
Ply'd his commission'd task, then stretch'd the  
wing

And upward flew ; for now th' infernal cave  
Through all its vast circumference had giv'n  
The dreadful warning, and began to close  
Its rocky ribs upon th' imprison'd fiend :  
Fierce and more fierce as it approach'd became  
The flaming concave ; thus comprest, the vault,  
Red as metallic furnace, glow'd intense  
With heat, that had the hideous den been less  
Than adamant it had become a flood, 690  
Or SATAN other than he was in sin  
And arch-angelic strength pre-eminent,  
He neither could have suffer'd nor deserv'd.  
Panting he roll'd in streams of scalding sweat,  
Parch'd with intolerable thirst, one drop  
Of water then to cool his raging tongue  
Had been a boon worth all his golden shrine.  
Vain wish ! for now the pit had clos'd its mouth,  
Nor other light remain'd than what the glare  
Of those reverberating fires bestow'd : 700  
Then all the dungeon round was thick beset  
With horrid faces, threat'ning as they glar'd  
Their haggard eyes upon him ; from hell's lake  
Flocking they came, whole legions of the damn'd,  
His worshippers on earth, sensual, profane,  
Abominable in their lives, monsters of vice,  
Blood-stain'd murderers, apostate kings,  
And crowned tyrants some, tormented now  
For their past crimes and into furies turn'd,

Accusing their betrayer. Curses dire, . . . 740  
Hissings and tauntings now from every side  
Assail'd his ear ; on him, on him alone,  
From Cain, first murderer, to Iscariot, all,  
All with loud voices charg'd on him their sins,  
Their agonies, with imprecations urg'd  
For treble vengeance on his head accurst,  
Founder of hell, sole auther of their woe,  
And enemy avow'd of all makind.

Now when the King of Terrors had perceiv'd  
The pow'r of his new visitant, and saw . . . 720  
SATAN engulph'd, and the devouring pit,  
Best barrier of his throne, forever clos'd,  
Descending from his state with heart abash'd,  
Conscious that pride would ill befriend him now  
In presence of his conqueror, at the feet  
Of CHRIST with low obeisance he put off  
The trophies of his brow, and on the knee,  
Stooping his vassal head, low homage paid,  
And suppliant thus his humble suit preferr'd :

“ Immortal King ! all glorious and all good,  
At whose great name befits that every knee  
In heav'n or earth or in these realms beneath  
Should bend adoring, let thy will prevail  
Here, as wherever else ! And sure I am  
‘Tis not my power, but thine own wond'rous love,  
Consenting to the deed, hath brought thee here  
In pity to mankind to taste the cup

Of agony, and visit these sad shades,  
Though deathless ; thence to re-ascend, as soon  
Thou shalt, victorious to the realms of light. 740  
I know thee for the CHRIST the Son of God,  
Messias of the prophets long foreseen,  
Yet of the unbelieving Jews despis'd,  
Rejected ; for thou eam'st not in the pomp  
Of temp'ral majesty, and only great  
In patience, in humility, in love  
And miracles of mercy. At thy feet,  
This head uncrown'd thus stooping, I resign  
All empire ; not on me let fall thy wrath  
As on that bruised serpent. What am I? 750  
What is the sword, what is the pestilence,  
And all my host of mortal ministers,  
But servants of thy providence, a scourge  
And rod of vengeance, wherewith to chastise  
Presumptuous, guilty pride ? Whose hand but  
mine

Strikes terror to the atheist's harden'd heart ?  
Who plucks the tyrant from his bloody car  
And rolls him in the dust ? or at a blow  
Strangles the curse in the blasphemer's throat ?  
If on the martyr's head my axe descends, 760  
The same hand plants a crown of glory there ;  
And if in my dark caves the righteous sleep,  
Peaceful they sleep ; I break not their repose,  
For silence dwells with me, and night and rest,

Behold the key inviolate that guards  
Their hallow'd slumbers ; never did I yield,  
Though oft solicited, this sacred pledge  
To SATAN or his sin-defiled crew ;  
Faithful I've kept it ever....faithful now  
To thee their Saviour I resign my charge." 770

This said, the golden badge of his command,  
Rich and of heav'nly workmanship, with gems  
Of azure, green, and purple thick emboss'd,  
Humbly he laid at the REDEEMER's feet :  
He to the zeal of GABRIEL straight consign'd  
Th' enlargement of those sp'rits to bliss pre-  
ferr'd,

Fit minister for office so benign :  
Whereat he bade sound forth the signal trump  
Of the First Resurrection, heard of none  
Save of those holy saints, elect of God, 780  
Martyrs and prophets, call'd to live with CHRIST  
In antecedent glory, till the day  
Of gen'ral Resurrection shall awake  
And summon into judgment all mankind.  
Swift hied that friendly angel on the wing,  
Swifter, for that, on gracious errand sent,  
Joy urg'd him to put forth his utmost speed ;  
Meanwhile, the heav'nly Visitant of Death  
Upon that ghastly Vision turn'd his eyes,  
And thus, in accent mild, address'd the shade :

" That I came down from heav'n and am the  
CHRIST,

Rightly, O Death, thou hast pronounce'd ; yet  
here

I come not to destroy thy power at once,  
But to set free the saints thou hold'st in thrall,  
And call them to my peace ; but ev'n of these,  
Part till my second coming must abide :  
Of thee and all things of corruption bred  
The term is fix'd ; God must be all in all :  
But time, as man computes, hath yet to roll  
Through numerous ages ere the final trump 800  
Shall sound thy knell. I brought not upon earth  
Peace, but the sword ; the gospel I have preach'd  
Man will corrupt, misconstrue and pervert ;  
Nor shall my Church be only drench'd with  
blood

Of its own martyrs—zealots shall arise,  
Aliens to my humility and peace,  
With more than pagan enmity enflam'd  
Each against other ; then shall ruthless war  
And persecution, and fierce civil rage  
Ravage the Christian world ; intol'rant pride,  
Usurping pow'r infallible, shall send  
Its heralds forth with cursing in their mouths,  
And fetters for man's conscience in their hands ;  
They in the battle's front shall plant the cross,  
And bid the unconverted nations kneel  
Under their conq'ring standard, and adopt  
The creed of murderers, who, in the place

Of the pure bond of charity, present  
A forged scroll blurr'd and defac'd with lies,  
And impiously inscribe it with my name. 820  
These are religion's traitors, and from them  
An ample harvest shalt thou reap, O Death ;  
Suffice it thee to know that for a while  
Thou shalt be spar'd : And now no more : Behold !  
**GABRIEL** leads on the congregated Saints.  
Vanish, pale phantom ! Give the ransom'd place."

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

# **CALVARY;**

**OR,**

# **THE DEATH OF CHRIST.**

**BOOK VIII.**

## ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

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Christ, having closed his interview with Death, prepares to receive the Saints of the First Resurrection, now approaching, under the conduct of the angel Gabriel, and having ascended a mount in the midst of the congregation, appears to them in glory. They pay homage to their Redeemer in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving. He addresses them in reply, and assures them of the blessings of immortal life bestowed upon them by the Father as the reward of their righteousness. The patriarch Abraham enters into conference with Christ, in the conclusion of which the Saviour of the world shews him, in the glorious vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, the holy city, as described in the Apocalypse. When this beatific vision is passed away, Christ re-ascends to earth in view of the whole assembly of Saints. The angel Gabriel, who is left behind, addresses them from the mount, and expounds the purposes of the Saviour's resurrection from the dead and return to earth. Moses recapitulates the events of his life, instances the frequent rebellions of the Lord's unfaithful people, and laments their future impenitence and incredulity. Gabriel replies, and, from the nature of man's free will, explains the origin and necessity of evil, from which he deduces the benefits of Christ's death and redemption. And now the spirit of God descending on the hearts of the righteous, inspires them with all understanding and knowledge, fitted to their happy condition. A Paradise arises within the regions of Death; Gabriel addresses them for the last time, and upon his departure the Poem concludes.

# CALVARY, &c.

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## BOOK VIII.

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### THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

Now had the Saviour by the word of pow'r  
Wafted the magic phantom into air,  
And all the horrors of the scene dispell'd :  
Swift as the stroke of his own winged dart,  
Or flitting shadows by the moon-beam chas'd,  
Death on the instant vanish'd : What had seem'd  
A citadel of proud and martial port,  
With bastions fenc'd, and pow'rs impregnable  
Of adamant compos'd and lofty dome  
Covering the throne imperial, now was air ; 40  
And, far as eye could reach, a level plain,  
In the interminable horizon lost,  
Unfolded its vast champaign to the view. [rays,  
Darkness, twin-born with Death, had fled ; the  
That from the Saviour's sun-crown'd temples  
beam'd,  
With dazzling lustre brighten'd all the scene.  
There, just emerging to the distant view,  
And glitt'ring white, a multitude appear'd,  
Stretch'd east and west in orderly array,

Swift marching underneath the mighty wings  
Of the protecting angel, who in air  
Soar'd imminent, and with the broad expanse  
From flank to flank envelop'd all the host :  
He with the blast of the awak'ning trump  
Gave note of their advance. In the mid-plain  
There was a mount ; thither the Saviour hied  
With his cherubic guard, and there in view  
Of the assembled myriads stood sublime.  
The saints in order form'd themselves around,  
Orb within orb, each in his proper sphere 30  
Instinctively arrang'd ; then all at once,  
As by one soul inspir'd, with bended knee  
And forehead prostrate on the earth, they paid  
Joint homage and ador'd. Oh ! who shall dare  
With bold conjecture to compute the list  
Of that blest multitude, or say, who first,  
Who last, receiv'd the glorious All-hail,  
Ye blessed of my Father ? Yet perchance,  
So warranted by scripture, and so taught  
By moral sage experience, we may doubt 40  
If many rich, if many great or learn'd  
Were of that righteous company ; be sure  
The lover of this world had there no place...  
He barter'd it for gold...he pass'd it off  
To Belial for a perishable toy...  
He sold it to a wanton : There the proud  
Were brought down, and the meek and lowly  
rais'd :

The conq'ror not of others but himself  
There found pre-eminence : All joy to him,  
Who rear'd the orphan, dry'd the widow's tears,  
And sought affliction in her secret haunts,  
Not for the praise of men ; and may not we,  
Born in an age when mild philanthropy  
Hath taught a better lesson to the heart—  
May not we foster a kind hope that some  
Of Pagan name were call'd, who, thro' the maze  
Of dark Idolatry, took Reason's clue,  
And found a mental avenue to God ?  
Here with the father of the faithful stood  
A host of patriarchs, prophets, judges, saints : 60  
Noah, who perfect in the time of wrath  
And righteous found, was left unto the earth  
A remnant when the waters fell from heav'n,  
And was in covenant with the Most High  
That man no more should perish by the flood :  
Moses, the faithful servant of the Lord,  
Meekest, though mightiest, of the sons of men,  
And glorious in the sight of dreadful kings :  
Joshua, th' avenger of th' elect of God,  
Whose voice upon Mount Gibeon staid the sun  
In the mid-heav'n, and bade the moon stand still  
In Ajalon's dark vale, till Israel ceas'd  
From slaughter and the conq'ring sword was  
sheath'd :  
Here Samuel, in his linen ephod girt,

Thrice call'd of God, amid the foremost stood :  
He, who with Baal's priests contending, rear'd  
His rival altars and brought fire from heav'n  
To vindicate his God : The Psalmist King,  
And he at whose sick pray'r the sun went back,  
And he, surnam'd the Good : Daniel the seer,  
And they, who in the furnace walk'd unhurt ;  
All in the sacred page recorded just  
And faithful servants of the living God :  
For who can doubt the holy word of truth  
Attesting their salvation ? Yet there is  
One, who, by promise, sacredly assur'd  
Of bliss immediate, heard the glorious call  
Whilst hanging on the cross, by penitence  
And faith obtain'd from the all-gracious lips  
Of God's own Son, expiring at his side. 90

Hail, holy congregation, elder-born  
Of righteousness and first-fruits of the grave,  
Elect unto salvation ! Hail, blest saints,  
Now cloth'd in white robes, as in your lives  
With purity, sound forth your praise to God  
And to the Lamb, in whose blood ye are wash'd ;  
Wave high your branches of victorious palm,  
Hymning the strain, which he in Patmos heard,  
What time the glorious vision was reveal'd.

“ Hail, First and Last !” the immortal chorus  
sung, 100

“ Of all things the beginning and the end ;

For thou art he, who livest and wast dead,  
And lo ! thou art alive for evermore,  
And hold'st in hand of hell and death the keys,  
Salvation to our God and to the Lamb  
At his right hand, who sitteth on the throne ;  
Blessing and glory, wisdom, honor, pow'r,  
Might and thanksgiving evermore to God  
And to his CHRIST ! Father, we give thee thanks,  
Lord God, who wast, and art, and art to come,  
For this thy mighty pow'r in us fulfill'd.  
Now are the kingdoms of this world become  
The kingdoms of our Lord and of his CHRIST,  
And he shall reign forever ; now thy wrath  
On the rebellious nations is let loose ;  
Now is the first call of the sleeping saints,  
And all thy servants faithful unto death  
Thou hast rewarded with eternal bliss.  
Henceforth forever blessed are the dead,  
Thus dying in the Lord, for they shall rest 120  
From labour, and their good works are not lost !”

Their hymn perform'd, the whole redeemed  
host,

With hands uplifted and all eyes direct  
Upon the glorious Presence, bent the knee  
Silent, whilst thus the **LORD OF MERCY** spake :  
“ Ye blessed of my Father, prophets, saints  
And martyrs ; ye of Abraham's faithful stock,  
And ye, though wild by nature, grafted in

Upon the parent tree, and bearing fruits  
To life eternal, welcome to my peace ! 130  
Now are your watchings and your labours past...  
Your tribulations, self-denials, pains  
And mournings recompens'd ; never again  
Shall ye know thirst or hunger, nor the sun  
Light you by day, nor yet by night the moon ;  
For ye shall dwell before the throne of God,  
And I will feed you : I will lead you forth  
To living founts, and wipe away all tears.  
Come, enter ye into your Master's joy—  
Come, for the throne awaits you ; take the crown  
Of glory...take the kingdom from all time  
For you prepar'd...possess your happy rights,  
The earnings of your charity and love :  
For I was hunger'd and ye gave me meat,  
Thirsty I was and ye assuag'd my thirst,  
I was a stranger and ye took me in,  
Naked ye cloth'd me, sick ye visited,  
I was in prison and ye came unto me."

" When, Lord !" the righteous humbly inter-  
pos'd,

" When were these charities by us perform'd ?  
How have we merited this praise of thee,  
Whom in the flesh we knew not ? Tell us, Lord,  
When saw we thee an hungered and gave food ?  
When thirsty and gave drink ? a stranger when  
And took thee in, naked and clothed thee ;

When saw we thee in sickness or in prison  
And came unto thee? When didst thou endure  
These hard necessities, or we relieve?"

Whereto the **LORD** reply'd: "Truly ye say  
Me in the flesh ye knew not, yet in sp'rit 160  
Ye knew me, for my law was in your hearts;  
And what to these my brethren ye have done,  
Or to the least of these, ye did to me,  
Patron of mercy and the friend of man.  
To every one, but not to all alike,  
Some talent is in trust, the loan of heav'n,  
To husband as he may; and he who spares  
From his imparted fund wherewith to help  
His neighbor's scantier dole, improves the loan  
And makes his **Lord** his debtor. First and last,  
Ere Abraham was, I am. Open your ears!  
Hear, mark, and understand: The world by sin  
Original had fall'n off from God;  
Man was become corrupt, idolatrous,  
Abominable: **SATAN** reign'd on earth..  
Ye are of various ages; all have slept,  
And some from earliest times or e'er the flood  
Swallow'd the nations, yet with one accord  
All in your several periods have bewail'd  
Degenerated man: **Noah** can tell 180  
How all the earth with violence was fill'd,  
Or e'er the fountains of the vasty deep  
Were broken up: **Moses** can well declare

How hard and to rebellion prone the hearts  
Of those whom he led forth : Samuel beheld  
A stiff-neck'd generation spurn the yoke  
And kick against their God ; but vain his voice,  
Vain all the prophets' voices, who foretold  
My coming, without whom the world were lost.  
Now is salvation come ; I've drank the cup 190  
Of bitterness, and died the death for man :  
My peace I've left on earth ; the living world,  
They have the word of truth, and by that word  
Through faith they shall be sav'd ; from them

I came

To visit these dark regions, and redeem  
The saints who slept ; behold ! ye are alive :  
Death hath no more dominion ; SATAN, chain'd  
For ages, shall abide his time to come :  
Meanwhile in glory ye shall dwell with me ;  
By resurrection purchas'd with my blood 200  
Ye are the first-fruits of immortal life."

Now ABRAHAM, father of the faithful band,  
And first in station nearest to the mount,  
His eyes uplifted to the face divine  
Of the effulgent Virtue, and thus spake :

" Yet once more, as aforetime in the days  
Of Sodom, suffer me to plead for man,  
And ask of thee his Saviour if these few,  
Few not in numbers, yet for heav'n too few  
And for Heav'n's mercy, seeing there are past

So many many ages of the world,  
Are all that shall be sav'd ? Alas, for man !  
If this be the whole remnant, all the stock  
Cull'd from so many myriads for God's fold.  
Where are the nations vanish'd ? Where are the  
hosts,

That sea, earth, flood and fire have swallow'd up ?  
Can hell contain them ? Can devouring Death  
Find stomach for them all ? Did God make man  
For death and hell, or thou endure the cross  
Only for us ? Are all the righteous shrunk 220  
To this small measure ? And, if these be all,  
Are they not yet enough to save the rest,  
If heav'nly mercy listen to our prayer ?  
May not our righteousness so save a world  
From wrath, as once the righteousness of five  
Had sav'd a guilty city from its fate ?"

To him the **LORD OF MERCY** : " I have said  
Ye are the first fruits by my blood obtain'd,  
The earnest of redemption : I have bruis'd,  
Not crush'd the Serpent's head ; he shall arise  
Out of the pit once more to vex the earth.  
Death, the last enemy, is not destroy'd,  
Yet is his sceptre shorten'd, and the key  
That opens into life, now in those hands,  
Where mercy best can place it for man's good :  
Thus of all pow'r though Death is not bereft,  
Yet I have shook his throne, with inroad deep

Piere'd his dark realm, and you redeeming  
thence,

Made tenantless your graves, his strongest holds.  
With you when from this depth I reascend, 240  
And through heav'n's golden portal lead my  
host

Of Saints high-waving these victorious palms,  
Your white robes glitt'ring in God's starry courts,  
Great sure will be the triumph, loud th' acclaim,  
When all my Father's Angels shall sound forth  
Their joyful hallelujahs round his throne.

Enough for victory hath been achiev'd ;  
Destruction is reserv'd to that great day,  
When the compelling angel shall go forth  
To gather every atom of man's dust, 250

Which the seas cover, or the earth contains :  
Then shall all souls be judg'd ; if Abraham then,  
When of all hearts the secrets shall be known,  
Then if the friend of God hath aught to urge  
In mitigation of man's guilt, be sure,

Ere justice strike, mercy will hear the plea.  
Of this no more. The seasons and the times  
Are with the Father : the dread hour draws on.  
But I must first re-visit those on earth

Whom I have left in sorrow ; for their sakes  
I must again submit me to the flesh,  
And by the evidence of sense confirm  
My promis'd resurrection ; this perform'd,

And immortality reveal'd to man,  
By faith made sure, my gospel shall go forth :  
My office then the Comforter will take ;  
The weak he shall make strong, the foolish wise,  
And by the mouths of sucklings and of babes  
He shall confound the wisdom of the world,  
And o'er the gates of hell erect my Church."

When thus the Patriarch, glowing still with  
zeal

For man's salvation, further question urg'd :

" Lord, will not then the faithless world be-  
lieve,

When thou return'st with glory? From the dead  
When they behold thee visible on earth  
And thence to heav'n ascending, can they doubt?  
Such revelation can their eyes resist—  
Their ears such truth recorded? Shall there then  
Be left a Gentile idol upon earth  
To rival Israel's God ? Shall there not be 280  
One Shepherd and one fold for all mankind...  
One faith...one baptism...one **Lord** and **Christ**?  
But I perhaps too bold offend thine ear  
With my rude converse ; Lord, if so, command  
My tongue to silence ; yet not in thy wrath,  
Not in thy wrath, O Lord, reprove my zeal."

Whereto the Saviour mildly thus reply'd :  
" O Abraham, in whose soul compassion glows  
And love, that burns with zeal for all thy sons,

Nor for thy sons alone, but the whole world, 290  
Whose advocate thou art, think not the tongue,  
That speaks for mercy, can offend my ear :  
Yet what thy zeal anticipates in time  
Is distant far ; ages must roll betwixt  
Thy hope and its completion ; threat'ning clouds  
Low'r on the glorious prospect ; seas of blood  
Must first be pass'd ; long pilgrimage and sad  
My martyrs have to make through valleys dark,  
Where ign'rance shades the sun, through fright-  
ful haunts,

Where superstition pictures out the scene 300  
In monstrous forms, and worships what it dreads.  
Painful their march and round beset with snares ;  
Here treach'ry lurks...there persecution flames ;  
Before them infidelity...behind  
Reproach and slander and the roar of tongues  
Contentious, urging them to turn from God  
And waste their nobler zeal in vain dispute.  
Thus, step by step, in righteousness and faith  
Arm'd at all points, my servants militant  
Shall win their way, and what they earn enjoy.  
Lowly and meek I came into the world,  
And meek and lowly I shall now return ;  
Not with that glory rising from the grave,  
Which for my second coming is reserv'd,  
But in that mortal body which they pierc'd,  
Shewing my wounds ; not with the proud display

Of one who courts the voice of public fame,  
But communing apart with those I left  
To be my witnesses, that so through them  
Men may be taught by reason to discern 320  
Not what they must, but what they should be-  
lieve ;

Not by the evidence of sense to feel,  
But by the mind's conviction to perceive  
Truth in its argument, not act ; and build  
On reason, not necessity, their faith,  
And on their faith and their good works their  
hope.

God will not always struggle with mankind—  
Heap proof on proof till incredulity  
Though blind must see, tho' deaf of force must  
hear ;

He will not bring his heav'n upon the earth, 330  
Rather will lead man's heart from earthly things  
To reach at heav'nly joys ; the railing Jews  
Who fix'd me to the cross, bade me come down,  
And with the sign of pow'r dispel their doubts :  
So had I frustrated all faith at once,  
And with all faith all virtue : I was dumb...  
I open'd not my mouth to their reproach...  
I stirr'd not from the cross...I died the death,  
Nor to my rescue brought one angel down,  
Though legions waited to obey my call. 340  
And now none other sign will I vouchsafe

But of the prophet Jonas ; for as he  
From out the belly of the whale emerg'd  
On the third day, so I from out the tomb,  
In the same body, will come forth on earth  
With the third morning's dawn ; thus shall the  
word

Of prophecy by my disciples heard,  
Not understood, be perfected in me,  
And I will breathe my sp'rit into their hearts  
To comprehend all scriptures, and to preach 350  
Me crucified ; nor shall there be a dearth  
Of witnesses to publish and attest  
My resurrection ; hundreds shall behold  
My substance in the flesh, and he that doubts  
Shall touch me and believe. More to expound  
There needs not ; this in all your ears aloud  
I now promulgate, that when I am gone  
Ye may abide the interim in peace,  
By terror or impatience undisturb'd :  
And now not many are the days to pass, 360  
Ere to the heav'n of heav'n's I shall ascend,  
And there in blest communion with my saints,  
Made perfect after death, for ever dwell  
At the right hand of pow'r ; meanwhile the seed  
Whieb I have sown, though of all grains the least,  
Yet water'd by the comforter shall grow  
Of herbs the greatest, and become a tree,  
Within whose branches all the birds of air

Shall come and lodge; so shall my kingdom rise  
From mean beginning into mighty growth, 370  
A still small current, spreading as it goes ;  
For in the arm of man I place no strength,  
Nor in the battle's thunder can be heard [ear,  
His voice that preacheth peace ; to storm the  
Like those loud heathen orators, who shake  
The forum with their eloquence, ill suits  
The servants of a master little vers'd  
In this world's wisdom, and not vain of speech :  
In love, in calm persuasion, and in peace,  
My gospel I have planted : Woe to them, 380  
Who in the place of these sweet fruits provoke  
The baneful growth of persecution, strife,  
And discord in my Church, op'ning my wounds  
Unheal'd, and crucifying me afresh." [thanks

To him the Patriarch : " Lord, we give thee  
For that thou hast imparted to thy saints  
These tidings of great joy, though distant far,  
And through such clouds of sorrow dimly seen ;  
And sure we are thy gospel shall prevail,  
Yet much do we lament for what thy saints 390  
And martyrs have to suffer upon earth,  
Foil'd by that first deceiver of mankind, [chain'd,  
Who, though now bruis'd, and for awhile en-  
Shall yet come forth to vex thy holy Church,  
To conjure up false prophets, and pervert  
Thy foll'wers, who are taught to live in peace

And charity with all men : But we know  
God did not build this goodly frame of things  
For SATAN to destroy, and he and Death [home,  
Shall have an end : Heav'n is man's natural  
And righteousness the impulse of his heart ;  
Nor will God fail his promise, that in me  
And in my seed the whole world shall be blest :  
Ah ! when shall I behold that promis'd day ?  
When shall I see the warring world at peace ?  
When shall my Israel, scatter'd o'er the earth  
And straggling wide, hear their good Shepherd's  
call,  
And come into his fold ? Sure that blest voice,  
That glorious vision would be heav'n itself."

" That vision thou shalt see," the LORD reply'd,  
" And smil'd all-gracious on th' enraptur'd Saint,  
From this prospective mount with purged eye,  
That through the length'ning tract of time dis-  
cerns

Futurity remote, thou shalt behold  
Th' Apocalypse, which to no living eye,  
Save of my servant John, I shall disclose :  
But know ere this blest period shall arrive,  
The elements must melt with fervent heat,  
And earth and sea and heav'n must pass away,  
Darkness and sin and death shall be no more,  
And a new world shine forth. Ascend the mount,  
And eastward turning tell me what thou seest :"

"I see," the Patriarch cry'd, "an heav'n and earth...

Earth without sea, and heav'n without a cloud,  
All bright and glist'ning from the Maker's hands :

I see descending from the throne of God  
Jerusalem the Holy City, new,  
Deck'd like a bride for her celestial spouse :  
Order, and grace, and symmetry conspire  
In all her parts, and with the rich display 430  
Of vivid gems make glorious her attire :  
To the four points of heav'n in equal span  
She stretches out her many-colour'd walls,  
Celestial masonry, whose meanest stone,  
More rare and precious than the brightest gem  
Of earthly diadems, transparent flames,  
From the foundations to the topmost cope  
Of mural battlement one dazzling blaze  
Of glorious jewelry, and then amidst  
On every flank quadrangular three gates, 440  
Each of an orient pearl, to our twelve tribes,  
By number and by name appropriate,  
Stand open, guarded by cherubic watch ;  
Through whose unfolded portals I descry  
A city all of purest gold, and clear  
As the unclouded crystal on whose towers  
God's all-sufficient glory sheds a flood  
Of radiance brighter than the borrow'd beam

Of shadowy moon or sun oft wrapt in clouds,  
Making alternate night and day on earth : 450  
But night is here unknown ; day needeth not  
To rest in darkness, nor the eye in sleep ;  
Nor temple here for worship may be found,  
The ever-present Deity demands  
No house of pray'r ; in ev'ry heart is built  
His altar—every voice records his praise,  
And every saint his minister and priest.  
Through the mid-street a chrystal river flows  
Pellueid, welling from the throne of God,  
Its living source, upon whose border springs 460  
The tree of life, bearing ambrosial fruits  
Monthly renew'd, and varied through the year,  
Food for immortals, in whose balmy gum  
And leaves medicinal, a virtue dwells  
So general and potential, that no pain  
Or ailment but here finds its ready cure :  
No tear shall wet this consecrated soil,  
Nor feud, nor clamor, nor unholy curse  
Disturb these peaceful echoes ; here the saints  
In sweet harmonious brotherhood shall dwell,  
Serene and perfect in the sight of God.  
And hark ! I hear seraphic voices chaunt  
To their melodious harps the bridal hymn—  
Now is our God espoused to his Church,  
And from their heav'nly union are gone forth,  
Blessing and peace and joy to all mankind ;

Now shall his saints eternal Sabbath keep  
From death, and pain, and wailing, and complaint.

All is made new...the old is pass'd away...  
Time draws aside the faded scene of things,  
And Nature in immortal freshness blooms.  
Now to the waters of the fount of life,  
Perpetual waters, every soul may come,  
And he that is athirst may freely drink :  
But fire and brimstone in the burning lake  
Shall be their portion, who revolt from God ;  
There with the Beast in torments they shall  
dwell,

Seal'd in their foreheads with his mark, and drink  
The cup of indignation to the dregs  
Wrung out in anger, whilst their ceaseless cry  
Shall with the smoke of the infernal pit  
Day after day for evermore ascend."

No more ; for now the heav'ly vision clos'd ;  
Awaken'd from his trance, the Patriarch turn'd  
With grateful reverence to address the **Lord**  
And Giver of these new-discover'd joys,  
When lo ! ascending from the mount, he saw  
CHRIST in a cloud of glory on the wings  
Of mighty cherubim upborne in air,  
High-soaring, to this orb terraqueous bound, 500  
Seen over-head diminish'd to a point  
Dim and opaque amid the blue serene :

His raiment whiter than the new-born light,  
Struck out of chaos by the Maker's hand  
In earnest of creation, sparkling blaz'd  
In its swift motion, and with fiery track  
Mark'd his ascent to earth ; the host of saints  
With joyful loud hosannas fill'd the air :  
" Glory to God on high," was all their strain,  
" On the earth peace, good will to all mankind !"

Meanwhile the arch-angel GABRIEL, who yet  
kept

His tutelary station on the mount, [voice  
So bidd'n of CHRIST, with arm out-stretch'd, and  
Commanding silence, thus the saints bespake :

" Now is your resurrection sure...your joy,  
Your glory, and your triumph over death  
And hell made perfect ; for behold where CHRIST  
Your first-fruit now is ris'n, and waves on high  
The ensign of redemption : Now he soars  
Up to yon pendent world, that darkling speck,  
Which in the boundless empyrean floats  
Pois'd on its whirling axle ; there he liv'd  
And took your mortal body....there he died,  
And for your sakes endur'd the painful cross,  
Giving his blood a ransom for your sins ;  
Thither he goes to re-assume his flesh ;  
There, when his angel ministers have op'd  
The seal'd sepulchre, he shall come forth  
And shew himself resurgent from the grave

To those whom he hath sanctified and call'd  
To be his witnesses in all the world,  
And of his resurrection after death  
Their faithful evidence to seal with blood  
Of martyrs and apostles, warning men  
With their last breath to be baptiz'd and live ;  
So shall the seed be water'd and increase,  
Till all the Gentile nations shall come in  
And dwell beneath its branches evermore.  
Now are the gates of everlasting life  
Set open to mankind, and when the **Lord**, 540  
Captain of their salvation, shall have liv'd  
His promis'd term on earth, and thence to heav'n  
Ascending seat himself at God's right hand,  
Then shall the Hely Ghost, the Comforter,  
Rush like a mighty wind upon the hearts  
Of his inspir'd apostles ; tongues of fire  
And languages untaught they shall receive  
To speak with boldness the revealed word,  
Enduring all things for the gospel's sake ;  
Troubled on every side, yet not distress'd... 550  
Perplex'd, but not surrender'd to despair...  
Afflicted, not forsaken, they shall be...  
Cast down but not destroy'd, knowing that **God**,  
Who rais'd the **Lord Jesus** from the dead,  
Them also into life through him will raise,  
And that the light affliction of this world,  
Which is but for a moment, soon shall be

O'erpaid by a far more exceeding weight  
Of joys eternal in the life to come."

He ceas'd, and all were silent wrapt in awe  
Of the late glorious vision, yet in heart  
Troubled for what the angel had reveal'd  
Of sorrows still to come, and pains and deaths  
To be encounter'd by the saints on earth ;  
When now that Shepherd, who on Sinai's mount  
Commun'd with God and heard creation's plan  
Expounded by its Architect, thus spake :

“ Oh thou, whom through the fiery cloud I  
saw

On Horeb's hill, when tending Jethro's flock,  
What time I heard my name twice call'd of God  
In thunder from amidst the flaming bush,  
Bidding me strait go forth to loose his sheep  
From Egypt's captive fold, I do perceive  
That I have penn'd the word of God aright,  
And now in CHRIST behold the woman's seed  
Bruising that Serpent's head, who wrought the  
fall

Of our first parents. Forty days and nights  
On Sinai's top, midst thund'rings, clouds and fire  
Fasting I stood, and whilst the hallow'd ground  
Trembled beneath my bare unsandal'd feet, 580  
I heard an awful voice that bade me write  
The glorious record of his six days' work.  
Aghast, confounded, dazzled with the blaze

Of glory, still my faithful pen obey'd  
The sacred dictates of an unseen God :  
I wrote, and to an unbelieving world  
Publish'd the wond'rous Code ; age after age  
Libell'd the transcript : With the rod of pow'r  
I smote the seas asunder ; Israel pass'd  
Through wat'ry battlements ; forty long years  
In the waste howling wilderness I fed  
Their murmuring tribes with food miraculous ;  
They fed, but murmur'd still : I brought them  
laws

With God's own finger graven ; I came down  
Bearing Jehovah's statutes in my hand  
On both sides written ; impious noisy shouts,  
Lewd triumphs, and vile revels smote mine ear ;  
The people dane'd around a molten calf...  
Monstrous idolatry ! Raging with shame  
I dash'd the stony tablets on the ground, 600  
And shiver'd them to fragments : God was  
mock'd ;

A stiff-neck'd and a stubborn race they were,  
Who from the rock of their salvation turn'd,  
And sacrific'd to devils ; and behold !  
Their sons have crucified the **LORD OF LIFE** ;  
Therefore his resurrection, which shall be  
Light and redemption to the Gentile world,  
To them is darkness and the shadow of death ;  
For they have slain the very Paschal Lamb ;

That bloody symbol of their antient law, 610  
Which I made sacred, they have now made void,  
And cancell'd my legation : I perceive  
A new commandment is gone forth ; I see  
The temple's vail is rent ; for the old law,  
A carnal shadow of things spiritual,  
Suffic'd not for perfection and the pow'r  
Of an eternal life : CHRIST is become  
That King of Salem, that immortal Priest  
Of God most high; whose ministry supreme,  
Before all time from heav'n itself deriv'd, 620  
And not from right Levitical, removes  
All title from that consecrated tribe,  
Where I had fix'd it. God, who sending me,  
Sent but his servant, now hath giv'n his son  
More worthy of his glory ; without sin [pass'd  
And spotless He, the great High Priest, hath  
Into the heav'ns, victorious over Death ;  
But I, whose trespasses at Meribah,  
Frail, sinful man, provok'd the Lord to wrath,  
Saw but the skirts of Dan from Pisgah's top, 630  
Unworthy deem'd to enter that fair land,  
And died upon mount Nebo. But when CHRIST,  
Who hath awaken'd us from sleep, shall rise  
And in his mortal flesh a second time  
Visit his saints on earth, who then shall say  
There is no resurrection of the dead ?  
Faintly I shadow'd forth a future life ;

I spake not to men's senses, as CHRIST speaks ;  
God gave me no commission to reveal  
The secrets of the grave ; corruption's worm  
Spar'd not my flesh, nor came my spirit back  
From Death's dark citadel, to give mankind  
Conviction ocular of his defeat ;  
I left him in his power till CHRIST should come  
To break that sceptre, which had aw'd the world.  
Much then it moves my wonder, much I grieve  
That darkness shall not yet be drawn aside  
From Israel, and that those, who would not hear  
Me and the prophets, shall not yet believe  
CHRIST their Messias rising from the dead."

To whom th' Arch-angel answer'd, heav'nly  
mild : [should doubt,  
" Well may'st thou muse that reas'ning man  
And cause we have to grieve, when he neglects  
So great salvation ; but when CHRIST hath  
shewn

What is the good and true and perfect way,  
Reason must do the rest : When all are free  
Some must be faithless, wilful and perverse.  
God could have made his creatures void of sin,  
For he can put a master in their hearts,  
And govern them by instinct ; but to man 660  
He gave a nobler faculty, a will...  
A spark of immortality...a soul,  
Reason to counsel that immortal soul,

And conscience to restrain licentious will.  
Grace shall assist the humble and devout ;  
A proud man hath no friend in heav'n or earth,  
Renounc'd of angels, and by men abhor'd :  
Truth must be sought...it will not be impos'd :  
What were that revelation, which should leave  
No exercise to faith ? All men must work 670  
With fear and trembling their salvation out.  
God does not give free will to take away  
What he hath giv'n ; if man will sin, he must :  
Nor do we call them good, who cannot err,  
Else brutes would claim a virtue. None is good  
Save God alone ; impute we not to God  
The evil which man does, nor him arraign  
For not preventing ills which he foreknows :  
Angels have sinn'd, and some are fall'n from  
bliss ;  
All had their days of error, their degrees 680  
Of good and ill, else why have we degrees,  
Ranks and precedencies of bliss in heav'n ?  
Call your own lives to mind ; ye have been men,  
Your failings many, yet your virtues more ;  
Why are ye now rewarded by your God ?  
Why but because those virtues were your own ?  
Ye made them what they were—ye rear'd their  
growth,  
Reason reform'd the wild luxuriant soil, [fruit.  
Pluck'd up the weeds, and nurs'd the glorious

Is there amongst you one that hath to boast  
 Human perfection ? There is none that will.  
 A free, yet faultless creature, would be more  
 Than man, than angel : nor can God create  
 An equal to himself...a rival God.

In Eden's happy groves when man was plac'd,  
 One interdicted, baneful plant there was,  
 Tempting and rich in fruit ; all else was good,  
 Fair to the eye and wholesome to the taste ;  
 Yet of that fruit man pluck'd, and eat, and died ;  
 Tempted he was, but not compell'd to take ; 700  
 Warn'd to abstain, no angel stopp'd his hand,  
 No thund'ring voice deterr'd him from the deed,  
 For man was free ; so could he not have been,  
 Had God's foreknowledge over-rul'd his will.

Thus Sin had origin, and Death began  
 His occupation with the human race,  
 More terrible for that he came with pangs,  
 Horrors, and doubts on sin-oppressed man,  
 When conscience wrung him in the parting hour.  
 But still the inextinguishable soul 710  
 Mock'd at Death's dart....the body was his own  
 From the beginning ; of the earth 'twas made...  
 The earth it till'd, and from the earth it fed ;  
 A tenement of dust was never form'd  
 For immortality ; and now, behold,  
 Adam, the earthly man, in whom all die,  
 Is buried to the world ; redemption brings

The day-spring of Salvation from on high,  
CHRIST in his glory comes, the Lord from heav'n,  
And who in him have faith, in him have life."

He ceas'd, when now th' assembly of the saints,  
Who, whilst he spake, stood in their orbs unmov'd

Circling the mount, 'gan to feel the Sp'rit of God  
Descending on their hearts, and, like a sea  
By secret currents from its bottom stirr'd,  
Way'd to and fro their undulating files  
Wide and more wide, as with a mighty wind  
The heav'nly inspiration on them rush'd :  
This GABRIEL heard, and from the mount came  
down,

Which quak'd beneath his feet, whilst over-head  
Loud thund'rings announc'd the coming God :  
And now a fire, that cover'd all the mount,  
Bespoke him present ; all the air respir'd  
Ambrosial odours, amaranth and rose,  
For Nature felt her God, and every flower  
And every fragrant shrub, whose honied breath  
Perfumes the courts of heav'n, had burst to life  
Blooming, and, in a thousand colours dy'd,  
Threw their gay mantle o'er the naked heath.  
Now glow'd the living landscape ; hill and dale  
Rose on the flat, or sunk as Nature shap'd  
Her loveliest forms and swell'd her wavy line,  
Leaving unrein'd variety to run  
Her wild career amid the sportive scene :

Nor were there wanting trees of every growth,  
Umbrageous some, making a verdant tent  
Under their spreading branches, some of shaft  
Majestic, tow'ring o'er the subject groves :  
Blossoms and fruits and aromatic gums [leaves ;  
Scented the breeze that fann'd their rustling  
And them betwixt a chrystral river flow'd  
O'er golden sands, meand'ring in its course  
Through amaranthine banks, with lulling sound  
Of dulcet murmurs, breathing soft repose.

Thus at the sight of God spontaneous rose  
A Paradise within the realm of Death,  
Where that blest congregation might abide  
Their **LORD**'s return, now visitant on earth :  
And now th' Eternal having breath'd his joy  
Into their hearts, and giv'n them to discern 760  
All knowledge, that beftit soul's so blest,  
Withdrew his presence from the flaming mount ;  
Wherat the min'string Angel who beheld  
Salvation's work complete, thus parting spake :

“ God, in whose presence pleasure ever dwells,  
Hath for your dear Redeemer's sake bestow'd  
These joys, and now his presence is withdrawn ;  
Yet hath he left his spirit in your hearts,  
To teach you all that is and is to be :  
Behold, the cloud that veil'd your mortal eyes  
Is drawn aside, and what as in a glass  
Darkling ye saw, now face to face is seen :  
Ye now discern the ways of **God** how just,

How true, how wise, how perfect in design,  
And well ye know that man, presumptuous man,  
In a vain shadow walketh ; ye perceive  
His boasted mind sufficient for the things,  
That to his own salvation appertain ;  
Yet when it scans the mysteries of heaven,  
How false, how weak, how daringly absurd ! 780  
Firm faith, warm charity, and humble hope,  
These are the Christian graces ..these the guides  
That lead to life eternal ; thoughts perverse,  
Pert quibbling follies, publish'd in the pride  
Of false philosophy, are dev'lish arts,  
That damn the instrument, who thus attempts  
To hide the light of revelation's beam  
From weaker eyes, and turn the world from God ;  
These verily shall have their just reward :  
And now no more ; this Paradise ye see 790  
Is but your passage to a brighter scene—  
A resting-place till CHRIST shall re-ascend  
To the right hand of God, and call you hence  
To share his glory in the heav'n of heavens."

He said, and swifter than the meteor's glance,  
Sprung on the wing to seek his native sphere :  
The Saints look'd up, then sung with joint acclaim,  
" Glory to God, and praises to his CHRIST,  
Judge and Redeemer of the quick and dead ! "

1. *Deinde dicitur quod dicitur deus*

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